

Unfree V1-3 Boxset

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Acknowledgements

Thanks to everyone that has read the earlier draft versions of this and enjoyed them or pointed out the occasional bloopers of “how did they get into that position”! Please read and enjoy!

Trials, Training and Torture

Chapter One: The Trial

Lady Melissa clicked her fingers, calling for more drink. Her maid shuffled forward, taking slow, halting steps, the thick belt just above her knees hobbling her steps. The ankle-length skirt she wore was theoretically demure, but the black fabric was tight enough to highlight the shapely legs pushing against it and the smooth curves of her ample rear. Melissa tugged the skirt slightly, pulling it tighter to show the slight bulge between the maid's buttocks and over her crotch, outlining the chastity belt locked in place to make sure any of the gentlemen in attendance (or ladies, who could be just as bad!) didn't take advantage. Or, at least, didn't take advantage without being granted permission first.

The maid managed to move with at least some grace despite her bindings, the tray of drinks in hand barely shaking. She kept her eyes down, head tilted so as to not meet the eyes of her betters. Brilliant red lips were drawn into an "O" around a large black sphere strapped in place around her head. Silvery patches stained the black of her uniform, spittle trickling out from beneath the gag. Maybe next time something that blocked the mouth entirely? But the girl had such soft, luscious lips that hiding them behind leather and metal seemed a waste. Melissa took a glass from the offered tray, resisting the urge to slap the girl and bring some colour to her cheeks.

From the stage came low groans of pain as the newest meat was auctioned off. Cages and chains hung from the ceiling, youthful forms suspended for display, to be awarded amongst the nobles in attendance.

A hand reached out, caressing the breast of the maid, cupping her generous flesh. She gave the faintest of squeaks, remembering to stifle her sound lest she draw displeasure from her mistress. Well, she was from a decidedly low family, so only so much could be expected from such raw material.

'Lord Sheffield. I didn't expect to see you here.'

He gave the breast another squeeze, rucking the fabric of her dress, before slapping the girl's behind.

'Oh, I thought I should show my face again, now that my previous scandals have been mostly forgotten. And I've taken up a place in town, so could do with some bodies around the place, have some company. But you seem strangely disinterested. I thought you would have snapped up that last one, raven-haired and pale-skinned?'

He gestured to the side of the auction block, where a young woman was being locked into a wooden chest, slotted planks sliding around her ankles, wrists and neck, locking her body in place. When the staff were done and the chest shut, all that remained visible was her head, shaking furiously, black hair flicking around, before a sack was thrown over her. A servant wheeled the chest away.

'I was tempted, but am quite busy with another project at the moment. While there is a certain pleasure in breaking a spitfire, it does tend to be a lengthy process.'

He cupped both of the maid's breasts, her breath starting to shorten. 'I thought this one was strangely passive for you.'



‘Yes, she is very meek. Although it is nice to own something that doesn’t need caging every night. And she is rather comely – quite the find, I think. Some publican’s daughter, from one of those tiny little villages up on the coast. Her accent is vile, but she makes the most delightful groans, and I won’t let her speak until she can do so properly.’ She flicked his hands off her property (although he always had been one to take advantage, even if it was usually to their mutual pleasure) and drew the girl close to her, lightly stroking her soft, blonde hair to calm her down.

‘Well-featured, to be sure.’ There was a crack, as he slapped her, hard, on the backside, making her jump. ‘Will Lady Chatterton not mind you distracting her?’

‘She was the one requesting a favour; if she will set up her quarter-court at such short notice, then it is her own fault for being unable to provide staff or entertainment! She should be thankful. And this one is scarcely ready for anything more than simple scut work just yet.’ Another piece of meat was brought onto the auction block, a strapping young male, his body honed from hard labour. The auctioneer’s assistant sliced off his ragged clothing, exposing him entirely to the audience.

A gasp ran through the crowd, even Sheffield taken aback. ‘That is quite the impressive length! He’ll be fetching a fine price.’ The bidding started immediately, intensifying as the leather-gloved hand of the auctioneer stroked the item’s cock to full length, shining it with oil. Despite the unwillingness of its bearer, the thing continued to harden and grow.

‘Magnificent!’ said Melissa. ‘He would make quite the addition to the menagerie, but I’m trying to be good. My husband is away on the continent at the moment, so I daresay I’ll have another few exotics to train soon enough. And I have quite enough on my plate already.’

‘Ah, the mysterious “project”? Would this be something to do with Madame d’Aubrec? I hear she’s bought that mouldering place up your way, had no end of workers patching it up. Quite what an exile is doing in a place so remote, I don’t know. Or where her money comes from; she fled with not even clothing, if the stories are true.’

Melissa looked away. ‘She isn’t that bad, once you get to know her. A touch brusque, at times, but rather fetching, and more than adequate companionship, at least if one is willing to accept her ways. But I wouldn’t care to spread rumours, so all I will say is that yes, Madame d’Aubrec does indeed have plans. Of which I’m sure more will be heard in good time.’

Up on the block, the meat’s face was taut, drawn and crimson, as the hand stroked his length. He was kept on the edge of explosion, the bidding growing ever more frenzied. Melissa stifled a pang of regret – he really was a magnificent specimen. Breaking him would doubtless be a pleasure, and having such a thing on hand would help with training the maids to taking large shafts, but *time* was what she lacked right now.

She patted Sheffield on the arm. ‘Actually, my dear, could I request a favour of you? While this one is quite advanced in her training, I have had little opportunity to train her to the cock. A dildo is simply not the same, I’m sure you understand. Would you care to sample her, and let me know if she meets your expectations?’ She placed a hand on the back of the girl’s neck, giving it a possessive squeeze, ignoring her gagged squeal of protest.

Sheffield looked at the girl, letting his eyes run over her well-proportioned frame, ample breasts and slender waist. The girl stilled her squirming, trying to arrange herself better, despite Melissa’s grip on her. Well, Sheffield was quite attractive himself, and far above the class of man the girl would otherwise attract. She pushed down, the girl sinking to her knees.

‘Now, she’s gentle enough she won’t bite, but I have had little chance to train her and lack the natural equipment for such things, so honest feedback would be appreciated.’

She took the girl's wrists and knotted them with ties of her apron. Then she unbuckled the gag, tilting the girl's head back to prevent a torrent of spittle flowing forth. She handed it to the girl to hold, then secured her grip, one hand tightly wrapped in the girl's hair, the other taking the back of her head. The girl raised her head, awaiting her use.

Sheffield was already opening up his trousers, manhood rising to the challenge. Melissa whispered into the girl's ear. 'I do hope you will rise to the task. And if you should spill a drop of his seed, then you'll be spending the night stretched on the rack, if you're lucky.'

She squeaked nervously. 'Yes mistress. Sorry mistress.'

Melissa shook her head slightly. 'You don't need to apologise. You haven't done anything wrong. Yet.'

Sheffield awaited them, leaning on a table with one hand gently rubbing himself, Melissa pushing the girl forward, her progress on bound knees slow. As they neared, he moved his hand away. Although not as impressive as the example being sold, his was still a goodly length, standing proudly erect.

The girl shuffled closer, her mouth starting to open already, as Melissa gave her hair a yank. Did she remember nothing of her training? She drew a hand back, ready to deliver a stinging slap. Then the girl spoke, proving herself at least slightly competent.

'Please master, may I suck your cock?'

The slap became a stroke, as Melissa ran her hand along the girl's cheek, purring praise. 'Good girl, good girl.'

Her tongue, until recently bound behind the gag, now poked out from between her soft, red lips. She gently licked the shaft, then lightly kissed it, leaving soft crimson marks on the pale flesh. Sheffield had the courtesy to keep his hands back and stay silent, Melissa only needing to lightly steer. More kisses were laid along it, soft and sweet, before the girl drew back, her face nearing the top of his cock. Pink and soft, her tongue slid out, licking and caressing the tip.

Melissa pushed downwards, experimentally shoving hard. The girl had proven unwilling to deepthroat a dildo; maybe she would find a real cock more to her liking? The girl gagged, stiffening and coughing, but was obedient enough not to fight back. Melissa took a tight grip of the girl's hair, pulling back and allowing her a moment to breathe, then she pushed forward again, less far this time.

The girl's hands had twitched slightly in their loose bindings when she had been pushed down, but now were more relaxed. She settled into a steady rhythm, barely needing Melissa's encouragement to slide up and down the cock. Melissa started pushing harder and faster, ignoring the girl's increasing tension and resistance, sharp gurgles mixing in with the soft sucking and slurping.

Then Sheffield climaxed, face going momentarily vacant. Melissa kept her grip strong, pushing forward. With a hand on the girl's neck, she could feel her swallowing, accepting and swallowing his seed. Melissa didn't release her, keeping her impaled on the cock, leaving it to Sheffield to withdraw, now limp and flaccid. A trail of spit linked the two for a moment, before the girl darted her head forward, attempting to catch it, advancing and softly cleaning him off.

Melissa patted her on the head, murmuring soft encouragement as Sheffield pulled back, cock now smeared red with lipstick and glossy with spit. The girl swallowed again, then shuffled forward, pulling her arms out and using her apron to gently dab him clean, still keeping her eyes downcast. Once done, she stayed on her knees, mute and passive.

'And you say that she has had little training?'

'On a real one, yes.'

‘Impressive. A testament to your training. Soft and delicate. Although a little too much resistance on the deep thrusts, she’s clearly unused to that. A little squirming is rather fetching though, and she is something of an appealing package.’

Melissa plucked the gag back from the girl’s hands, buckling it back into place. With her soft cheeks still flushed, crimson lips again framing the black sphere of the gag and her hair tousled, she was drawing attention from other nobles, especially now that the prize piece of the auction had been sold. He had been sold and was now being prepared for transports, spread-eagled onto a large wooden board, securely hooded, cock still erect. A tightly-corseted lady lashed him across the chest with a riding crop, before sliding a metal device onto his prick, tightening it into place.

‘Oh, did Dame Beatrice Ayles win him? I suppose I will have to attend her next party, a ride on that length would be quite satisfying.’

Before any of the others could descend upon the girl, Melissa snapped a collar with spikes on the inside around her neck and tied the leash to her own wrist, ensuring the girl would stay close or risk injury.

‘Since we both seem to be in town, don’t be a stranger. This one’, she tugged on the leash, spikes digging into the girl’s soft flesh, ‘could do with some more training. She seems to be more adept than I thought though. Tonight I think I’ll let her sleep in the upper chambers, rather than her cage.’ She felt a movement through the chain, girl squirming in pleasure. ‘If you aren’t otherwise engaged, do stop by, shall we say tomorrow?’

‘It would be my pleasure. Breaking a throat in is always a delight.’ He took the girl by the chin, forcing her to look up, making her shiver and mew. Melissa yanked on the chain, drawing a pained sigh through the gag. ‘And of course, if you were to drop any more hints as to Madame d’Aubrec’s mysterious “project”, then I’m sure I can spread rumours as needed.’

They brushed cheeks against each other, Melissa leading the servant away, being sure to take a long circuit of the room, showing the girl off. The town was dreadfully dull, even with the trials. But perhaps Sheffield might enliven her stay here? At the least, getting the girl used to some real meat would be useful and raise her resale value. After making desultory small talk with fellow nobles, she left, lost in thought, enjoying the faint groans from the girl as her pace increased, spikes digging into flesh, marking her with a crimson necklace.

Chapter Two: Alicia the Lady's Maid

The carriage was waiting for her, lanterns bright. The maid opened the carriage door and crawled in, obediently taking her position on the floor. Melissa took the seat for herself, resting her legs on the prone servant, then rapped on the walls, carriage rolling away. To keep the girl from drooling on the floor, Melissa pulled out a sack, pulling it over her head, tucking it into her collar. A wet patch formed there from where her mouth was, spit dribbling out from behind her gag. Well, better there than staining the carriage floor, the girl could always be washed down if needed.

As they travelled through the night, Melissa occupied herself by playing with the girl. With her heels, she pushed against the girl, ignoring the soft grunts and moans from within the bag. Such a sweet young thing, and almost disappointingly obedient. She would do well as a parlourmaid elsewhere, something for a young rake to slake his thirsts upon, or the patriarch of the house to play with when his wife was otherwise engaged.

She pulled the girl's skirt up, revealing long, shapely legs wrapped in silk stockings, and the metal band of the chastity belt around her waist and crotch. What was Sheffield doing back? And unaccompanied, as well. She pinched her thigh, hard enough to leave a red mark, trying to draw forth sound as she pondered about Sheffield. He'd had to leave Society after that incident with the daughter of the Marquis, who had been found after a night's revels with a number of Sheffield's servants. While a certain amount of dallying was acceptable, her father had been quite irate at the matter, and willing to pursue the matter to blood or further. That he was back certainly made matters intriguing, at least if he retained his old dash and flair. She stuck her nails into the girl's thigh and scraped down. This, at last, pulled a groan forth from within the bag, thighs pulling together slightly.

She flicked the meat, the girl remembering her place and spreading them again, Melissa giving her a gentle pat in recognition of her obedience. She was *too* obedient, that was the problem. Pretty, to be sure, but there was no bite there, no challenge to force her to submit, entirely too happy to submit her will to another's. It was probably time to be passing her on; finding a buyer shouldn't be hard. She leant back, lifting a leg and putting her heel against the girl's ribs and scraping, managing to draw out another whimper. And so she occupied herself until the carriage reached her home.

As they drove through the gatehouse, she lightly tapped the girl on the backside, prompting her that they had almost reached their destination. Her face would be red and blotchy, the pressure of the position and the gag likely having affected her fine skin, even before Melissa's torments. The girl reached out and fumbled for the carriage handle and opened it, and then crawled out on all fours. Melissa tapped her on the shoulder with her crop, commanding her to rise. Still hobbled at the knees, her progress was slow, but the view from behind was pleasing, skirt pulling tight around her plump rear, inviting a lashing. Then Melissa moved to the front and tugged on the leash. She set a brisk pace across the courtyard, for the simple pleasure of hearing the girl gasp and choke through the gag and the sack, collar digging into her neck.



Inside, she leashed the girl to the banister as Michael, her servant, appeared. His appearance was as immaculate as always, waistcoat neatly pressed, buttons shining, greying beard trimmed to a point.

‘Clean her up and bring her to my chambers. She did well tonight.’

He bowed. ‘Of course, madam. And some wine?’

‘I think not. Although maybe some light food.’

‘Of course.’ He paused. ‘The other one has been rather noisy, it seems she is displeased at her continued confinement.’

‘Gag and hood her, then move her into the cellar. I will deal with her tomorrow. And don’t feel the need to be gentle about it. If she proves troublesome, don’t spare her the whip, she needs to learn her place.’

‘Very good, madam. I will scrub her down as well, she’s gotten into quite a lather.’

‘Thank you. Yes, I do prefer my meat to be clean when I go to work on it. Although cold water only, I think, and feel free to be rough with her.’

‘Yes, madam. There was also a letter from your husband. It is by your bed. And a gift.’

‘Oh? Intriguing. I would ask what it is, but would you answer?’

He gave a polite smile. ‘Sworn to secrecy, madam.’

‘I will go and look then.’ She pinched the girl on the back of the neck, reddening her fair skin. ‘Don’t spend too long cleaning this one up, she is liable to end up rather mussed. A quick wipe-down should be enough. Oh, and have some wine bought up for tomorrow – Lord Sheffield is in town, and will be coming to visit. Red, I think, perhaps something Spanish?’

‘Of course.’ He took the leash off the banister, leading the girl away, the leather strap still hobbling her steps. Melissa moved upstairs, the thick carpet silencing her steps, as she strode past the grand pictures on the walls, ancestors staring into eternity with expressions of bland disdain. That bloody other girl! One far too boring and submissive, and the other nothing but fire! A certain amount of resistance could be pleasurable to break down, but there were limits. Almost a month of work now, and she was still as stubborn as ever. It was time to consider more severe training methods – perhaps a week or two of sensory deprivation and nothing but gruel would break her into being more compliant?

She opened the doors into her own chambers, glad to note that the fire was already lit and a range of equipment laid out, in case the girl had erred. A pillory stood open, ready to trap an occupant and expose them utterly to an attacker, arms locked and unable to defend themselves. She ran a hand along the wood – it would be nice to take her pleasure on the girl’s pain, but it would disrupt her teachings.

There was a soft click as another entered – a maid, tall and dark, silky black hair falling to her waist. She curtsied, pulling at her long dress in respect, staying in that position until Melissa acknowledged her.

‘I trust your evening was successful, madam?’

‘Indeed. The girl took to the cock quite naturally; further training is needed, but a promising start.’ She raised her arms as her lady’s maid approached and began to undress her. Her high-heeled shoes were given a quick polish before returning to their place in the wardrobe. Her outer layers, her blouse and long skirts, were simple enough, although required careful folding as they were put away. Beneath she wore stockings and a corset – she sat on the bed, extending a leg.

Alicia knelt, carefully running hands along her mistress’ body, unclipping one stocking and rolling it down, softly kissing the skin beneath. Her long hair tickled Melissa’s flesh as the process was repeated, Melissa feeling her arousal stir. ‘Michael is cleaning the girl before

bringing her up. She performed admirably. And Sheffield will be visiting tomorrow, so I will be unlocking you for that.’ The faintest of flushes came over her otherwise bland expression. ‘You appeared quite fond of him before. I daresay he will be willing to fuck you raw again.’

She stretched out a leg, putting it on the woman’s head and pushing down. The maid acquiesced, placing her head against the floor and submitting herself to Melissa. Now clad only in a corset and jewellery, Melissa stood and moved around behind Alicia. She tugged her skirts up to reveal slender and toned legs, a well-formed if slightly lean rear, and a chastity belt locked around her sex. Melissa looked at the tools laid out, wondering what would be best – something to leave a mark seemed appropriate. She picked up a cane, swishing it through the air a few times.

Melissa leant over, grabbing Alicia by the hair and pulling her up, roughly kissing her on the lips, then dragging her over to the pillory. Her servant’s garb was designed to be easy to strip off, buttons popping as Melissa yanked on it, leaving her naked but for the chastity belt. Alicia was already sliding her head and wrists into the curves in the wood, before Melissa locked the top part into place. The base of the pillory had slots for ankles as well, Alicia knowing how to place herself. Melissa slid a plank against her ankles, locking her feet into position.

The pillory forced Alicia to keep her legs stretched and taut, her buttocks tight. Melissa picked at her bracelet, finding the key and unlocking the chastity belt. Alicia’s lips were already moist, Melissa easily sliding a finger in. She trained all her staff to silence, so there was nothing but a slight intake of breath as her finger slid in and out. Then she struck the cane against Alicia’s backside, a sharp cracking sound.

‘Thank you, mistress.’

Melissa didn’t respond, striking her again, receiving the thanks as simply her due. How long had Alicia been locked away? Enough that this stimulation was getting her close to the edge by itself, flesh welting from the impacts. Ten strikes, and ten “thank you’s” seemed to be enough. And, with impeccable timing, the servant’s entrance opened, Michael pulling on a leash, dragging the girl in.

She had been stripped naked. Her skin was still red from a harsh scrubbing, and a blindfold locked over her eyes, those beautiful lips still framing a large black ball gag, cheeks bulging slightly. Michael tugged her over to the bed, looping the leash over a hook coming from a bedpost, drawing it tight and forcing her to stand on tiptoes. He looked at Alicia with obvious interest as she squirmed in her bindings, too well trained to say anything.

‘Very good, Michael. Go see to the other one.’

He let his eyes linger on Alicia, being sure to let her see his gaze. She tried to look away, the pillory not letting her. Melissa flicked her exposed twat, Alicia’s whole body twitching from the impact, sex slick with juices. She spread Alicia wide, pinching her exposed flesh, the twitching even more pronounced now.

‘Was there anything else?’

From the tenting forming in his trousers, he was distracted, and there was a pause before he replied. ‘No, madam.’ He look at Alicia again, lust clear, then left. He was probably due a bonus for his service; it had been some time since Alicia had received a good fucking, maybe after Sheffield was done, Michael could have his pleasure. Well, that was a decision for tomorrow.

Chapter Three: The Promised Reward

Melissa pulled her fingers out of Alicia, moving around to the front and holding them in front of her, where they were licked clean. Then she took a bit-gag and settled it between Alicia's teeth, tying it securely into place. She looked Alicia squarely in the eye.

'I'm sure Sheffield will have his pleasure from you tomorrow, but for now you can listen.' She took a heavy leather blindfold and brushed hair out of Alicia's face then locked it in place, heavy buckles securing it. A soft whine came from behind the metal bit, spit already trickling out. Melissa patted her on the head. 'Now, be a good girl, or I'll let Michael have you.' Alicia stiffened within the pillory, then sagged back. 'Very good.'

She turned to the new girl. The collar was currently attached to a post next to the bed, pulled tight around her neck, soft gasps escaping the gag as she strained to stay on tiptoes and not choke herself. She didn't seem in any imminent danger, so Melissa had time to prepare things. Normally she would leave such matters to Alicia, but there was a certain pleasure in doing it personally, once in a while. Chains and carabiners stood ready to secure them on the bed, and a hood was at the ready. That should suffice for now. And it would do Alicia good to be reminded of her position.

The bed prepared, she returned to her victim. Michael had prepared her with cuffs at wrist and ankle, but otherwise all she was wearing was her chastity belt and collar. She stepped awkwardly from foot to foot, trying to keep herself from choking. Melissa ran a hand up her side, feeling the curves of her thigh, waist and breast, enjoying the way that her breath caught from the contact, pressing slightly to feel the supple give of flesh. Then she pinched the girl's flesh, squeezing a nipple, before remembering that this was meant to be a reward for good behaviour. She unclipped the chains connecting the girl's wrists and ankles, letting the metal fall to the ground.

She let her hand drop to the girl's waist, feeling the metal of the chastity belt, a stark contrast to the curves of her body. Melissa unclipped the leash, not giving the girl any time to recover herself before giving her a push, sending her falling to the bed. She lay there, mutely passive as Melissa straddled her, grabbing a wrist and clipping it to a chain, repeating the same with the other wrist, then each of the ankles. Then Melissa flicked a lever, an unseen mechanism grinding, the chains pulling taut and spread-eagling the girl, rendering her helpless, unable to defend herself.

Melissa picked up a multi-tailed whip, running it over the girl's body. With a flick of her wrist, the knotted ends impacted against flesh, striking bare breasts and stomach, then she struck again, rattling against the metal of the chastity belt. She removed the key of the belt from her bracelet and unlocked the metal bands to reveal the girl's soft, eager pussy, slick and awaiting use. Then she removed the gag, the black orb wet from those luscious red lips.

The girl's voice was low, barely audible. 'Thank you, mistress.'

Melissa flicked her wrist again, knotted leather striking the girl's sex, making her squirm and whimper. 'You did well. You have far to go, but show promise. And so you get a reward.' She lashed the girl a few more times, just lightly enough to show intent but deliver little pain.

Then she took a dildo, pushing it against the girl's lips. She opened her mouth, tongue already moving, swiftly wetting it while making choking, gagging sounds as Melissa pushed the thing in harder, twisting and spinning it.

Once Melissa deemed it suitably slick, she shifted positions, setting her knees on either side of the girl's head, facing down their body. As soon as the dildo was removed, her head came forward, mouth seeking to be filled, the tongue soon finding Melissa's crotch. Melissa settled herself more comfortably as the girl went to work, tongue twisting and squirming into her – she may not have been trained to the cock yet, but she was quite adept at the cunt, wet slip of her tongue writhing around inside Melissa.

Melissa leant forward, twisting the dildo into the girl. The reaction was immediate, tongue swirling with greater vigour inside of her. How long had the belt been on for? Probably at least two weeks, no wonder the thing was desperate. Melissa ground herself against the girl, feeling her buck and twitch below as she swiftly orgasmed, the girl's moan swallowed up by Melissa's pussy, pushed against her. Melissa made sure to ride her fully, hoping that she was savoring the honour of tasting her owner's juices. From the sounds Alicia was making, twitching in her pillory and her pale cheeks blushing, she was aware of what was happening, even if she couldn't see.

As white fire surged through her body, Melissa climaxed, arching her back, pushing the girl down into the mattress. It took a moment to collect herself, the tongue still writhing inside her – she really was impressively talented at such things, for a mostly-untutored village girl. Then she dismounted, lying on the bed next to her property. She ran hands along the girl's body, swiftly finding her most sensitive points, revelling in the vulnerable shivers and moans as hands brushed against the gentle cleft of her navel, her inner thighs, her breasts, lightly slapping a cheek. The blindfold was removed, soft brown eyes blinking in the light, faintest touch of tears sparkling.

'Thank you, mistress.'

Melissa favoured her with a kiss, feeling the girl's soft warmth shift beneath her, ready for more. 'You've done well today. Tomorrow your throat training will begin.'

'Yes, mistress.'

As long as she didn't speak much, that atrocious accent of hers could be constrained. It was unlikely to be possible to eliminate entirely, but considering she was only for pleasure, that was acceptable. She trickled her hand down the girl's body, nails scratching white lines into pale flesh, skimming over her stomach, finding the tight slickness between their thighs. As she pushed fingers inside, the girl tried not to gasp, biting her lip and wriggling, at least as much as the chains allowed.

'Silence, unless you wish me to fetch the pear?'

The warning had the intended effect, the girl forcing herself to silence, allowing Melissa to toy with her defenceless body. Maybe a few rings, on breasts and clit? Although Melissa preferred mostly unadorned bodies, despite the utility of having somewhere else to attach chains to. Maybe a bar through the tongue, to keep it outside, and only to be removed when she was in use? That could work.

She withdrew, the girl's flesh now fever-hot, denying her a second climax. After having her fingers licked clean, she hooded the girl, settling the black leather over her face to seal her away for the night, leaving her spread-eagled and naked on the bed. She should be thankful, really; the bed was more comfortable than her usual cage. That just left Alicia to deal with – Melissa picked the chastity belt off the floor and walked over to the pillory. Then she slapped Alicia on the ass hard enough to leave a handprint before locking the belt into place. Next she slid the

pillory open and pulled back the lower board. Even blindfolded, Alicia knew her mistress' needs, her clever hands unlacing the corset and removing it, standing there awkwardly until Melissa took it from her, putting it away.

Then she led Alicia over to the bed, handcuffs coming quickly to hand, tying her hands behind her back. Not that Alicia would be likely to cause any trouble, but it never hurt to remind a servant of their place. Fortunately, the bed was large enough to accommodate several, even with the girl spreadeagled across it.

Alicia knew the layout of the room, smoothly lying down on the bed, face up and placing herself at her mistress' mercy. It was tempting for Melissa to take her pleasure again, but she should save herself for tomorrow. Instead she removed the gag, instructing Alicia, who had a keen internal sense of time, to wake her early.

Melissa settled herself between the servant and slave, admiring their beauty. The girl might be weak-willed and barely allowed to speak but was easy on the eyes. And Alicia was a treasure, her cool demeanour always a delight to crack. Well, tomorrow Sheffield would have a good session with her – that would bring some heat to her cheeks!

Chapter Four: The Other Girl

Melissa finished preparing herself, Alicia teasing her hair into a proper arrangement so it was spilling and flowing enticingly, a few subtle jewels amongst the black. Alicia's own long dress, apron and blouse were back in place, although a heavy leather collar had been placed around her neck along with cuffs at wrist and ankle, ready for securing and tethering as needed.

The girl wasn't needed for any actual work, so rather more liberties had been taken with her apparel: a short black dress with a lacy petticoat showing above suspenders, high heels and a chain between her ankles to make her totter with every step, cut low in the front to show her breasts. The back was cut almost to her waist, a few scratch marks from yesterday not yet fully healed. The apron was purely for show – dressed as she was, there was no chance of her doing any work, but the outfit was more to mark her servitude and subjugation. Her arms were twisted tightly behind her back, palms clasping each other and chained to the rear of her neck, pushing her chest further forward. Blinkers were on her head, limiting her vision to only what was directly in front of her. This combined with the chunky slave collar to stop her turning her neck, meaning she had to fully turn her body around to see anything.

Melissa had to resist the urge to push her over, for the simple pleasure of watching her fall and squirm. But it seemed best to keep such delights for later. She leashed the girl (she really would have to give her a name at some point, or find a buyer to do it for her) to a post and checked everything was readied – Alicia had, as always, done an excellent job, earning the pleasure that would be forced upon her later.

She took a step back, admiring the lines of the girl's legs, topped with the lacy ruffles on her stockings, all drawing attention to the shortness of her dress and the plumpness of her thighs. The pressure on her arms and shoulders must be draining, but she knew better than to complain or groan, even when Melissa pinched the nape of her neck, hard enough to leave a red mark.

Before she went to deal with the other one, she remembered the present her husband had sent her. The prospect of rewarding the girl and teasing Alicia, had been too enticing last night, and she had completely forgotten! She left the girl in place, ignoring her gasping, tapping attempts to find a less uncomfortable position, instead returning to her chambers, Alicia obediently following behind.

On her dresser there was a small box, neatly wrapped up in a harness of silk rope. The knots slithered open with a single tug before she opened the box. Inside was a letter, a small pillbox, a cloth bag and some golden rings with bells attached. She unfolded the letter, eyes skimming over the usual courtesies – with the years they'd been married, he really could skip over such things! Still, his exacting precision and attention to detail was one of his most charming points. And his skill at finding beauty in the most unlikely of places, even if it did mean having a home filled with a babble of languages and exotic costumes.

...locals are most delightfully hospitable, with a number of local customs I'm sure you will find intriguing – my sketches cannot do them justice, but they may give you some inspiration for your training. I have adopted one to bring...

She looked in the box again, finding several sketches, folded together. They depicted a woman, a slender young beauty, her body wrapped in a harness of rope like that which had encased the box, drawing tight around her breasts and crotch, her entire weight on her most sensitive parts. The only part of her in contact with the ground was a foot, just barely, her face wide-eyed with pain, humiliation and arousal. Melissa found herself trying to trace the ropes, wishing the sketch were a little more detailed, to show how the knots and bindings were formed. She returned to the letter.

...the most intense burning sensation, such that the fire-peppers our own greenhouses produce seem bland by comparison. Have them seeded and the gardeners tend to them, the results promise to be quite intense.

She cautiously opened the bag, sniffing – an intense, peppery smell wafted out, Melissa able to see several dried, red plants inside. ‘Alicia; take one.’

Alicia was as obedient as ever, taking one from the bag and putting it into her mouth. She bit down, her face immediately reddening, a hint of tears in her eyes. Still, she didn’t rebel or flinch, chewing and swallowing the thing, her lips now bright red, cheeks flaring with colour. Melissa took her by the throat and gave her a long, probing kiss, pushing her tongue against Alicia’s. Even second-hand, there was still a noticeable flare of intense heat. If they could be cultivated, then the results would likely be tasty, as well as useful for certain forms of torment.

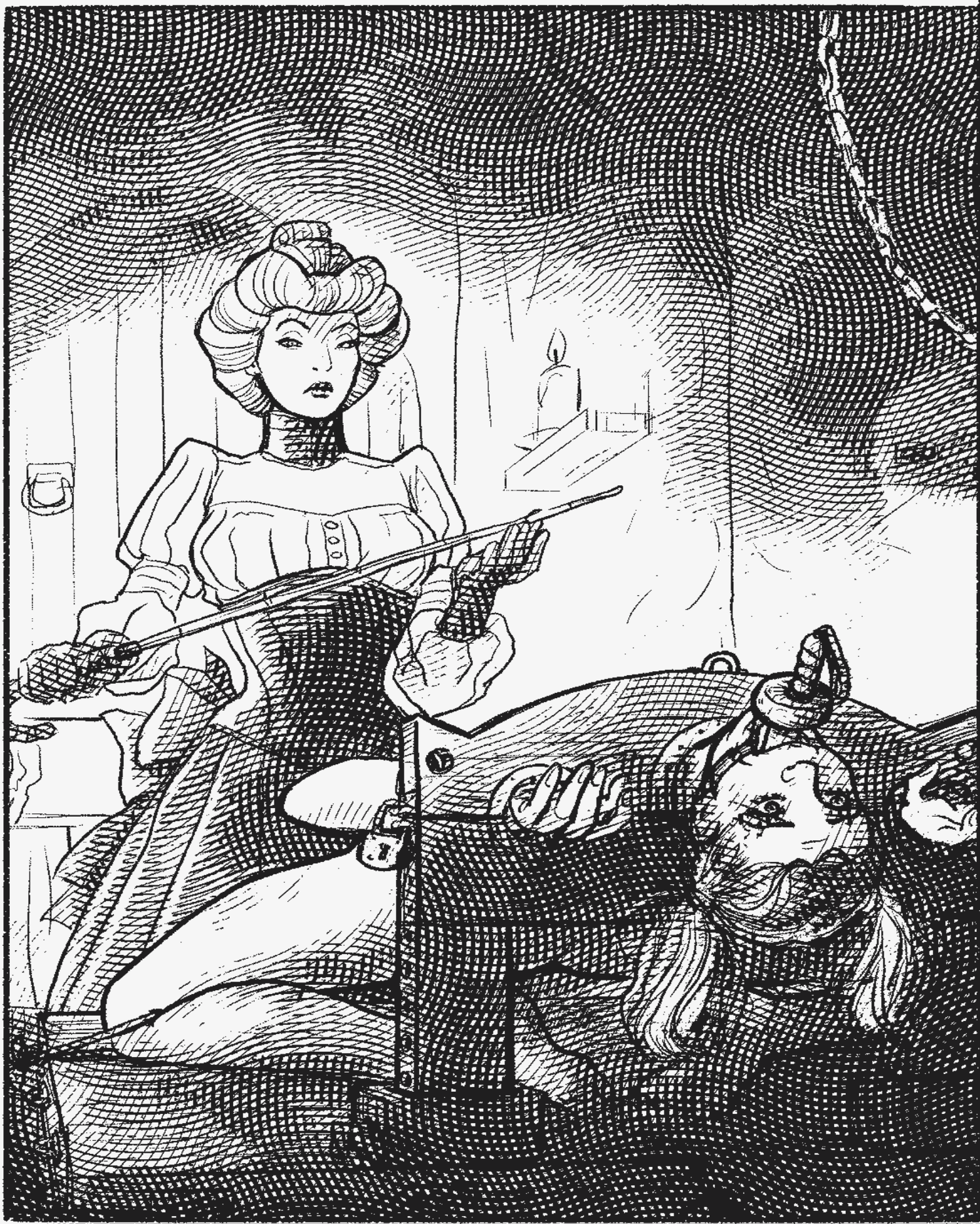
...pills are a most unusual preparation. The locals grind up a variety of plants and shellfish, and claim that they can induce a most fantastic effect upon the male member, producing an enduring and persistent stiffness, lasting for some hours. I induced my man to sample one, and he certainly appeared to be most vigorous. However, as that is very much his natural state of being, and his first time set rampant since we departed, it may simply have been his base nature at work, although the local girls were most delighted with the results. If you could find a suitable test subject, do kindly record the result. The rings are for Sumira – she is probably running quite wild by now. There are several, so I’m sure you can find somewhere appropriate to use them on her, now her ears are quite full. I know you don’t like to spoil the toys, but I did promise her a gift if she managed to pleasure the entire saloon, and I dislike breaking promises, even to the toys. I shall be returning home when the tradewinds turn in our favour – there will be some more additions to the menagerie, I’m afraid, so please ensure there is space.

She picked up one of the golden rings – each had a bell attached, a pleasant tinkling sound whenever it moved. Yes, there were definitely places on Sumira’s body they could be attached – she was quite too full of herself, and perhaps making it clear that she was an ornament of the house, rather than a guest, would help her to adjust her attitude somewhat. The pills were more interesting; she would have to find someone to test them on. Her thoughts went to the specimen from last night – that great shaft, forced erect for hours on end, that could be quite the show. Perhaps that would be a better way to break Alicia’s fast from pleasure? She had been trained extensively, but never on anything quite so large, and to go from famine to feast would be an intriguing spectacle.

Alicia shuffled awkwardly in place, showing a rare expression of discomfort. Or perhaps simply excitement from awaiting an actual fucking, rather than being perpetually locked into her belt, or released from it only to be bound and teased again.

‘Your master is returning home. And with some new pets to break in, it seems. I suppose the rectory is overdue for some work, if you could set things in motion.’ And a few strapping

workmen would no doubt appreciate a little extra fun, with some of the toys being put out for their use. Such a bonus for early completion could serve as quite the spur to enthusiasm, she had



- The Other Girl -

found in past dealings with the lower sort, offering them some tender flesh to slake themselves upon (none of the finer ones, of course) induced swift, efficient work. Another use for Sumira, maybe? With a punishment if the bells sounded too loudly?

‘Yes, madam. And appropriate equipment?’

‘Of course. Several new cages, and I think it might be useful to have an oubliette created. There’s still the problem of the other one, I think perhaps a lengthy stay alone in the dark might persuade her towards compliance. Send a letter to Madame d’Aubrec – she will have contacts amongst the builders and be able to recommend suppliers of everything needed. It has been too long since I’ve replaced the equipment – considering her aims, I’m sure she will be happy to help.’

‘Understood. I will submit it for your approval, madam.’

Alicia loitered around for a moment, before leaving to tend to business – her appetites must truly be heightened to distract her from her work. It probably was time to have her properly seen to, although only when heavily restrained. It wouldn’t do for Alicia to start thinking she deserved release outside of when she, Melissa, permitted it, or that she had any say in the matter.

With everything now in order, it was time to go and check on the other one. After being scrubbed down by Michael overnight, she might be more amenable to reason, or at least acceptance of her place.

Melissa descended downwards, heading towards the cellar. Although this was only a townhouse, one of the storerooms had been converted, with a few of the tools and implements Melissa needed for the more stubborn individuals she had to deal with. She drew close to the heavy wooden door, carefully oiled to open without a sound.

The only light within came from a thin candle – Melissa used it to light another candle, giving enough light to examine her current problem. Michael had thoughtfully placed her into position for examination, placed face-up, her neck and wrists locked into stocks, legs bent back beneath her body and secured and spread by rope atop a table. The rope and wood pushed her into a strained position, with her head bent backwards, making it impossible for her to see anything but the ceiling. And, of course, presenting her body for inspection and use by anyone, without the occupant even knowing who it was.

Despite the obvious strain on her limbs and neck, the current occupant of the examination board had been struggling, the varnished wood dirtied by her writhing, sweat marking the polished surface. Melissa sighed and drew a cane from the rack on the wall. Without warning, she flicked her wrist, the bamboo cracking against the exposed stomach. Again, again, and again, each time drawing forth a pained grunt. Michael had even had the presence of mind to gag her, it seemed – useful, considering she was entertaining soon, and caterwauling coming up from the basement would be quite distracting.

It was therapeutic watching the skin rise into red welts from the brutal impacts. This one’s skin was a beautiful, creamy white, lightly freckled and the slightest fringe of red hair around her sex, with more just about visible above the other side of the board, shifting in time with the impacts. After tenderising the pale flesh, Melissa flicked the cane through the air, returning it to the rack.

‘While I appreciate a certain amount of resistance, you really are taking it to quite an excess. Even with your exceptional beauty, I am fast reaching the point of exhaustion. I think being

hooded in metal, locked on without release; perhaps that would improve your attitude. At least then your body could be enjoyed, if not your face. So think on this, before I return.'

She pinched the girl's breasts, pulling on her nipples, before attaching a weighted clamp to each. She tugged on the connecting chain, distending the flesh further when she hooked it over a hook on top of the stocks. Trapped in position and unable to move, it was impossible for the girl to shift forward to relieve the tension, adding to her suffering. Then she took the candle and pushed it onto a spike on the front of the stocks, stepping back and watching as the wax melted and started to drop and trickle downwards.

As the molten wax struck the bare, exposed belly, still marked with brutal welts from the caning, the moans changed, anger shifting to pain. Well, perhaps it would persuade her towards submission and obedience. Melissa gave the candle a tap, a particularly large flow of wax trickling out, drawing a gagged, garbled scream as it dried to a crust on the exposed body.

'Unless you wish this to be your lot, I would recommend a certain amount of attitude adjustment. Perhaps I should give you to Madame d'Aubrec for her work?' That got another moan, either by coincidence or due to whatever rumours had spread to the servants. 'Either way, I have had quite enough of your attitude, so consider this a final warning.'

She left, extinguishing the other candle – the girl would have light and pain, followed by darkness; cold, lonely and hurting. Let that be a lesson, and hopefully one that would finally sink in.

Chapter Five: Training the Throat

One of Sheffield's many charms was his punctuality, and he didn't disappoint. Alicia showed him to the study and took a position along the wall, waiting to be called upon to serve, if needed. The girl had been left in place awaiting his attentions, her shuffling growing more urgent over time as her legs tired, her straining and writhing intensifying. The tiredness would relax her throat more, and make sure she would be compliant.

As Sheffield entered, Melissa stood and bowed at him, appreciating the way his eyes roamed over her own body – it was always nice to be appreciated, and the servants had wit enough not to gawp themselves. But the girl was the focus now, as her heels scuffed against the floor, straining for breath. Melissa reached up and tugged at the leash, relieving the pressure on the girl's neck. To her credit, she didn't sag or fall to the ground, instead simply turned towards them, eyes downcast as she awaited further instruction. Her skin was already covered with a faint sheen of sweat from being forced to stand straight for several hours, with the laced neckline of her dress tainted with dribble.

The blinkers limited her vision – looking down as she was, all she would be able to see was Melissa's black leather shoes, things she was likely familiar with from having to previously clean them with her tongue.

Melissa took her by the chin, gently tilting her head up, being sure to keep Sheffield out of her line of sight. Those large, brown eyes blinked at her, just the faintest touch of fear.

'You have done well. Perhaps I'll name you soon, before passing you on.' She reached behind the girl's neck, unbuckling the gag, Alicia appearing with a basin to hold the spit-slicked sphere and torrent of dribble. She felt between the girl's legs, feeling the hot wetness there – given the circumstances, it hadn't seemed worthwhile putting any underwear on, and there had been nothing within reach to rub herself against, denying her any chance of supplying her own pleasure. 'This is starting to excite you, isn't it? The thought of being used, of knowing your place and submitting to your betters.' She tapped the sides of the blinkers, folding them over the girl's eyes, limiting her vision to straight down only. Then she stepped away and gave a slight tug on the leash.

The girl was, as ever, obedient, taking a step forward, hips swaying, spit-stained breasts swelling within the dress, the chain between her ankles clinking. Sheffield's lips twitched into a predatory grin, the swelling in his trousers large enough to be obvious. Melissa moved the girl to the centre of the room, next to a low post. It had a number of metal rings attached and a training dildo still attached, at a height for someone on all fours. A soft push down on the girl's shoulder made her drop to her knees, Melissa taking a solid grasp of her thick, blonde hair.

Alicia approached with a stick of lipstick in her hand. As it was applied, the girl squirmed slightly, unsure what was happening as it brushed against her lips, Alicia colouring them bright crimson. Melissa beckoned Sheffield forward, keeping a tight grip of the girl's head, detaching the leash.

'Now, I want to see how deep you can take it. If you're not leaving crimson masks all the way to the base, then there will be consequences. Am I understood?'

The girl's voice was very small and soft. 'Yes, madam.' The oversized gag having been in place all day should have loosened her jaw somewhat, making it harder to talk, although easier for the tasks she was needed for. Her tongue was already out, pink and delicate, feeling through the empty air, as Sheffield approached, cock erect. Melissa glanced to the side to see Alicia staring with undisguised lust, biting her lip. She raised a hand to delay Sheffield for a moment, then beckoned Alicia over.

'Kneel.' She pointed next to the pillar, savoring the brief spark of hope that flared in Alicia's eyes. Alicia knelt on all fours next to the training dildo, close enough that Melissa could grab her hair and push her forward, enjoying the pained, gagging cough as her throat was impaled on the unyielding prong. A leather strap attached to the pillar was wrapped around Alicia's head, binding it in place and preventing her withdrawal, as she gagged and spluttered. 'If you want to fill your mouth so badly, then that should suffice.' She stepped onto Alicia's calf, pushing a heel into the meat. 'Do please silence yourself. Or would you like me to see if you can take another few inches?'

Melissa took grip of Alicia's head with one hand, her other moving towards the key locking the dildo into position. 'I believe you have previously had issues with larger-sized members? Perhaps it is time to train that weakness out of you.' She pulled the key out, then slid the cock forward another inch, enjoying the gasping splutters as Alicia had to accommodate the thing. 'Another inch, maybe?' She stared into Alicia's eyes, now streaming with water, unable to speak, or even move her head, shifting the thing forward another notch. Then she slid the key back, leaving Alicia fully impaled.

The writhing stopped, although there was still a slight bubbling wheeze, as Alicia tried to breath around the cock locked into her throat. Now forced onto all fours, she made a convenient seat, Melissa making herself comfortable then returning her grip to the girl's hair.

'I do apologise, Sheffield. Alicia is normally reliable, but does occasionally overstep her bounds. I think you left quite an impression the last time you used her.'

'Well, I do try and leave a favourable impact.'

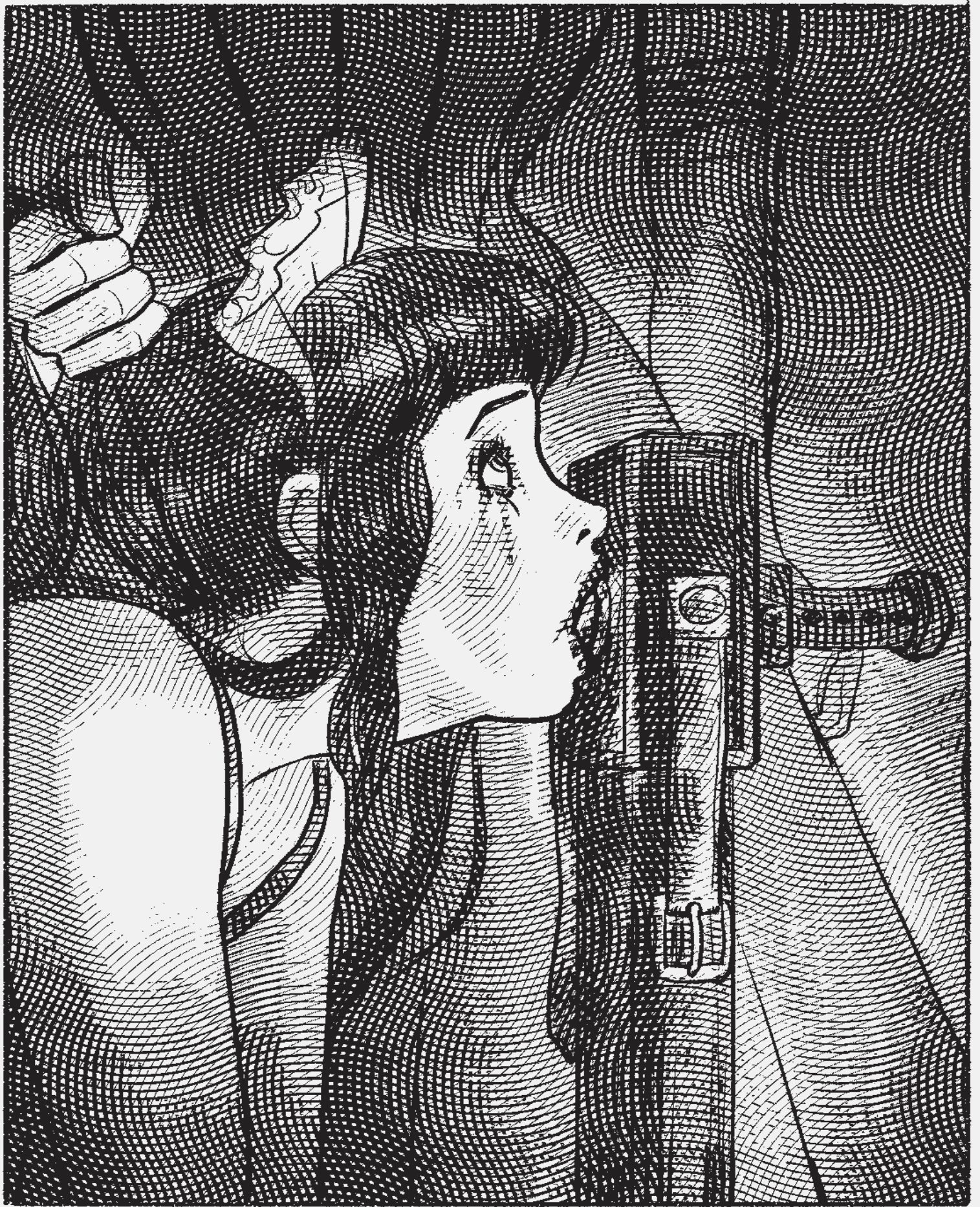
At the sound of his voice, the girl gave a happy sigh, tongue probing further, still seeking his cockmeat. 'Please sir, may I suck your cock? Please sir?'

He moved closer, as Melissa guided the girl's head forward until her tongue brushed against the hot shaft, rubbing up and down against it, before pushing forward again, allowing the girl to lay kisses upon it. Red smears were left in her wake, Sheffield's girth growing under her fervent attention. Between kisses, she uttered thanks for the honour, until Melissa yanked her head back, made sure she had a firm grip and pushed forward.

Sheffield's cock impaled her, sliding past her yielding lips and into her throat. She took it with acceptable grace, not choking or panicking, merely spluttering somewhat. Melissa leant over, lips close to the girl's ear. 'Now you may thank him.'

To her credit, she did try, some garbled attempt at words coming out as her tongue slid around the meat pushed between her lips, the effect pleasing to judge by Sheffield's expression. Melissa started to push and pull the girl's head back and forth, pushing a little deeper each time. Progress was easy to trick, slobbery red lip marks getting further and further down the shaft.

Beneath her, Alicia mewed and gasped, wise enough not to shift and risk upsetting Melissa's balance. With another push from Melissa, the girl's nose was brushing against his pubic hair, his full length now sheathed in her throat. Melissa held her in place, the slurping and gasping continuing in front of her, Alicia beneath her gasping for breath around the obstruction in her mouth.



- Training the Throat -

From Sheffield's expression, the girl was tolerable, the choking and slurping continuing until he gasped in release himself. As he withdrew, her head trailed forward, eager not to let any of his seed spill to the floor. She sucked, pulling back the rope of cum and spit that trailed from her mouth, before softly kissing his exposed crown, tongue flicking over the crown, desperate for another taste. Melissa pulled her back, ignoring her soft whine. She slipped the gag back into place and buckled it tightly, before pushing the girl's head down to the floor. She placed a foot against the girl's head, keeping her pushed down against the ground. The girl's backside was raised, skirt doing nothing to cover either of her holes, wet and clearly desperate for release.

'She has some talent, it seems.' Sheffield was wiping himself down on Alicia's skirts, Melissa shifting aside so as not to get any on herself, ignoring Alicia's choking shuffling as she tried to breath around the dildo still impaling her throat. 'She is quite pleasingly soft and gentle – most you train are rather more, ah, urgent in their strivings, rushing towards a climax rather than savoring the moment. Possibly a blindfold and some time on the tables down at the Crown and Sceptre to get her more accustomed to real meat? The stocks there could always do with filling with something fresh, the current offerings have grown a touch stale.' He slapped Alicia's backside, driving her further forward with a pained gasp. It seemed timely to stand and decide what to do with Alicia..

'Thank you. I suspected she might have a natural talent for such things, but I lack the equipment to truly tell.' Sheffield slapped Alicia again, triggering a wheezing cough. Melissa sighed. 'I suppose this one deserves *something*. Feel free to sodomise her, if you wish.'

'Allow me a moment to collect myself, even my stamina is limited!'

The girl whined slightly, unhappy at being denied another chance to suck Sheffield's cock. Melissa pushed down, grinding her face against the floor.

'Of course, in your own time. I think I may take that suggestion. It will help find someone willing to take this one off my hands, if nothing else.' She pushed down with her heel harder, feeling flesh yield beneath her spiked heel. 'And no more impertinence from you. While it is pleasing to see you take to the cock so eagerly, it is something that is chosen *for you*, not something *you choose*. Your desires are irrelevant in this.' The whining obediently stopped, although the girl was still shifting around, thighs slick with her juices.

Melissa flipped up Alicia's long dress and threw it forward then unlocked Alicia's belt, leaving her to await Sheffield's pleasure. As she waited for Sheffield to regain his measure, she enjoyed herself with the girl, alternating between gentle strokes and hard slaps and pinches, or raking nails against her thighs, using her as meat to hurt, ignoring the throbbing sex that glistened beneath her. While doing this, she spoke to Sheffield.

'It was something of a surprise to see you. I thought you had left for the continent after that scandal, all those years ago. I heard all sorts of stories – debauching a caliph's daughter, orgies amongst the Grecian temples, or ravaging the entirety of a Parisian dancing troupe amongst the catacombs.'

'Ah, well. There was rather a lot of absinthe involved that night. Or week, as it ended up being. And the catacombs are surprisingly well maintained and more comfortable than you might think. But society forgets, eventually, and now I am but another debauched noble, finally returned home from a rather extended grand tour.' His cock was already hardening, ready to go again, as he spread Alicia's buttocks wide.

Melissa took her foot off the girl's head, yanking at her bound arms, ignoring the grunt of pain. She removed the gag and tugged her behind Alicia. 'Something else for you to lick. Nice

and slippery, to ease Lord Sheffield's passage.' The girl set to it, even taking the initiative of spitting, a gob landing squarely between Alicia's buttocks, before she set her tongue to work.

'I suppose you can now claim your patrimony.'

'Indeed, at last. But I am surprised to hear of your association with Mademoiselle d'Aubrec? She fled her home country under something of a cloud, although no-one I spoke to was ever sure of the details. A few heirs to other families had disappeared, that sort of thing. The shadow of the revolution is long, and the chaos of Napoleon is still spreading, so it's scarcely a surprise a few people went missing.'

It had been so long since Alicia had been allowed any pleasure that, between the dildo filling her throat and the girl vigorously tonguing her asshole, she was growing hot and feverish. Her training held though, her unrestrained hands doing nothing more than holding her skirts out of the way, although her knuckles were white and tense, no more than quiet gasps escaping her lips.

Sheffield pushed the girl aside and she sprawled on the floor, bound arms rendering her off-balance. He slapped Alicia across the butt twice before spreading her buttocks wide and then set about easing himself into her, making steadily deeper and deeper thrusts.

Leaving the girl to her writhing, Melissa moved in front of Alicia, at least as much as the pillar allowed. Her eyes were rolling in her head, poise utterly shattered, as Sheffield thrust into her. Melissa grabbed her throat, squeezing, feeling the dildo beneath her flesh. Every thrust of Sheffield's shoved her further onto it, as she desperately gasped for breath. 'Stay conscious, or I'll have you bound and spread in the street.'

There was a choked gurgle that might have been a 'yes, madam', but talking with a mouth full of dildo was impossible even for one of Alicia's talents. Sheffield's hammering intensified, Melissa pinching Alicia's nostrils shut, forcing her to draw breath around the fake cock, her eyes wavering and rolling in her head.

'Christ, she's tight as a nun!' He slapped her ass-cheek again with a loud crack, hard enough to leave an imprint of his palm.

'Well, I wouldn't want her to get used to such things. I did have to train her initial reticence against being taken from behind out of her, that took quite some time and no few volunteers. To return to Madam d'Aubrec, she has some intriguing ideas. I am sworn to silence, but as she has taken a home adjacent to my lands, I have some knowledge of her intentions. I'm sure she would be willing to entertain you should you be in the vicinity, although her hospitality may be a touch scant at the moment.'

By now, he was deep enough into Alicia that his hips slapped against her buttocks, her breath whistling around the dildo as she fought for air. Melissa released her nose, allowing her to breathe more easily.

Between thrusts, Sheffield managed to respond. 'I may just... take you up... on that offer. She was... fascinating before.' He climaxed, thrusting himself as deep as he could, spearing Alicia deeply and making her squeal before going limp, clearly fighting to stay conscious. Sheffield remained sheathed inside of her for a few long breaths before withdrawing.

Melissa set the girl back to tonguing Alicia's still-distended asshole. Cum was oozing out as it slowly closed, the girl's tongue eagerly licking at it, flicking over sensitive flesh, setting Alicia squirming again. Melissa set her heel on Alicia's lower back and scraped, leaving a long white mark on her flesh, a groan of pain coming through the gag. 'Wash the girl down, feed and water her, then put her in her cage for the night. Then report to Michael for five lashes, dress yourself

appropriately and come to the Crown and Sceptre.’ She pushed the girl away, locking the belt back around Alicia’s crotch, ignoring the slight whine of disappointment.

The girl scrambled around on the floor before Melissa hauled her up, leashing her to the pillar, ready for Alicia to deal with. She extended an arm, Sheffield taking it.

‘I hear Dame Ayles is providing some entertainment, and some food would be most welcome.’

Alicia’s hands slowly fumbled for the buckles strapping her head in place and there were ugly hacking sounds as she managed to pull her face off the training cock. Tears ran down her face, mascara in ugly streaks streaming down from her eyes. It took her long moments to stand, legs threatening to give way beneath her, a trickle of cum trailing down a leg before her skirts fell back into place. Eyes down, she curtsied, just about managing to speak, throat clearly sore. ‘Yes, madam.’

Chapter Six: The Crown and Sceptre

The Crown and Sceptre was just a short walk away, located in the finest part of town. Other members of the nobility flocked around the area, their servants and slaves close behind in varying levels of restraint – most were at least collared and shackled, and many wore blinkers or gags, if not full hoods. The most ornamental were virtually crippled, feet forced into teetering ballet heels, arms pulled into armbinders, corsets compressing waists into attractively slim shapes, faces blindfolded and gagged, on some the only flesh visible stretched and tormented, or pulled taut by piercings and chains. Well, it certainly showed them their place, and made for an invigorating sight.

The square outside the club held stocks and pillories, where those deemed in need of punishment could be bound, to be dealt with as the public deemed fit. Currently, only three were occupied, only one of the occupants currently being fucked, squealing indignantly as a noble Melissa didn't recognise ploughed away, cheered on by his friends.

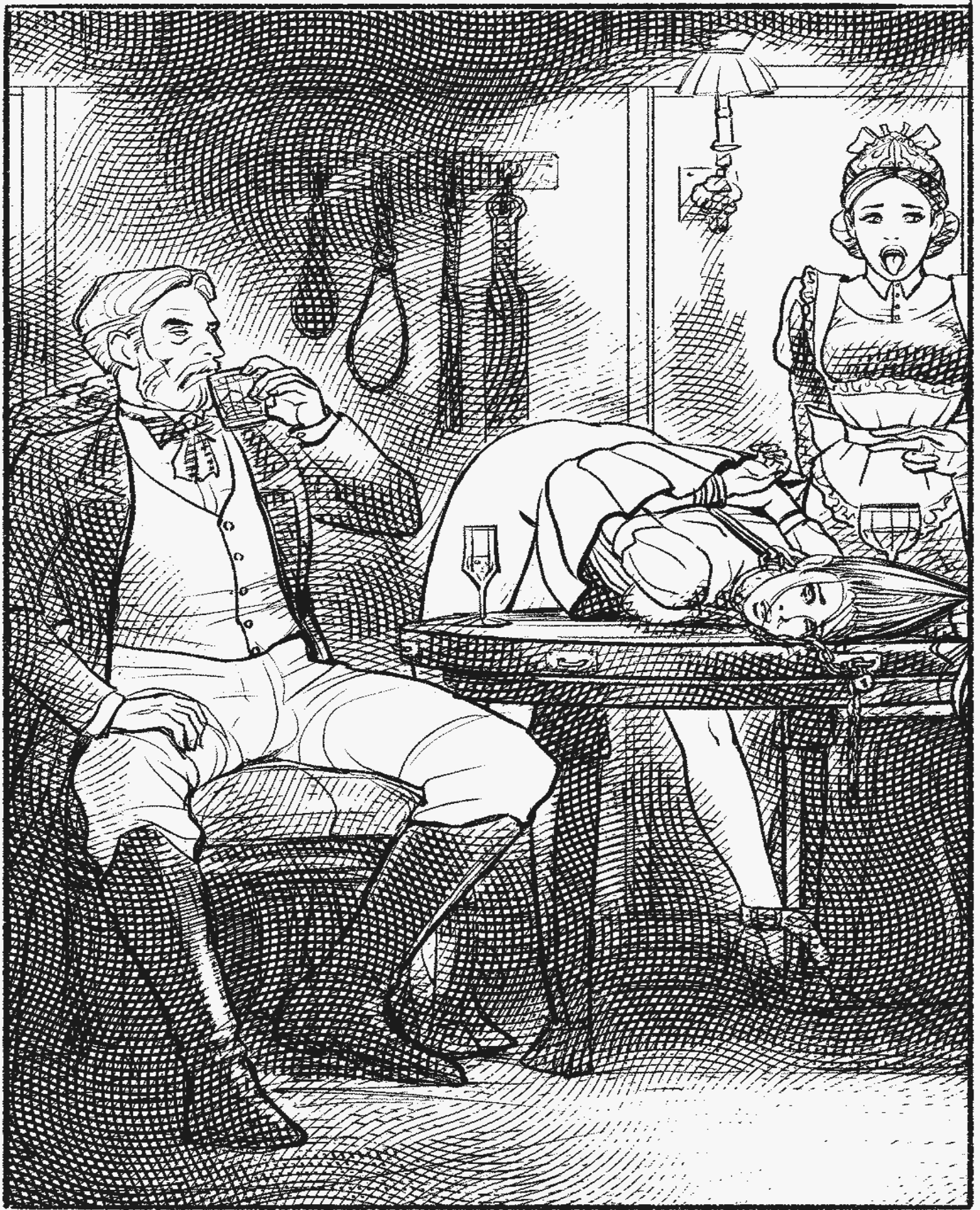
An immaculately dressed doorman opened the door for them, Melissa sweeping forwards, her long skirts brushing the floor, Sheffield courteous enough to allow her first entrance. The scents of lust and sex flowed through the air, the muted sounds of flesh on flesh coming from one of the private rooms, barely-silenced squeals and gasps. The door closed behind them, Melissa's eyes taking a moment to adjust to the lower light, before she could see the reception in front of her – an attractive young piece, body sheathed in a slip of lace that simultaneously covered, and hinted at, everything beneath. She was locked onto the reception desk by a heavy chain, running from a slender ankle to a metal ring on the floor. From how mussed her hair was and the stains on her dress, the guests had clearly been taking their pleasure upon her. A long curtain ran along one side of the hallway, and the door to the main chamber was ahead of them.

'Good afternoon, my lady, my lord.' Her curtsy set the chains jangling, knocking against the wood of the desk as she pulled the dress taut, lace thin enough to show the pale flesh beneath. 'Your usual booth, Lady Brimton?'

'Yes. And to stay for the entertainments as well.'

'Of course.' She scribbled a note down. 'Will you require any attendants?' She touched something out of sight, the curtain pulling back to reveal the current options. In keeping with the style of the house, all were elegantly attired, clothing cut to show the wearer to best advantage. Tight hobble dresses limited the steps of the women, the men restrained by short lengths of chain between their ankles, all with elbows bound to thick leather belts around their waists and wrists cuffed in front of them, allowing them some utility to fetch drinks and food but no delusions of freedom. Their clothing was all designed for ease of access, with tabs that could be pulled aside at need, and gags sealing their mouths.

Melissa cast a brief eye over them – all were ones she had previously sampled, all acceptably skilled and attractive, if rather overused. 'That one, I think.' She gestured, more or less at random, at one of them; tall, with brown hair bound up in a single whip, swaying like a horse's tail as she moved her head. 'But if she drops something again, I'll have her spread for the whole common room to use.'



- The Crown and the Sceptre -

‘Of course. Would you like her ungagged?’

‘No, I think silence would be preferable.’

‘Very well. Shall I have the current menu sent up? I’m afraid there is nothing new, milady.’

‘Yes, I can see that. No, I’m in the mood for someone fresh, rather than the same old meat.’

The one she indicated was already shuffling forward, eyes downward, clearly remembering what had happened last time, fearful of giving further offence. She was one of the more attractive pieces present, but that had a rather disruptive effect on her competency, preferring to smile and flirt rather than do her job – a bout in some of the training rooms downstairs would show her where her true place was, but it wasn’t Melissa’s job to do the training of someone else’s staff. The slave executed a stiff and awkward curtsy, all she could manage with her bindings, as Sheffield briefly ran a hand between her thighs, over her rear, then cupped a breast, assessing the goods.

‘Not the finest I’ve seen here. Acceptable, I suppose, but I prefer something fresher. Although it all fucks the same, as they say.’ He gave her another grope, pushing fingers through a slit in her clothing, feeling the flesh beneath. ‘Definitely past its prime. A few more months, and then it’ll be sent to the barracks or the prisons.’

‘There is a certain elegance there still – suitable for a lonely bachelor or suchlike. Not enough style for a truly great house, and a bit worn down for most, but there is hope other than to be staked out in a cell yard to relieve the stresses of the inmates.’ She hooked a finger through their belt, tugging them along, through the main doors.

The place was divided into three floors, connected by ramps (to allow for those unable to take proper steps), each open on one side to allow the central stage to be viewed from everywhere. The stage curtains were currently closed, although from the sounds coming from behind it, Dame Ayles was currently preparing her show, or at least her servants were. A cry of release echoed from one of the other booths, someone taking their pleasure along with their food.

They sat in Melissa’s usual booth, the slave’s hands just barely able to reach a slate hanging from her neck. She stood there mutely as Sheffield squeezed and groped her flesh, while Melissa wrote down a drinks order. She stepped off, as fast as possible, Sheffield eyeing her backside hungrily. His lust hadn’t diminished any in his exile, it seemed, although the meat’s backside was rather tight, likely an effect of spending all day on teetering heels.

‘So, you are finally returned for good then? It has been quite some years since you were in the country.’

‘It certainly seemed long enough time to me! Yes, I am returned, hopefully for good.. Although I must confess to now being quite utterly understaffed.’

‘Understandable, given the circumstances. You must allow me to accompany you to the trials, I have quite an eye for talented prospects. And would be happy to lend a hand with the required training, at least when my duties don’t require me to be elsewhere. You need a few toys to occupy yourselves with, although do try and be less rough with them now? That brunette I found you last time barely lasted a month before she was entirely broken, barely fit for anything beyond the common yard!’

He laughed at the memory. ‘Yes, she was quite the delightful thing. Well, while she lasted, at least. Your help would be appreciated, it has been too long since I have had to acquire anything other than momentary relief, I sadly lack the eye for it anymore.’

‘Of course. But if you truly are staying, then you will have to visit my estate. I have rather more contacts there and access to the courts, if there are any particular choice pieces you wish to

acquire. And, of course, rather more equipment, for any particularly stubborn pieces you do acquire. I seem to recall you have a preference for those that take some breaking in?’

‘I believe I will take you up on that offer. It’s been a long time since I’ve had to break someone in for a lengthy service, rather than something to simply use and then discard to the gutter.’

‘I thought as much.’ She shook her head. ‘You really should establish a home somewhere, it makes matters much easier. Although I can lay my hands on a few discards, if you are truly in need. Nothing spectacular, I’m sorry to say, but something to slake yourself upon, and if you make a few errors in training, then nothing of value has been lost.’

‘I would be most appreciative, thank you. But what of you? I have heard stories of your collection.’

Melissa permitted herself an indulgent smile. ‘Yes, we have gathered quite the collection of exotic pieces, as well as any number of intriguing devices. I like to think I have a well-earned reputation for training and breaking even the most stubborn pieces. And it seems as though there will be some new additions soon.’

‘Ah, is George travelling again? We passed, briefly, in Cairo, although he appeared to have surrounded himself with dusk-skinned beauties, all dark, smooth skin wrapped in the finest linens and gauze.’

Melissa groaned. ‘Yes. He thought it would be rather clever to bind them up as if they were mummies and have them transported in that fashion. It gave me quite a shock when I opened a sarcophagus he had sent up and the contents moved! The process had certainly made them quite compliant though; being trapped in the dark for that journey, being drip-fed water, cum and gruel when the sailors remembered certainly made them thankful for anything else, and now the simple threat of being returned to the dark is enough to bring obedience. One hopes the next shipment will be delivered in a rather more mundane fashion! Although I am currently seeking out some native home-grown attractions to counterbalance the exotics. I was tempted by that titan yesterday, but he looked to be quite recalcitrant, and I have one such problem already.’

‘It’s not like you to have such issues.’

‘This one is stubborn beyond all reason, and angry to boot. I was hoping to preserve some of that fierceness to add to her charm, but I may have to break her rather more utterly, in order to get any use from her. As it stands, she would be fit for nothing more than a cocksleeve, and that only when restrained and ring-gagged, as I fear she’s something of a biter. A shame, really; she is a beauty, but has too much of the rebel in her.’

‘Ah, Celtic then?’

‘Yes, she caught my eye when I was over there. Flame-red hair, milk-white skin, the most dazzling green eyes. Not that they can ever be seen, I’ve had her blindfolded this last week, and without any change to her behaviour, will likely have her hooded soon, and the damn thing sewn on. Donate her to the guard or somesuch, make her someone else’s problem. Or have an open auction – when unconscious, she is quite fetching, it’s only when awake that she’s a problem.’

‘Have you considered Mademoiselle d’Aubrec, as you appear to know her? She had quite the touch with those of a recalcitrant nature.’

‘The thought had occurred to me, but I wouldn’t wish to offend, and the girl really is quite troublesome to work on. And d’Aubrec has other matters on her mind right now, although the attempt at fishing for information is noted, and appreciated.’ She smiled at him. ‘But you have things you need to consider. What sort of household are you aiming for? The current fashion is for long, lean and tightly constrained, all in shining leather, but I seem to recall you had rather a

marked preference for rather more curvaceous shapes, and more selective and elegant restraints, clad in fine dresses, silks and lace.'

'I was not aware you followed my preferences so closely.'

The slave was returning with a tray of drinks in her hands, being very careful not to spill any.

'You were scarcely subtle about it. I even waved a few from the far north at you, all blonde hair, lean bosoms, long legs and supple slenderness, and you were quite happy to fuck them, but with little enthusiasm. I'm sure I can acquire a few pieces that may appeal to your tastes, although they may not be the finest. How much of the training are you willing to do yourself? Your whip-work was impressive, when last I saw it.'

He grimaced. 'Well, I am a little limited in facilities, I regret to say. A personal maid I could manage, and I have my man, of course. Beyond that, I have scarce space. I could fit a cage or two, at a push, but it would be simpler to wait until I can use the facilities at the manor.'

'Ah, of course. Yes, those should be more than adequate, if a little outdated. I trust you will be in place for the season, then? If understaffed.'

'That is my hope, yes. If you could lend your aid, it would be much appreciated. Although nothing quite as exotic as your menagerie – maybe one or two sports, but I do prefer those that can understand me when I speak. A yielding throat and tight rear are both to be sought after as well. Nothing used to the point of spoiling.'

'And obedient? You seem to appreciate my girl, but I suspect you would tire of her shortly if you had to endure her presence constantly. Although perhaps for guests to use, or when you need to slake yourself, she would suffice.'

'The fight is part of the sport, I feel. A bit of grit and spark to wear down all add to the pleasure.'

'Yes, I suspect that may be why you broke your toys so fast. While I appreciate the urge, perhaps a little more restraint this time around? I can certainly make enquiries though, and have a few prospects in mind. If you would care to accompany me to the courts, then we can acquire some appropriate raw material, give you something to work with. I find they are often damaged if left in the judicial process too long, so a quiet word with the judge can work wonders. That's where I acquired Alicia, in fact. Well, after arranging for her father to fall into debt.'

'Ah, I thought you must have had her quite some time.'

'Yes, although almost too long, I think. She is skilled at certain administrative tasks, I suppose, but she is getting rather too comfortable. I think I will have to deal with her in some fashion soon. Although you appeared quite appreciative.'

'It's been a while since I fucked anyone that tight! You must keep her tightly rationed. Between her and that girl, it was quite the session. I'll have to sample our server here – I'll bet she's a lot more used.'

Melissa frowned. It wouldn't do for Alicia to develop more of an attachment – perhaps it would be best to put her to public use soon, to encourage a more appropriate attitude, that she was meat to be used, not kept for anyone specifically? 'Yes, I would imagine so.'

The server approached, still gagged, placing a bottle of wine on the table along with two glasses, managing an acceptable job of pouring. Melissa waited for her to finish pouring, before pushing her head down and clipping her collar onto the table, forcing her to stay bent at the waist. Sheffield at least had the grace to take a sip of wine before moving around, spanking the woman – this didn't even raise a squeal, before he tugged her clothing apart and begun sliding into her, her hips starting to slide in time with his, clearly used to such treatment.

As he fucked, Melissa pondered. His ancestral estates would need refurbishing, to be sure, but finding enough material that met his tastes could be a challenge. And endure his lusts! She lifted her glass as the table shook, Sheffield pounding away, the server's gag thick enough to swallow any noise she might be making. Or she was simply so used to such treatment that it had no effect.

Alicia arrived just as he finished with a final juddering thrust. She had dressed herself appropriately, tight but severe clothes binding and displaying her body, a wide belt at the knees hobbling her steps, and a collar making her easy to lock down, if needed, and cuffs present on her wrists as well. As she approached, Melissa pointed at the girl. 'Clean her.'

Alicia immediately set to work, licking the dribbles of cum off the server's asshole.

'How was she?'

'Functional, but definitely past her prime and over-used.'

'Yes, it is to be expected.' She released the catch keeping the server in place as Alicia finished, beckoning her own servant forward. She had at least dressed herself properly and not exceeded her bounds. Melissa's hand reached into Alicia's bag, pulling out a gag. It wouldn't do for her to get any thoughts that she might be allowed to fulfil her own desires, after her. Alicia obediently bent into place, allowing Melissa to strap the gag into place. It was tempting to lash her into place and take her chastity belt off, allowing any passing buck to ride her ragged, but it would be rather disruptive to conversation. Instead she simply pushed her down, making Alicia kneel by the table until needed.

Over the course of the conversation, the place had been getting busier, other nobility drifting in and taking seats, their own slaves neatly lined up along the walls, all with their faces down, except for those prone to disobedience that were leashed in place. A few were in stocks and placed at the scant mercy of those present, the tang of sex drifting through the air as they were used. A pack of rakes were taking turns at one, a tender slip of a thing locked in place, sobbing and groaning with every thrust. There was a pile of coins on her back – not a slave, whatever was left on her when they were finished, she would be allowed to keep. They were plainly aiming to make keeping the coins in place a challenge, and keep riding her past whenever they fell off. If she was fortunate, some of the coins would be pushed into her as a parting gift before she was unlocked, or she might simply be thrown out with nothing.

Another group, this one all women, had tied three manservants down, and were taking their own turns at teasing them, a sandtimer tracking time – for each turn the servants endured, a coin was added to a pile, but they were getting progressively rougher, kisses turning to bites and strokes to slaps. And the losers would earn nothing and find themselves meat for the entire audience, only the victor gaining anything. If any of them happened to release their loads onto the fine dresses of their tormentors, then the cost would be deducted from the winnings as well, likely plunging them into debt and becoming property. But most eyes were on the stage, awaiting the unveiling of Dame Ayles' latest prize.

Chapter Seven: Teasing the Titan

The curtain lifted to reveal a metal frame, securely bolted to the floor. A hulking figure was strapped in place, body entirely sheathed in black leather. They strained and seethed, muscles swelling as they pulled on the restraints, trying to break free. From beneath their black hood came a groan, something blocking their mouth. Probably a mercy, the sort of cursing heard from the lower orders was quite excessive. It was one of the first things Melissa trained out of her acquisitions, using whatever force was needed. Fortunately, most quickly acquiesced, or were passed on elsewhere.

The only flesh visible was his member, swollen almost to the point of pain and coloured a deep and angry red, a cockring tightly locked around the base. A stir rippled around the room as the audience contemplated the size of the swollen cock, already gleaming under the lights. It was a magnificent sight, and Melissa felt a tinge of regret that she hadn't acquired this piece herself, practicality be damned. Although from the way the frame was shaking, he would be troublesome to contain, quite beyond the scope of her own equipment. Still, though, the thought of mounting that length, being filled with its throbbing heat, riding it to climax... She shifted in her seat, almost tempted to have Alicia crawl over and tend to her sudden lust, only stopped by not wanting to miss any of the show.

Dame Ayles herself had the seat of honour on the bottom level, where she could be seen by everyone in attendance, fanning herself and pretending not to notice the gasps and approving sighs. Another figure walked on stage, Ayles' chatelain, a tall and slender piece, with barely any curves, sharp-featured and lean. She was dressed well, in a sleek and clinging curve of black leather, needing no corset to force her shape, the leather clinging to her legs and bust. At her crotch was pale white flesh, a hole in the material to display her neatly-shaved cleft. Shoulder-length gloves sheathed her arms, sharpened nails catching the light.

She flicked a riding crop through the air, the sound making the giant twitch in his bindings. His balls had been shaved, red and sensitive, something else inflicted upon him rather than his choice. To be ready for performance so soon, it must have been a brutally intense training session. Small wonder his skin was hidden beneath leather – he had probably been lashed, clawed and pierced throughout the night, denied any rest, and given no doubt as to who his owner was. And from the angry tone of his cock, then he had probably been denied any release to boot, the chatelain was quite the expert at that skill. According to rumour, only one male slave on Ayles' estate was allowed release each week, the rest teased and edged but never allowed climax. From how eager to please those Dame Ayles traded on to other nobles were, Melissa could well believe it.

The crowd went silent as the woman approached her victim, crop slicing the air again. The captive shuddered, the metal frame groaning under the force applied. Well, if he escaped and forced himself upon the woman, that would be quite the sight as well! Melissa pressed her thighs together, feeling heat flush through her.

The crop flicked again, striking the testicles. A loud groan came from behind the hood, cock bobbing slightly, head gleaming with precum. The chatelain leant over, fiercely seizing the

testicles. The whole cock shivered and strained as the captive strained for release, desperate to cum. Then the chatelain squirted lubricant into her gloved hand, taking the shaft and rubbing it between her hands. The groaning intensified, the swollen, angry thing somehow growing even more – small wonder Dame Ayles had snapped him up! She rubbed the shaft vigorously, claws of her other hand squeezing his balls. It was clear he was rock-hard and desperate for the pressure to be released. If he could talk, it would probably be begging, aching cries for relief.

Then she turned around, staying close and rubbing herself against him, as she made an announcement to the crowd. ‘In honour of the largest cock to ever be serviced at the Crown and Sceptre, beating the previous record by half an inch...’ A genteelly shocked gasp ran around the room before she continued, ‘... Dames Beatrice Ayles will give a prize to whomsoever can claim the greatest length of it. The titan is constrained and bound, held powerless, kept on the edge of release! Whoever takes his length shall savour his release! So, Lords and Ladies, who amongst you has a slave they wish to enter?’

Melissa glanced down at Alicia. Well, if she was that desperate for cock, then this would suffice. Someone else, a petty lord from the borders, sent their servant forth – short and slender, a tight corset compressing her waist to something most men could put their hands around, and a rather too showy skirt that was far too short for her stumpy legs. She approached nervously, a whipcrack from the darkness urging her on. She dropped to her knees, trying to delay the moment she would have to try and take the man’s length down her throat. The collar wrapped around her pretty little neck would likely hamper matters, but her owner would punish her if she didn’t make a good try.

She hesitantly laid a kiss upon the base of the cock, before the chatelaine seized the nape of her neck, raising the girl’s head and pushing it down. The girl started to gag and choke, spittle oozing out as she tried to force herself further down. She drew her head back, face flushing as she forced herself further down the shaft, spluttering and gasping as she did so. Straining further, she managed to get barely halfway down, struggling and choking with every movement, before she was forcefully pulled back and thrown aside. Slight boos started, the crowd hoping for better. The girl slowly returned to her owner, likely to face consequences.

The next attempt fared better, leaving slobbering lipstick marks further down, but still unable to manage the full length. Still, the desperate pushing and straining of the girl as she tried to force it down her throat made for entertaining theatre, tears gleaming as she choked herself. As another approached to make the attempt, Melissa ungagged Alicia and removed her collar, before seizing her by the throat.

‘Your turn next, I feel. And I sincerely hope, for your sake, that you will be able to take the full length.’ She squeezed, feeling Alicia’s blood pulsing through her neck. Alicia kept her eyes down, tongue licking her vivid red lips, eyes growing hazy as the choke took effect. Melissa slapped her, just enough to make her pay attention. ‘You are going to take that entire shaft down your throat, or I’ll have your belt welded on.’

It took a moment for Alicia to regain her focus, eyes clearing, regaining some level of self-control, fear rising up. Her tongue flicked out again, moistening her lips. This would have been an interesting challenge for the girl, see how soft and yielding her throat really was, but such a thing might just leave her broken, that soft throat destroyed for good.

Alicia descended down the steps and headed for the stage as another attempt was made. The cock was now covered with slobber and lipstick marks, the prize still unclaimed. To her credit, she walked with certainty, unlike the hesitant steps of the first girl. There was no pausing in her pace as she walked onto the stage, the previous entrant walking off in dejection.

She placed a single kiss upon the shining crown and appeared to savour the taste. Then she set to it, swirling and twisting her head, long hair flicking and snaking. Her initial push got her half-way down the shaft, matching the depth the first girl had set. Then she strained and pushed herself further down with each gasping stroke of her head. The chatelaine grabbed her hair, preventing her from pulling up from air, her breath coming in desperate wheezing pants. The heat within Melissa increased as she watched Alicia's abuse continue, spit uncontrollably running from her mouth. Alicia strained again, forcing herself down, jaw gaping as she managed to push herself further down. She kept straining, until, somehow, she managed to fit the entire thing into her throat.

The chatelaine reached out and held her in place, as she gagged and squirmed, before allowing her partial release, lips still wrapped around the engorged member, tongue flicking itself over the tormented flesh. Alicia gagged and coughed, bubbles of spit flowing down her chin, staining her dress. The captive grunted and groaned, still denied any release of his own.

'A victor. And now to give both their prize.' With one hand still on Alicia's head, the chatelain touched the cock ring, releasing some catch. It sprang away, as Alicia was pushed down again. The cock spasmed, shooting a load into Alicia's captive throat. She coughed again, training driving her to try and swallow the cum, even as more spat into her mouth, another coughing spasm overcoming her, cum bubbling from her mouth. The chatelaine ground Alicia's head down as spit and semen oozed out in bubbling trails from her nostrils as well, rubbing her face against the cock, even as it started to shrink. The captive was groaning and shaking again, metal protesting against the forces exerted, but still holding.

Once Alicia had been made to run her tongue all along the shaft, and it had shrunken down somewhat (although was still an impressive size!) she was released, managing to stagger away with a modicum of poise.

'Lady Melissa Brimton, congratulations.' There was a smattering of applause, a few people turning to look at her. 'While the Titan is still in need of training, then, as a prize, Dame Ayles will lend him to you, at a time of your convenience.' Melissa bit her hand, thoughts of that colossal shaft distracting and enticing. Staked out in the menagerie, perhaps, with a contest amongst the toys and pets, before riding him herself? She shivered, lost in a moment of contemplation, mounting that length and hearing the gasps from the tightly-bound captive, the moment of release, hot seed pouring into her. Well, that would be something to look forward to.

Alicia returned, steps dragging, face covered with spit, cum and tears, jaw still stretched and distended, having difficulty speaking as she curtsied. 'Nk ou a-am.' In other circumstances, Melissa would have had her punished for such terrible diction, but, just this once, decided to be merciful. Instead she gestured downwards, Alicia kneeling down. Melissa passed her the gag, watching as Alicia strapped it into place herself, sparing Melissa from having to touch her dirtied face. And her clothing was equally messy, fabric over her breasts stained with spit and sweat. She'd had quite enough stimulation for one day, so Melissa hooded her, drawing her hair through a metal ring before settling the black leather over the dirty mess, a collar tying it in place – at least this was tidier to look at. Trapping Alicia in the darkness with the spit and cum might teach her to be less obviously desperate in the future..

Sheffield nodded in approval. 'My congratulations. I would not have thought this one had such capacity, but your training must have been quite vigorous.'

Melissa grabbed the long tail of hair, using it to rag Alicia's head around. 'She is loyal, at least, and the correct threats can be an inducement to the needed vigour. I suspect the new girl

would have made a good attempt, but I don't think her throat is quite so pliable, just yet. Although you have rather more direct knowledge than myself.'

'Yes; she is willing but needed to be pushed to take my length. And while I have no shame in that department, I lack the girth of that beast! I think Dame Ayles may start a trend.'

'I suspect so; something to have before the season begins.' Something to keep an eye out for – the collection was currently missing such a specimen. 'Now it seems you have returned, then please do let me know if I can be of service – restocking an estate such as yours is quite the ambitious undertaking, especially if you want it done in any swift time, and want to do any of the training yourself. But you've never backed down from a challenge, I suppose.'

'No, and no intention of starting now. I'll have cleaners start work immediately. And if that sweet little thing ever needs some additional cock training, then please let me know – she has impressive potential.'

There was a slight mew from the hooded Alicia, Melissa casually backhanding her across the cheek. It might have been coincidence, but it was always best to remind her of her place. 'Yes, of course. Although possibly blindfolded, to stop her getting too enamoured of you. You do seem to have quite the irksome effect on my toys.'

He laughed. 'Yes, well, I do strive to be charming. It makes for more enthusiastic service, I find. But I have business to be about, and it seems so do you.' He gestured at an approaching slave, a silver tray bearing a note. 'Thank you for helping you with the training, and I will be in touch shortly, have no doubt.'

He rose, walking past Alicia without a second glance and heading swiftly for the exit, leaving Melissa to her own business.

Chapter Eight: A Sudden Acquisition

A slave approached, arms bound behind their back, a tray suspended on chains attached to their slave-collar and bound around their waist. Small bells hung from their breasts to signal their approach, and that they were on business from the owner and not to be used by the crowd for entertainment. Their cheeks were swollen, gag warping their face and making it impossible to talk. Their toweringly high heels made their steps swaying and enticing, breasts heaving with every step, hips rolling. As she approached the table, she carefully knelt, placing the note at hand-level.

Melissa took the note, glad that Alicia had now stopped her whining. Being stuck in that hood, face sticky and smeared with spit and cum, taste of the stuff thick in her throat and nostrils, would hopefully teach her some humility. She looked at the note – the outside was embossed with the symbol of the house, an ornamented rod penetrating a spiked crown. Scarcely subtle, but the place was something of an institution. The servant stayed obediently in place, although the kneeling position they were in must have been tortuous to maintain.

You show your reputation for training to be as deserved as always – that was an impressive size for your piece to take, even without a collar. There are matters regarding a mutual acquaintance that require discussion, please come by the master's suite before departing.

It was unsigned, although, given the context, it was fairly obvious who the message was from. So much for a simple evening, then. She rose, snapping a leash to Alicia's neck and striding away, ignoring the strangled choke as Alicia struggled to stand in time, following behind.

The master's chambers were on the top floor, burly guards waving her through, other nobles amongst the audience looking at her with respect – the master kept their secrecy well, rarely meeting in person. Although most of the attention was on the stage, where the titan was being teased and toyed with again, the chatelaine's oiled hands stroking over his length, the cock ring secured once more to prevent another eruption. Melissa took a deep breath, dismissing thoughts of riding him herself, trying to focus on business. She stepped through the door into a small waiting room, where she was promptly waved through into the inner sanctum by another guard.

The inside was like the library back home, all heavy woods and bookshelves, leather-clad tomes and curios from across the world on display, as well as a variety of restraints and instruments of persuasion. A large skylight provided ample light focused on a desk, surrounded by a number of couches. Melissa's breath caught in her throat at the beauties on display – youthful and fresh bodies, wrapped only in slips of silk and lace, or even less, simple but elegant fetters of silver or gold at neck, wrist and ankle. One curtsied at her approach, a dress barely covering to mid-thigh. The clinging black silk is tight enough to show the piercings through her nipples, navel and below, chains dangling from her ears, a ring through her lip. She gestured at Melissa to advance, although Melissa took a moment to admire her beauty - large eyes, skin soft and white, begging to be lashed and whipped, made obedient to the crop.

Melissa noted, with some pleasure, that there wasn't quite as much variety as at her own menagerie, a number clearly locals, although admittedly of fine quality, all bearing a multitude

of piercings. Sat at the desk is an elderly gentleman, bespectacled and wearing a well-cut waistcoat. From beneath comes a slurping, sucking sound, a mass of auburn hair bobbing about just beneath the desk. Melissa allowed them to finish before a girl came crawling out from beneath. She hadn't gone far before another girl embraced and kissed her, eager to share the taste of their master's seed.

In the furthest corner, where it was darker, Melissa could see another desk, covered with neatly arranged papers, a pair of scribes working away, pens flicking and scraping. It seems the perils of mundane administration were indeed hard to escape.

'Lady Brimton, an honour!' The man picked up a tumbler of drink as he gestured at the bound and leashed Alicia. 'An impressive display.'

Melissa tugged on the leash, finding a hook on the wall to tie it to, quickly lashing her in place. 'Thank you.' She had her doubts the old man was the true master of this place and not a convenient mask, but there is little choice but to accept things at face value.

'My apologies for the sudden summoning, but it seems as though we have a mutual acquaintance who requires aid.' He gestured across the room at three large wooden chests. A complicated arrangement of hinges and locks holds them shut, although all had airholes along the top.

'Ah. A sudden delivery?'

'Quite. Yes, shipped from the capital. Intact, but in need of somewhere to keep them, until the owner can collect. Something of an irritation, but one I trust you are better placed to deal with? The quarters here are full already, and these are not entirely on-the-books, shall we say.'

'May I?' Melissa reached towards a hinged panel, looking at the master as he gestured acceptance. She shifted a bolt up and opened a panel, allowing light to shine into the box. It held tight leather restraints pinning soft flesh and tattered clothing in place, the occupant utterly restrained, unable to move even a finger. Their head was in a separate compartment, still bound in darkness, as Melissa reached forward and felt a firm breast, then gave a nipple a hard pinch, prompting a sharp intake of breath.

The box was well-crafted, whatever protest the occupant might utter entirely muted by wood and leather. Other welts already marked their flesh – part-healed, but recently inflicted. Their clothing was well-made although torn, ripped and cut. The tattered remnants of a bright red skirt skill hugged their hips, strips of cotton hanging over their breasts, one sleeve just about attached. She gave it a pull, the last threads ripping, discarding it. Was that a whimper, or just her imagination?

Beneath the slight curve of their stomach was a sweet pink pussy, already shaved bare and ready for training and use. Their breathing increased, muscles tensing and straining against the straps binding her in place, while Melissa continued to feel their flesh. They had a toned physique, and the unusual adornment of a gem nestled in their navel, a thin golden chain around her hourglass waist. Melissa ran her hands over the body, checking for flaws or damage. Her hands were bound within the box, individual fingers strapped in place against the wood, ensuring they wouldn't injure themselves in transit. The chest heaved as they started to breath rapidly, Melissa pinching them a few times, playing with exposed flesh, finding it young and healthy.

Melissa sniffed them – the faintest touch of scent, something light and floral. Between that and the lack of callouses or other injuries, they had been well-kept, whoever they were, definitely not some shop girl or publican's daughter.

'Excellent specimen, no?' The speaker was a newcomer, clearly foreign. Their legs were sheathed in flesh-huggingly tight trousers of pale white, a tight tunic braided with golden knots,

gender indeterminate – was that a faint swell of a small breast, or simply the fall of fabric? Their hair hung only to their pointed chin, lips rouged, eyebrows carefully plucked. Their way of speaking was odd, the language clearly not their first.

‘Courtesy of Mademoiselle d’Aubrec. Until her facilities are prepared. I trust you are able?’

Melissa squeezed the flesh again, feeling the meat take a breath in, their pulse quickening. ‘Some warning would have been appreciated, I am rather lacking in storage facilities at the moment. I suppose you will want them maintained as well? It’s always a shame when a fine and fresh piece wastes away. Considering these are to be display pieces rather than something to be shackled at the dining table for guests to slake themselves upon, then I imagine she wants them kept in some level of health?’

‘The plan. Display pieces, the finest.’ The newcomer clearly needed more tuition on the language, but d’Aubrec was rather lax on such matters. With luck, then Melissa might be able to claim some time with this one and teach them the correct way of speaking.

‘Very well, I suppose I will do what I can.’

She moved to the next box and opened it up. It was shorter but had a similar arrangement to the first, the occupant’s head neatly separated from the torso, this one’s legs and arms doubled back on themselves by leather straps. This rendered the occupant utterly immobile, more straps securing them against the wood. It was male, their flaccid cock a disappointment when she was still slick from seeing the Titan’s length. Still, she guided Alicia’s hands forward towards it and the flesh responded swiftly to her touch, showing impressive growth, at least by normal standards. This one was less quiescent and they rocked and bucked in their bindings, attempts at movement intensifying as Melissa lashed the taut stomach a few times. Either utterly untrained, then, or left to run rampant without an owner.

Even without the aid of her mouth, Alicia’s soft and skilled hands were having an effect, the occupant’s chest swelling and shrinking as they started to pant. She flicked her wrist again, leaving a red mark on the chest. This one was wearing a shirt that showed similar cuts and tears to the woman. A recent convict perhaps, fallen from a comfortable life to being property?

Their cock twitched, cum peppering Alicia’s hood and dress. With the edge of her crop, Melissa carefully scraped up a blob and smeared it along the bottom of Alicia’s nose, ensuring that it would dominate her scent. If she was that desperate for cum, then let it fill her senses. Fortunately, none of it had gotten onto Melissa, otherwise rather more punishments would be needed. But this one would need stamina training as well, it seemed. Their fingers showed some wear and tear, although not as calloused as a menial worker.

The foreigner grabbed her wrist. ‘Holding place, no more.’

It took an act of will not to push them off, the rank discourtesy cutting deep. It would be a pleasure to tie them down and slowly strip them of their fancy clothing, their dignity and their spirit, in no particular order. But interfering with the property of another without permission was a breach of courtesy, so she swallowed her bile and yanked Alicia back and shoved her head against the floor. Then she closed the box and locked it tight, before turning to the last one.

This was of sturdier construction, like something used to transport convicts rather than meat to be trained; heavy oak bound with brass, the restraints of metal rather than leather. She had to work to tug the bolt out, then the hinge resisted her pulls. When she managed to get it open, another torso greeted her, female this time. Rather than leather straps, a metal frame was bolted into place around their body, pushing hard against the toned and tanned flesh, bruises forming from the pressure of the metal. It looked as though they had resisted more than the others, with

dried blood having trickled onto the metal, where they'd managed to scrape against their restraints before being locked in.

This one was wearing even less, clothing even more shredded and ragged, a leather belt holding the ripped remnants of a pleated cotton skirt, a frilled garter around one shapely thigh, red lace vivid against her tanned skin. Their larger breasts were contained by a leather strap, a tuft of untrimmed black hair above their sex. Writing had been crudely scribbled onto their body: "Violent. Heavy breaking needed". Melissa sighed. To turn such a thing into anything useful? Well, that would be a challenge.

With a glare at the foreigner, she lightly tapped her crop against the exposed flesh. The reaction was immediate, meat straining against metal, applying further pressure to the already-injured flesh as they fought for freedom. So they would need persuading of their place in the order of things as well. Although this one would fit well for Sheffield's preferences, assuming she was fair-featured; perhaps his rough tendencies could be put to use. A flick against the pussy made a vigorous twitch, fingers straining against the metal loops keeping them spread and constrained.

'This one seems likely to be troublesome.' She tweaked a nipple, stretching the skin. The meat's lightly bronzed skin was a gorgeous shade though, the sort of thing that was a pleasure to mark up with whips and scratches. If George were here, he would snatch her up, no doubt creating a private enclosure for her, where she could prowl between being tethered and used for pleasure, staked to the ground like a wild beast. She would fit in well with the rest of the menagerie, and her physique had sufficient toughness that she could absorb a pleasing amount of punishment.

'Keep contained, but vital. No more.'

That wasn't quite the right word, and the urge to stretch the youth out on a frame and take a whip to them intensified.

'You may tell your mistress that I will look after these three until she is able to take receipt herself. Although I will take an initial assessment. Consider it payment.'

'Healthy, but training?' They shrugged. 'If desired. No marks.'

'I trust you are capable of completing the delivery?' The crates were far too heavy to carry, never mind with their occupants.

The beauties were starting to kiss and stroke each other, developing into a somewhat distracting orgy. Melissa shook her head – it really was no business of hers, but allowing property uncontrolled access to their own pleasures was a recipe for disaster. They should be bound and controlled, rather than left to run rampant! One of the secretaries coughed, looking up from their paperwork. The master here kept even his organisers in fine fettle, her blouse well-cut, sheer material displaying her breasts to advantage.

'Have no fear, Lady Brimton. Kindly sign here, and the goods will be transported.' A bill of transport was waived in front of her, for three loads of 'goods, fresh, miscellaneous.'

She spoke to the foreigner. 'I do hope this won't become a habit of your mistress? I have quite enough concerns without having to deal with these matters as well.'

'Instructions very clear.'

It was so very tempting to take the crop to them, but harming another's property was likely to cause problems. Instead she smiled, signing the papers. 'I shall tend to them as if they were my own.' That got a harsh look. 'Less strictly than that, I suppose, then.'



- The Lady's Wish -

Chapter Nine: For Ease of Reference

The three newcomers had been installed, their crates transported to Melissa's townhouse. Water and gruel could be spooned into the head-slots, sufficient to keep them alive, but Michael could manage that without supervision. At some point they would have to be walked, especially to maintain the muscle-tone on the bronze-skinned woman, but that could wait for a few days. Now it was time to return to her own business and work on training the girl some more.

She was currently naked save for heels, a blindfold and a collar, her arms extended, each holding a tray. Melissa flicked the crop against her bare belly, making her flinch. The glasses on each tray wavered but didn't fall or spill. It was almost disappointing – it would be pleasing to have a reason to take a whip to her, rend her flesh, rather than merely corrective taps of the crop. She flicked the crop again, this time impacting against the girl's plump rear, flesh rippling.

She leant in close, letting her breath tickle over the girl's ear, before pinching a nipple. Maybe some piercings? Such things might distract from her simple beauty but would give something to yank on, to draw forth a proper scream from her. After a while, it simply became a chore punishing her, albeit a somewhat pleasurable one. Although she was now fit to be bent over a table at some middling estate, filled and used at both ends, the obedient plaything of the guests.

'Kneel.'

The girl obeyed, lowering herself to her knees, trays still held high, although her arms were starting to shake. Even without a gag, she was obedient enough not to speak, those soft lips now fully displayed and accessible. She gestured at Alicia, beckoning her over. After her actions at the Crown and Sceptre, the hood had remained on overnight, leaving her locked in darkness, bathed in the scent and feel of spit and semen. She was still wearing her chastity belt, but a dildo had been attached to the metal, gleaming black in the light shed by the fire. Although she was denied pleasure, she always seemed to take a certain pleasure in inflicting agony and ecstasy onto others.

In a rare show of generosity, Melissa had even permitted her the freedom of hands and arms, as much to help with training as anything else. A single tap from the crop against the girl's chin was enough to make her open her mouth, the soft, wet void inviting something to fill it. Melissa favoured Alicia with a kiss, lips-to-lips, before whispering a command.

'Break her throat.'

A rare expression covered Alicia's face, a wicked grin. Well, she was allowed to indulge herself so rarely, and had appeared truly contrite after having to spend the night hooded, face slicked with the dried cum of the Titan. Although perhaps the strappado had been a factor? Spending hours alone in the darkness, dirty, tainted and in such a forced position would likely have caused some contemplation of her position.

Alicia stepped forward, taking a firm grip on the girl's head, fake cock pushing into the space between her lips. There was no gentleness as her hips thrust forward, a pained choking sound coming from the girl. The cock slid in easily, without any resistance before Alicia drew back, a rope of spittle joining the girl to the strap-on. Then Alicia thrust again, a firm grip on the

girl's head allowing her to push ever harder this time. The girl's throat bulged from the assault, her eyes tearing up, but she didn't fight back or resist. Instead, she kept her eyes down, her tongue flicking into view, licking over the cock.

Alicia pounded away, ignoring the hacking gurgles the girl made as her throat was ravaged. The flesh of her throat bulged again, the only sound she could make a gross, vulgar spluttering. One of the trays shook and wavered, the glass falling to the floor. Alicia took this as a sign to switch her grip, grabbing the back of the girl's head and pushing the cock all the way in, the thing vanishing from sight as its entire length was buried into the defenceless throat. The girl was having to fight to breathe, tears now streaming down her face, makeup running in black trickles down her face.

Melissa reached past and grabbed at the girl's throat, able to feel the dildo through the flesh. To be able to manage the full length was quite impressive, and would increase her value. A quick flick against her arm to make sure she knew Melissa was watching her, and then she tapped Alicia on the shoulder.

Alicia withdrew, slowly, pulling out with another round of pained coughs and hacking coughs from her victim. She slapped the spittle-tainted shaft against the girl's face, leaving her attractive features covered with thick gobs of spit. Despite it being fake, the girl still moved as though to clean it, her tongue flicking out and stroking against the head.

'Very good. Your improvement is notable. Tonight, you may sleep on the floor, rather than in your cage.' The crop tapped against a tear-stained cheek, the girl's jaw hanging slack and open. 'I think I should name you now. At least temporarily.' The crop moved down, flicking at tender flesh, before coming under her chin, pushing her head up, those soft brown eyes meeting Melissa's own. Yes, she really would be best suited to some minor household, where she would be a compliant display piece. She lacked the dazzling beauty and spark of something fit for the grandest houses, but she was easy enough on the eyes, and her soft body could accommodate any guests without complaint. And if her new master wished to indulge in something harsher, then she had sufficient endurance and an uncomplaining nature.

'Nothing that might cause confusion. Something short.' She flicked the crop against a cheek again, softly enough that the girl didn't flinch, the warm, wet hole of her mouth hanging open and waiting to be filled and used again. 'Suli, I think, will suffice. Perhaps your future owner will like it or give you a new one. Or take it away completely.'

'Thank you, mistress. Suli thanks you.' Her words were slightly mushy, throat still damaged by the dildo.

Melissa patted her on the head. 'Now, time to put you away for the night. Alicia, chains.'

The chains were duly fetched, heavy metal links running between wrists, ankles and neck, just about long enough to allow Suli movement, although not quietly or quickly. Melissa patted her on the head again. 'Good girl. Perhaps I won't leave you out for the beggars, you may yet be fit for service.'

Melissa gagged her with a thick leather panel that completely covered her mouth and would prevent any sound or spittle escaping. She was compliant, allowing herself to be pushed into a corner and the chains secured to the wall. She had enough freedom to lie down, rather than being forced to stand through the night. Melissa delivered a few vicious swats to her rear, taking some pleasure in the way the chains shook as Suli accepted the strikes, not even trying to defend herself.

That just left Alicia. She was still mumbling, the Titan's cock having done damage to her throat. It would likely heal in time, but for now, her enunciation was terrible and so she knew to

speak as little as possible. Alicia took a step back, taking a submissive position and awaiting further orders.

‘Kneel back. Spread yourself.’

Alicia was obedient, dropping to her knees and then leaning back, offering herself up to her mistress, grasping her ankles to leave herself utterly vulnerable. Melissa placed a heel against a collarbone and scraped downwards across her body, leaving a red line marking the flesh. She repeated the motion, making another line that crossed it in a red ‘X’. Then she pushed down, forcing Alicia onto the floor in an uncomfortable-looking sprawl.

‘Your deed with the Titan was quite impressive; I wouldn’t have expected you to take such a length without aid. Although I hope your night in the hood taught you to be less forward in the future? Your lust has been increasingly apparent of late. You are here to be used, when I wish it, not when you desire it.’ She placed the heel over Alicia’s mouth, which she obediently opened, sucking and cleaning it. That was better than a mumbled apology, at least. ‘You have always been dedicated, at least after you were broken in. Neither of us would like to repeat that process, would we?’

A soft gasp came around the heel. Melissa pulled back, taking a seat, and extending the top of the shoe. ‘Clean it.’

Alicia twisted around and rose up on all fours, bending her neck and starting to lick the proffered shoe, little pink tongue sliding against the black leather. As she did so, Melissa allowed herself to relax – after the stresses of the last few days, this really was the least she deserved. Some compliant and attractive meat, and the simple pleasures one of her position was due. As Alicia’s tongue caressed the leather, Melissa rested her other shoe on Alicia’s back, idly scraping it back and forth against the exposed flesh as she stroked herself.

When she judged the shoe to be clean enough, she spoke again, a single word; ‘Higher.’

Alicia crawled forward, Melissa pulling her skirts back, allowing Alicia to kiss her way up Melissa’s leg, before moving onto her thighs. Melissa briefly toyed with the idea of punishing her again, seizing the throat and squeezing or simply lashing her bloody. But, for once, she chose mercy. She grabbed Alicia by the hair and pulled her in, settling Alicia’s head between her thighs. Alicia immediately set to work, her warm, wet tongue squirming into Melissa’s slickness. She knew her mistress well, and how to please her, the light taps of the riding crop merely a reminder of the consequences should she err.

It didn’t take long for Melissa to reach her peak, thighs clamping tightly around Alicia’s head, her hand not letting go of Alicia’s hair, pulling hard on it. Even after climaxing, Alicia continued to lightly kiss her mistress, tongue and lips warm and soft against Melissa’s sex, eager to serve and please. Melissa shifted her grip and pulled Alicia up, staring her in the eyes. ‘I suppose there are some reasons I keep you around.’

‘Yes mistress.’ Alicia managed to speak without slurring any words, keeping herself from punishment. Melissa unlocked her chastity belt, finding the inside surface to be slicked with sweat and juices.

‘Clean this.’ Alicia set to work, tongue first rubbing against the dildo, still covered with the taste of Suli, then turning her skills to the metal. Once Melissa deemed it suitably cleaned, she moved it aside. ‘Now you may pleasure yourself. You may not climax until I command.’

The crop flicked against Alicia’s pussy, swiping to the sides to push her thighs apart. Alicia’s hands stroked down her own breasts then her belly, fingers spreading herself wider, displaying herself fully as she started to play with herself, fingers sliding in and out. Melissa kept the crop moving, light taps to remind Alicia of her place, keeping her eyes locked with

Alicia's own. The meat knew better than to look away or close her eyes, fearful of the consequences.

Alicia's breath started to pant, fingers twisting and twining, hesitant at first but then moving faster, in case Melissa changed her mind. Between gasps, she uttered fervent thanks, almost prayers of deliverance, thanking her owner. As she approached climax, Melissa flicked the crop against the back of her hands. 'Halt.'

A low, keening whine tore itself from Alicia's throat, breath ragged and eyes glazing, cunt twitching and aching for completion as she forced herself to stop, slowly moving her hands away. The crop slapped the wet flesh and made Alicia shudder and whine. Alicia pushed her crotch forward, desperate for enough pressure to finish herself. With a cruel smile, Melissa placed her foot against the cunt, pushing down hard, grinding against the yielding flesh. Alicia thrust herself against her owner's foot, unable to keep from groaning as she was given release. Her whole body was lost in orgasmic twitches, eyes rolling back in her head, arms now unable to support her weight.

Melissa pushed her foot down harder, taking pleasure in forcing Alicia to lose control so utterly. The pressure against Alicia's cunt was driving her body into uncontrolled motion, slick and loose enough that Melissa could drive the tip of her boot into Alicia without resistance, spreading her open and vulnerable.

Alicia managed to gain enough control to judder out words. 'Thank... thank you, mistress, thank you.' Melissa withdrew and stamped down, drawing another strangled scream forth. Suli's chains clinked as she twitched, hearing what was going on but unable to see, hoping that no ire would be directed at her.

'You have dirtied my shoes. Clean them. Now.' The crop struck out, harder now, impacting against a shoulder. It took longer than it should have for Alicia to react, a bare second from a time that would have required punishment. Alicia scrabbled on the ground, setting to the task as Melissa continued to work her over with the crop, striking her now exposed back, hard enough to leave marks.

'You need to remember your place, Alicia. Unless you wish me to give your name to Suli, and for yourself to become cocksleeve meat?' She tapped Alicia on the cheek with the crop, raising her face so their eyes met. Then she spat, a goblet of spittle striking Alicia in the face, slowly trickling downwards. 'Know your place, or I'll lock your juicy little cunt into a spiked cage.' She drew closer, grabbing Alicia by the throat and squeezing, the soft gasps Alicia was making setting Melissa's own core aflame with lust. 'You are meat, to be fucked and used. You feel pleasure only when I command it. Your body is mine, you speak only when I let you.' She kept squeezing, grinding her foot against Alicia's pussy, her eyes now fluttering from both pleasure and lack of oxygen, Melissa feeling every breath Alicia took.

Alicia remembered her training enough to try and speak, lips forming rough words, as she tried to thank her mistress. Melissa didn't let her finish, yanking her head forward towards her own cunt, now dripping wet, permitting her property to eat her out again, rubbing her juices and scent into Alicia's face. She changed her grip, hand grabbing the back of Alicia's neck and keeping her face close, buried within her pussy. Not as pleasurable as being filled by a hot and rigid cock, but there was a pleasure in the domination of Alicia, in crushing someone's will so utterly. And Alicia's tongue was talented, probing deep into her and twisting around. As Melissa was pleased, she continued to strike at Alicia, quick lashes against her exposed back and sides, simply for the pleasure of causing pain.

Melissa gasped, her own body now wracked with pleasure, her grip tightening around Alicia's throat. As the moment passed, Alicia was barely conscious, breath all but gone. A few strikes of the crop encouraged her back to wakefulness. 'You haven't lost your touch. Now, put your belt back on.'

There was reluctance in Alicia's movements, but she still bound the metal around herself, clicking the lock shut.

'Good. You have sufficient use to me it would be inconvenient to be forced to acquire a replacement. But make no mistake, you are replaceable. Do you understand?'

Alicia pressed her face against the floor in a gesture of submission, offering her body up as sacrifice.

'Good. Now, fetch the whip, and ready yourself.'

Alicia knew what was expected of her, slowly standing up and fetching the heavy leather whip. Then she gagged herself with a heavy leather strap, able to swallow up any screams she might make, before locking her hands into shackles dangling from the ceiling. Melissa tugged on the other end of the chain, pulling on the shackles and forcing Alicia to stretch herself, her entire body defenceless as she was raised onto the tips of her toes, barely in contact with the ground. Then Melissa set to work. The whip cut first the air and then Alicia's flesh, wrapping around her body, leaving bloodied welts behind on breast, back and belly.

The girl, Suli now, tensed in her chains, unable to see what was happening but hearing the slash of the whip and the muffled cries of pain. Melissa made sure to give Alicia a good working-over, not enough to impair her abilities, but that she would be sufficiently marked up to leave no doubt of her fealty. Even taking the gag into account, Alicia accepted her lashing with humility, without complaint, meat mutely soaking in suffering.

Once done, Melissa tossed the whip aside and lowered the ropes keeping Alicia stretched out. She softly ran a hand down Alicia's back, gently kissing her on the cheek. 'Now I hope you understand. Clean yourself up, and then rest. I wish you to tend to my needs rather better upon the morrow.' The soft, pathetic whimper she made was probably assent, as Melissa went to her rest, satisfied in a job well done.

Chapter Ten: Dousing Fire

Melissa was awoken by the soft stroking of Alicia's tongue and the gentle touch of her fingers, bringing her to a pleasurable start to the day. She even permitted Alicia to move close to her, gracing her with a warm embrace, running a finger along the slit of her chastity belt, feeling Alicia's breath quicken. But she hadn't done anything to deserve that much mercy, as Melissa contented herself with her property's breasts and soft mouth.

Unless there were any more unexpected events, then today she would be trying to deal with her other problem. She permitted Alicia to dress her before shackling her to the wall, arms spread wide, mouth gagged, eyes covered by a blindfold. That should settle her down. After a few strikes with the crop, across her back and shoulders, she left Alicia there. The marks from yesterday's whipping were still there, heavy marks to remind her of her place. A day with nothing to excite her or arouse her senses was just what was needed, and would hopefully diminish her lust somewhat. She pinched the flesh at the nape of Alicia's neck, hard enough to get a gasp of pain through the gag. Then it was time to set to work, and finally resolve the problem of the other girl.

The training room had been laid out as instructed, Suli rousing herself after a few flicks of the crop to her tender parts. The chains rattled as she stood, face down and submissive despite the blindfold covering her face. Melissa moved close and whispered in her ear, breath tickling the girl's sun-tinted hair. 'You've been a good girl, so today you get a treat. You are going to help me. Would you like that?'

The girl nodded, head bobbing up and down desperately. Melissa kissed her on the cheek, slowly running fingers down her body, making her gasp with anticipation, their breath wavering as Melissa kissed them again, fingers shifting over their stomach. Then she removed the blindfold and gag, with a warning flick to their pussy. 'No words unless I command it.' The girl nodded again, soft brown eyes not leaving the floor.

Melissa turned to the centre of the room, where her current problem was laid out. Or rather, spread out – the other girl had been locked into a pillory, but upside down. Her breasts and stomach pointed towards the ceiling, her back arched painfully, feet shuffling on the floor as she tried to make the position less agonising, the short chain between them anchored around the pillory, with a separate loop for each leg. There was still dried wax across her stomach, flakes falling to the ground as Melissa stuck her with the crop. It had been weeks since she had been permitted to wear anything other than restraints, and that seemed unlikely to change today.

Melissa hooked her fingers into the ring on Suli's collar, pulling her forward, then pushing her down onto her knees. Suli understood what was required of her, already moving her face towards the other girl's cunt, soft tongue warming and wetting the dry folds. Melissa moved to the other side, where the girl's head was faced towards the ceiling. That brilliant flame-red hair fell in a great mass, shaking and waving as she tried to fight for any amount of freedom, trying to shift away from Suli's probing tongue. Her mouth was currently held open with a ring gag, a

dildo pushed through the ring, the girl's tongue lacking the strength to push it out when she was held upside down.

She stroked the captive girl's head, thrusting the dildo savagely down before removing it and speaking to her. 'I had hoped to make you into something greater, something that could adorn a great house of this country. Instead, you have been ungrateful and problematic. So instead, I am going to break your humanity. I will keep you, or at least your body. Your spirit is another matter, however, and something that is now surplus to my requirements.'

Suli's tongue was starting to have an effect, the clinking of the chain intensifying, the meat's own tongue uselessly flicking around the dildo in their mouth. Melissa grabbed it, pinning it with her nails, feeling the blood pulse through it, trying to slip and squirm out of her grasp. 'Perhaps a stud through this? You won't need to talk, after all, and it is quite the pleasurable sensation when used.' Breath, hot and urgent, washed over her hand as she squeezed the tongue, feeling it trying to pull back, before she released it.

'Suli, stop.' Suli was obedient, immediately withdrawing and settling back onto her knees to await further instructions. Then she spat into her victim's mouth before speaking to her. 'From today, you are no longer human. You are meat.' She flicked the crop, hitting a breast. 'A toy.' Another strike, hitting the defenceless stomach. 'Simply a few holes, to be used for pleasure.' A final strike to their twat, a pained squeal forcing itself out of them. 'From today, everything you need will have to be earned through service.' She put her hand over the girl's mouth, sealing off the air, squeezing nostrils shut with the other hand, holding them there while she slowly counted to twenty. When she let go, the girl heaved in a deep breath, before Melissa repeated the process.

'Suli, start.' From the other side of the pillory came the soft, slurping sounds of cunnilingus. The girl was tense, fighting to inhale, body heaving as Melissa only allowed the slightest amount of air to pass through. The lack of air made it a brutal, wrenching orgasm, their consciousness fading between the scant breaths Melissa permitted her. As the orgasm ripped through her, Melissa permitted her a breath, not wishing to cause too much damage, yet.

'If you had simply acquiesced before, then this wouldn't be happening. This is entirely your own fault.' Their wrists were banging against the pillory now, desperate for any escape or relief. Her skin was covered in a thin sheen of sweat, showing her fair complexion to advantage, and showing the numerous welts strongly, skin marked up with red lash-marks.

'What shall I take from you first?' As she contemplated, she tapped the girl with the crop, slapping it against their open thighs. 'I think your speech. You used to sing, didn't you? That will never happen again.' She found the forceps hanging on the wall, reaching into their mouth with the metal tongs, using them to grab their tongue and drag it out of their mouth. The meat was still gulping in breath, as their tongue, pink, moist and vulnerable was pulled out. A pained, fearful whining came from the girl, still twitching within the pillory. 'Suli, hold this.' She ordered the blonde to hold the forceps and keep the tongue extended, as she took a needle.

As she pushed it through the defenceless skin, the panting, gulping whining sounds got louder. For now, just a simple stud would suffice, the hard metal embedded into soft meat. Drawing her tongue out and replacing the stud with a longer bar, so she couldn't ever draw it back into her mouth, could be done later, if the meat remained rebellious.

'You see? If you would have been more obedient before, then you could be like good little Suli here. Suli is allowed to walk like a person, even talk, sometimes, and have pleasure.' Suli was smiling at the praise, as she held the forceps still. 'But you are nothing more than meat, now. That's your voice taken, I think next will be walking.'

The chain clacked and chinked as the girl tried to kick out or fight free, without success. ‘Suli, release her tongue.’ The forceps were let go, tongue vanishing back into her mouth. ‘Now move that table over.’ Suli dragged the table over as the captive whined, likely trying to beg for mercy. ‘You had your chance, and this is all you deserve.’

She gave the pillory key to Suli and pointed at a leg, the meat’s calf muscles straining to support her weight. Melissa grabbed their leg and bent it back at the knee, binding into that position with a thick leather strap, resting it on the table. This was repeated with the other leg, leaving the girl resting on her back, panting for breath, twisting and squirming, trying to figure out what had happened, legs impotently shifting.

‘You can’t walk, you can’t talk, you can’t see... All you are is a piece of meat, to be used by anyone that wants you. Next I’ll be taking your hands. After that, I could put you out on the street, to the mercies of whoever finds you.’

Melissa cupped her hand over their mouth again, stifling the sobbing whine, weakening the girl’s resistance further. All this had occurred without them ever seeing Melissa or being permitted to speak. And soon she would be entirely transformed, any trace of what she had been destroyed. Removing the arms from the pillory was more of a problem, in case she tried to fight back, but she appeared lost in her suffering as Suli unlocked the pillory, allowing Melissa to bend forearms against shoulders and strap them into place with a leather sack going over the hands themselves and getting buckled shut. It would be impossible for her to touch anything, perform the simplest tasks of humanity.

A few more crop-strikes to breasts and cunt stilled the meat’s complaints, at least for now. Melissa and Suli moved her to the ground, placing her right-side up. A collar would definitely be needed, or a chain from her new tongue-stud. And a belt, to draw attention to her slender waist. Melissa grabbed a foot and scraped her nails across the flesh. A strap could be drawn between the toes and the heel, forcing the foot in on itself and making it impossible to walk, even without the leg bindings.

The crop tapped flesh again, marking the delicious soft skin across their plump buttocks. ‘Up, like the animal you are. Or I’ll find something else to take from you. Maybe your hearing? Or a ring through that pretty little pussy?’

Her threats had the desired effect, the girl shakily rising onto all fours.

‘You see? You can be obedient, it seems, when sufficient inducements are offered. Now, animals are walked, are they not?’

The girl shuddered and whined as she realised her torments weren’t yet over. Melissa wrapped a heavy slave collar around her neck, and then a leather belt compressed her waist. A swift strike of the crop against their cunt drove them forward, Melissa steering with softer taps to each buttock, telling her to turn left or right with force rather than words. ‘Instead of being reduced to this, you could have worn a collar of silk and fetters of gold. But you choose to resist.’ They did a slow figure-8 around the room, the girl flinching every time she bumped into furniture.

Melissa ordered them to stop with a harsh crack of her crop, in front of a full-length mirror. She pulled on the back of the collar, pulling the girl up to be sitting on her haunches. Then, slowly and gently, she unbuckled the blindfold while kissing the girl’s head, whispering comforting sounds.

‘This is what you are now.’ Green eyes blinked uncertainly as Melissa tugged flame-red locks out of the way. She was utterly defenceless, arms bent back so she had to walk on her elbows, hands bound beyond use, mouth forced open, legs bound and crippled. Her face was

red, tears trickling between her freckles, Melissa kissing a few of them away, savoring the salty taste. 'You see what you have done to yourself?' Blubbing came from behind the gag, the tongue and shiny new stud poking out for a moment. 'All because you choose to resist. You could have been like Suli, amenable to persuasion. But now you're meat, nothing more.' She kissed them again, lightly nipping an ear.

She wrapped an arm around the girl's waist, her other hand reaching between the girl's legs. They writhed in Melissa's grip, arms and legs jerking slightly, but she was too shocked and in pain to resist. Melissa licked her shoulders, tasting the sweat that slicked the girl's skin, their flesh hot, lungs panting for breath.

Melissa's fingers brushed against a damp, musky warmth. She started to stroke there, carefully teasing the girl and feeling them start to relax against her, now the suffering had, at least temporarily, stopped.

Suli stepped forward, dropping to all fours as Melissa gestured downwards. The girl seemed to have some intuition for service, or perhaps was simply used to Melissa's ways. She crawled around in front, Melissa removing her fingers and pushing them into her captive's mouth, wiping them clean. Suli's clever little tongue set to work.

'Enjoy this, as it will be the least painful experience you endure in quite some time, I suspect.' She took the girl's head, tilting it so she was looking at herself in the mirror, slapping her cheek when her eyes shut. 'This is what you are. This is what you chose.' Their struggles had almost completely faded, green eyes moist with tears as Suli's tongue pushed into her. The only sound they made was a pathetic and wet whimpering, impaled tongue flicking against the metal ring forcing their mouth open as Melissa forced them to look at what they had become.

'I think I'll keep you. A cute little pet, something for the menagerie. They do get so bored sometimes so something to play with will do them good, and I'm sure they'll keep you exercised. Of course, I'll be locking your cunt away, but I'm sure they'll put that tongue of yours, and that new stud, to good use.'

Suli was bringing her to the edge, sliding her fingers in now as well. She looked at Melissa, seeking permission, Melissa nodded. She kissed the girl's shoulders again, feeling them loose control as they fell into their pleasure, sucking in deep breaths as Suli brought them to a climax, their juices slicking the floor.

'Do you see now? This is all that you are. Fuckmeat, to be used as your owner decrees.' They sank backwards against Melissa, bound arms falling limp, eyelids dropping as they began to fall into a stupor. 'That's all you need to see. Back into the black now.' They tried to protest, but could only manage a weak whimper as Melissa locked a blindfold around their head. 'You don't need to see or hear.' Melissa reached onto the table and found leather pads to seal over their ears, cutting off their hearing.

That done, she pitched the girl forward, allowing her to take up a crawling position. The blindfold, gag and pads she'd have to change for a proper hood, sealing the girl fully and ensuring an accident wouldn't allow her vision or hearing. Although with a ring at the top to allow that brilliant hair to be displayed, something that would look quite striking, bright red contrasting against shining black leather.

'Suli, rise.'

Suli's own pussy was hot and ready, a vacant wet hole, like her mouth. Melissa flicked her crop against it, noting that Suli tilted backwards slightly, exposing herself further to the strike. As she was struck, Suli's hands clenched, breath starting to pant. She was starting to enjoy her pain, it seemed – accepting it, revelling in it. A few more strikes and Suli's eyes began to flutter

closed, legs wavering. And then Melissa strapped her belt back on, the metal cold and uncompromising against Suli's yielding flesh. She sank down with a whine, unhappy about being denied, but was well trained enough she didn't say anything.

'Good girl, Suli.' Melissa patted her on the head. 'You were helpful today.' Despite not being bound, Suli had put her hands behind herself, acting as though they were cuffed there. She fell to her knees and started to kiss Melissa's legs, until Melissa pushed her off. 'Take this one walking around the room. If she complains, tug on the leash; that will choke her and will make her compliant. Do you understand?'

'Yes, madam.' Suli kept her eyes down, knowing her place, as Melissa knelt over, taking her chin and favouring her with a kiss. Her features lit up in simple happiness – if she was a dog, her tail would be wagging now. Then she stood, taking the leash and giving it a tug, applying pressure to the girl's neck. They moved into startled, halting movement, advancing until they reached the furthest the leash would allow. Suli moved ahead of her, keeping the leash taut, keeping the girl moving.

Melissa nodded to herself in approval. Suli had improved remarkably, in such a little time. With the girl, it was a shame having to reduce good material to such a base thing, but at least the menagerie would be happy to have a new toy. Hopefully they would be more careful with this one than the last!

Chapter Eleven: A Shopping Trip

After dealing with the girl, it would have been nice to spend some time with the occupants of the boxes. Unfortunately, other duties were more pressing. They would keep and weren't going anywhere, and seemed sensible enough to take what little food and water they were given. A little more time alone in their darkness wouldn't do them any harm and would make them more pliable when she had the time to deal with them properly.

Alicia was currently stretched out on the wall, arms lashed at maximum extension, ankles bound together. Long black gloves and stockings focused attention on her back and rear, pale skin now marked up with red marks from whip and nails and a carefully applied bite-mark at the very nape of her neck. The application of that had made Alicia squirm most delightfully, struggling not to gasp and earn further punishment.

Melissa released her after a final crack of the whip, adding another lash mark to the collection on Alicia's back. She had Alicia tightly bound in an ankle-length hobble skirt, along with high heels, keeping the long gloves, sealing most of her flesh away. A slave collar around her neck drew attention to the tops of her breasts, compressed and shaped by the tight corset around her body, the only flesh other than her face currently visible. As Melissa tightened the corset, stays and cords pushing against wounds, Alicia gave a slight groan. Melissa gave Alicia a rough kiss, before sealing her mouth behind a panel of leather - she'd had her treat, it would be some time before she deserved another, and it wouldn't do for her to complain overmuch. Melissa gave the leash a tug, setting Alicia into motion.

Her usual supplier, Aberforth and Daughter's, was conveniently close by. She pushed open the heavily soundproofed door, a bell ringing and demanding attention. A scantily-dressed servant curtsied at her, their short skirt showing attractive legs, the metal band of a chastity belt visible, a chunky collar around their neck, wide leather belt equipped with metal rings to restrain them if needed. Their white blouse was sheer enough to show the bondage harness strapped onto her body, around her breasts, hips and thighs. From somewhere close by came anguished groans and moans, the equipment being put to the test by curious purchasers.

'Lady Brimton.' The slave curtsied again, skirt lifting even higher this time, keeping her eyes down. 'Are you here to check the items being delivered?' Melissa frowned - she certainly hadn't ordered anything herself. 'To be moved to the cloister, once repaired.'

Melissa choked back an un-ladylike curse. D'Aubrec really did seem to be taking their informal arrangement entirely too far! The reward was enticing, but having to deal with the shipping as well? Had the woman no shame? A bill of shipping was produced, or rather several - Melissa skimmed through them, noting that d'Aubrec was certainly equipping herself well. She must be planning to start her enterprise at quite some scale, so it was little surprise if she wanted to be rather over-equipped. It was an extra inconvenience for Melissa to deal with, but perhaps she could negotiate some time with that cocky foreigner? Teaching them some respect would be a pleasure.

She signed for the goods. 'Have them moved at first convenience. But that is not why I am here. I need a few items, and a friend may need the basics. And of course, if you have anything new, I would be interested in seeing what is on offer.'

The girl smiled at her, although still without looking up, her voice clear and bright, and only slightly deferential. 'Of course, Lady Brimton. What things might you need?'

An internal door creaked open, an old man entering. His cane was no instrument of punishment but a requirement for walking, balding head crowned with wisps of white hair. The girl left her position and moved to his side, supporting his weight until he shook her off.

'Thought I heard your voice, Melissa. And get your hands off me, girl, I'm not dead yet!' He shook the girl off, striking her lightly a few times with the cane before having to use it to remain standing. 'Got a few new things that might interest you. And you'll be wanting more rope, chains and the usuals, I suppose? This one', he nodded at the girl, 'has a devious little soul. Half a mind to leave the place to her, rather than that wastrel daughter of mine, she'd make a better go of it. Seen her shatter a soul in a few hours, while Jacinda... She just treats them like meat, beating and slapping away. No art, no soul, and they take so long to heal you can't take your pleasure from them.'

The girl was blushing with pride, until the man slapped his cane against her legs. 'Don't go getting above yourself yet, girl. She's still my blood, and you're likely to be her meat soon enough. Unless she goes through with this damn-fool marriage! But you didn't come to hear an old man grumble. There's a few new things you might be interested in. And that friend of yours, back from afar. He likes them wild, so I'll make sure everything's reinforced.'

The girl turned the sign on the door around to 'closed' and locked up, and then Melissa followed Aberforth into the backrooms. Wood and metal glinted, the finest tools and implements for breaking pieces in, spiked steel, shining leather and sturdy wood. Countless straps hung from the walls, chains by the length, whips coiled neatly, crops and canes stored in thin barrels.

Melissa picked up a pear of anguish, absently screwing and unscrewing it, watching the metal petals unfold. This one had a chain and padlock attached, allowing it to be inserted, locked open and then the chain secured, securing someone in place by their anus. An interesting idea – a cage of someone's own body could be entertaining to use on the proud, rather than the usual bars.

Aberforth saw her interest. 'That's one of the girl's ideas, she says she got it from some old book. Devious, isn't it? I can throw a few into your order. Front-hole, back-hole, top-hole, works the same. That's not what I want to show you though. This way.' They were led past several heavy chairs, thick leather straps at the ready, gaps in the seats to allow the occupant to be probed even when locked into place and utterly immobile. Some were made with hinges and joints, so the captive could be tilted back, legs and arms spread wide. One of those could be used as an impressive centerpiece, spreading open a toy for general use at a party, or to prevent them shying away from strikes.

At the back was a workroom, full of raw materials and all the required tools. There were also a few cages for test subjects, or if a piece was being transferred directly into a chair for shipping. Another of the heavy chairs was here, although modified, less polished and complete than the other. Some mechanical device had been attached at the top, a sandtimer connected to an array of cogs and pulleys. The occupant was securely strapped in, a wooden box covering their head, sealing them in darkness. The girl swung the box aside, revealing the fear-filled eyes of a young man, their mouth muzzled.

‘I call it the choke-chair, although other devices can be attached. If you want to train someone to work fast, or just let them know pain is coming. Girl, show them.’

The fear intensified in the captive’s eyes as the girl approached, tinkering with parts of the device. The straps around his forehead and throat completely sealed the movement of his head, similar restraints on shoulders, wrists, waist and ankles rendering him utterly immobile except for his eyes, flicking around in fear.

The girl moved to adjust the mechanism. This involved her straddling the captive, rubbing her breasts against his face, the effect obvious and immediate, prick rising to attention. She moved more than was needed, being sure to press her backside downwards, brushing it against the rapidly enlarging phallus. As it grew, Melissa could see that a metal band had been attached to the base, just above the sack, too loose to be a cock ring, a wire stretching somewhere into the device attached to the chair.

‘Good boy, good boy. Now, you wouldn’t want to disappoint the guests, would you? Or make me upset.’ She stroked his face, ignoring his muzzled moan of protest. Before stepping away, she put her hands on the armrests, and lent forward to kiss his forehead. Then she dropped further down and lightly kissed the tip of his cock, spitting to moisten the shaft, then turned the sandtimer. The cuffs on his wrists were released, although still attached by chains to the chair. ‘Now, do try harder than last time, or we will be having a rather more painful discussion in private, away from our fine and noble visitors.’

As soon as she stepped back, he began to try and please himself, hands stroking his cock, pumping up and down. His eyes glanced towards the sandtimer, although the leather band around his forehead prevented him turning to see it properly. He grunted and gasped away, obviously desperate to climax. Then the sand expired. The chains were pulled tight, yanking his hands away from his cock. The leather around his throat tightened against his skin, choking him, and a strange buzzing sound came. His cock jerked around, a muffled scream coming from behind the muzzle.

The girl pressed a button set into the seat, another zapping, buzzing sound starting, cock jolting again as Aberforth explained. ‘Uses that new-fangled electrical power. Can set the timer, and then it gives a nasty little jolt. Or every time you press the button. Can set it to do the same on a regular timer. The girl’s been using it to keep them from sleeping, nasty little zap every few minutes, lot less wear and tear on the finished package than spikes and ropes. She wants to develop a paired set, make the occupants compete somehow. See what I mean about her? Not what I expected from some cheap piece I got to keep my old bones warm at night!’

Despite his grumbling, he sounded proud, the girl smiling. She pushed the button again, the prisoner’s cock twitching, seed shooting out. Fortunately, Melissa was safely out of range, but the girl went pale until she saw the cum splattered on the floor and that it hadn’t reached Melissa, starting to drop into a deferential and apologetic curtsy.

Melissa was intrigued. ‘I had no idea such an effect could be produced.’

The girl nodded. ‘Oh, yes. It can be quite stimulating. Forcing someone to climax is quite interesting, or seeing what they will agree to in order to avoid a shock.’ She swung the box back into place, locking the captive back into the solitary darkness, before pressing the button again, sending the flaccid cock into a painful-looking twitch.

‘Is this available yet, or still being developed?’

Aberforth spoke. ‘Well, normally I’d say no, but for you? I think we can have one made ready. Won’t be as tidy as my normal work, but I’d be interested in seeing what you do with it.’

And you'll be wanting some new crops as well, you always go through them fast. Something for town as well, a bit smaller to fit in?'

'Yes, that sounds acceptable. Although if you could send the finished version to my estate? And Lord Sheffield will likely be needing a full range, if he hasn't already been in touch. Hoods, cages, chains, the usual. Nothing fancy, just the basics, until he's gotten used to them.'

'Of course. There's enough on hand that shouldn't be an issue. Although with his preferences, I'll make sure everything's reinforced. There's enough little devices this one found that might be just the thing to break a proud spirit as well. Some damn American invention, but it seems effective. He'll probably be happy to test them as well.'

There was another of the seats, although this one had the back and arms removed so the occupant would be constrained solely by straps around the legs, although cuffs hung from the ceiling to keep their arms locked away. The seat was filled with a strange device - a raised saddle-like curve to sit on with a dildo poking up, surrounded by raised lumps of leather.

'Is Alicia allowed? This one is far too fond of it, I've found her trying to mount the thing, even in her belt.'

Melissa was curious, so pulled Alicia forward and removed her belt, then ordered her to mount the item. Alicia pushed herself onto the dildo with a slight grunt, having to force it in when dry.

The straps were bound around Alicia's legs to stop her dismounting, her arms raised above her head and cuffed there. The girl ducked behind the chair and fiddled with the mechanism out of sight, and it whirred into life. The effect was immediate, Alicia starting to moan in pleasure, an orgasm rapidly ripping through her. The buzzing vibrations continued without allowing Alicia rest, her hands shuddering as she tried to pull herself up and off the dildo, away from the vibrations. The straps on her legs didn't allow her to move, binding her in place. At least the gag kept her relatively quiet, only low groans coming out.

Melissa raised her voice to be heard over Alicia's groaning. 'How long does it go on for? I imagine it must be quite draining to the subject.'

'I once strapped the girl in for a few hours. Damn near had to scrape her off the floor afterwards, she was like a puddle! And she was mighty daft afterwards, had to lash her raw to get her to pay attention. But I think it might be helpful for breaking someone in fast. Hood them up, few days without food, spread them out on that and I think most will be compliant.'

Alicia looked to have lost control, her body slack as she rode out another orgasm. And this was after being allowed at least a modicum of pleasure; unleashing it on someone that had been utterly denied for a lengthy period would be even more intense. Melissa wondered if it would be possible to shatter someone utterly, simply overload them with sensations. That was something to think upon, surely. She slapped Alicia across the breast with her crop, trying to draw her back to the world, without effect. She struck her harder, then across the face with the back of her hand. That, at least, had an effect, Alicia's eyes managing to focus for a second, before fading again and her head lolling downwards.

The machine shut off, Alicia sinking down, entirely insensate. Even several rough blows failed to rouse her from her stupor - she was utterly gone.

'An interesting device.'

'Yes, I thought that might pique your interest. I've not had much opportunity to test it properly, but seems you might find it useful. I prefer to be a bit more hands-on myself, but there's some use for things like this.'

Melissa looked at Alicia, now utterly slack and barely conscious, unresponsive even as Melissa slapped her again. 'A piece could be mounted on one for the enjoyment of the crowd. A few of them would make a pleasant centerpiece, would they not? Especially if the subject were less than willing, or some form of wagers placed on who can endure the longest. Pleasure forced upon someone, an intriguing concept.'

'Well, it's yours for the taking. Stop this one burning it out! I can have what Sheffield needs packed up in a few days. Yours I have on hand, it'll be waiting for you when you get home. Although tell Sheffield to pick a nice, simple girl to start with. Nothing high-spirited, not this time.'

'Yes, I do hope so. I do hope there won't be a repeat of that incident with that trashy little brunette he turned up before. Fetching, and her screams were delightful, but she was such a vulgar thing. Master Aberforth, if you could take Alicia, strap her belt back on and engrave it with today's date? A reminder of when the last time she obtained release, as her next won't be for quite some time. Once she recovers herself, then have her return home. Although feel free to test a few things on her if you desire.'

The girl's grin was savage, although she curtsied politely. 'Yes, Lady Brimton. We will be sure to avoid any obvious wounds. And your items will be delivered shortly.' She began checking Alicia, quite roughly, fingers pulling harshly at flesh. Melissa turned to Aberforth and they embraced, Melissa feeling his old, dry flesh as they hugged.

'It really has been far too long, Melissa. You should come by more often, maybe try and teach that damnfool daughter of mine something. And keep Sheffield under control, the fool always lets his heart, and his cock, run away with him. I'll even throw in a few freebies. For old time's sakes.'

The girl had pushed a pear of agony into Alicia's mouth and expanded it, using the attached chain as a leash combined with a gag – a novel idea. Despite her low birth, she seemed to have a knack for such things. And it was nice to see Aberforth so engaged, he'd almost lost his passion for the craft when they'd last spoken. Alicia was starting to regain some sense of self, mewling from behind the metal.

'My thanks, Aberforth. I've been away far too long; it's always nice to find a true friend.'

They shook hands, exchanging goodbyes as Alicia was bound and secured, locked into her belt again, her sounds getting more pitiful as she regained her senses and started to realise her predicament.

Chapter Twelve: A Judgement is Declared

Melissa started walking home, heading by the courthouse first. The viewing room was open again, although after the choice pick of the Titan, it seemed unlikely there would be anything else worth claiming, except maybe as a test-piece to experiment with. Still, there was always the chance of something worth acquiring, or at least she could see who else was in town. She wandered into the hall – the convicted were stood atop spiked platforms, metal collars chained to the ceiling, hands chained to ankles, having to constantly move in futile attempts to relieve the pressure on their sensitive soles. Chalkboards listed their crimes – ‘disrespect’, ‘moral indecency’, ‘theft’ and the like.

‘Lady Brimton. Pleasure to meet you again!’ A middle-aged man, fit and healthy, greeted her; it was Ashling, the captain of the local police. He took his hat off in respect, bowing at her respectfully. ‘Thanks for your advice – we now throw all prisoners into the cold cell first, strip ‘em and hose ‘em. Found it makes them far better behaved. A blast of cold water, cleans ‘em up and stops ‘em fighting back. And it keeps the cells nice and clean.’

‘Of course. I am always happy to help those that keep the Queen’s peace. And it was educational to see your facilities.’

‘Not as fancy as yours, I’ll bet! But we make do, that we do. That big fellow from yesterday, he was a challenge to keep contained, make no mistake. They don’t make many like him, fortunately. Hear he was put on show already? Well, as long as he’s not getting into fights and scaring people, it’s all to the good. Anything you’ve got your eye on?’

She shook her head. ‘Not especially. Unless there’s anything you would recommend?’

‘Well, the Greenwood bandit is still at large, more’s the pity. When she’s brought in, I imagine there will be a hell of a contest for her, if you’ll pardon my language. Even if she’s not as pretty as rumours says, whoever gets her is going to have an impressive display piece, either break her in or spread her out and make an evening of it.’

‘Yes, I can only imagine. The rumours say she is very fine-figured – I do hope not to be disappointed when she is brought to justice. I imagine the life of a highway woman lends itself to a certain leanness and strength.’

‘If anyone asked, you didn’t hear it from me, but Lady Wycombe had a run-in with her. Was found on the heath, stripped naked as she was born and hanging from a tree, gagged and hooded, that sweet little arse of hers red as a cherry. That’s why she’s taken to her bed. Sore all over, and lucky she didn’t get spitroasted by some vagabonds. She’s thrown some coin into the reward pool as well. It’s large enough that half my men are spending their nights out on the heaths looking for her!’

‘I look forward to seeing this miscreant mounted atop the spikes then, before being granted to a fitting master.’

‘Hah, for her, we’ll get a pole and grease it up, keep her mounted there for a few days to soften her a little. See her try and get off that! But you watch yourself, Lady Brimton, there’s those out there be more than happy to take a try at a beauty like you. Hate for you to end up swinging from a tree, rope tight against your virtue, hoping someone friendly cuts you down.’

‘I thank you for your concern, Captain Ashling. I’m sure your men will capture the miscreant rapidly. Although you are correct – if she is the beauty rumours say she is, then she is sure to be popular. And quite spirited, so her breaking is likely to be lengthy, but hopefully entertaining for her master or mistress.’

Some commotion was happening on the other side of the room. Was that Sheffield? Although his coat looked dirty and stained, his hair mussed. The plinth in front of him was occupied, a shapely young woman mounted there, shifting from foot to foot in an attempt to save herself from the merciless spikes.

Seeing her attention had moved elsewhere, Captain Ashling excused himself and moved away, checking in with one of his men. Melissa moved closer, to see Sheffield and a tall, elderly man squaring off, seeming only moments from a duel, if not outright fisticuffs. If it came to that, Sheffield clearly had the advantage, but the man seemed quite overcome with emotion.

Melissa moved close enough to be able to listen. Sheffield spoke, his voice the tight calm that normally presaged an explosion. ‘This one is mine.’

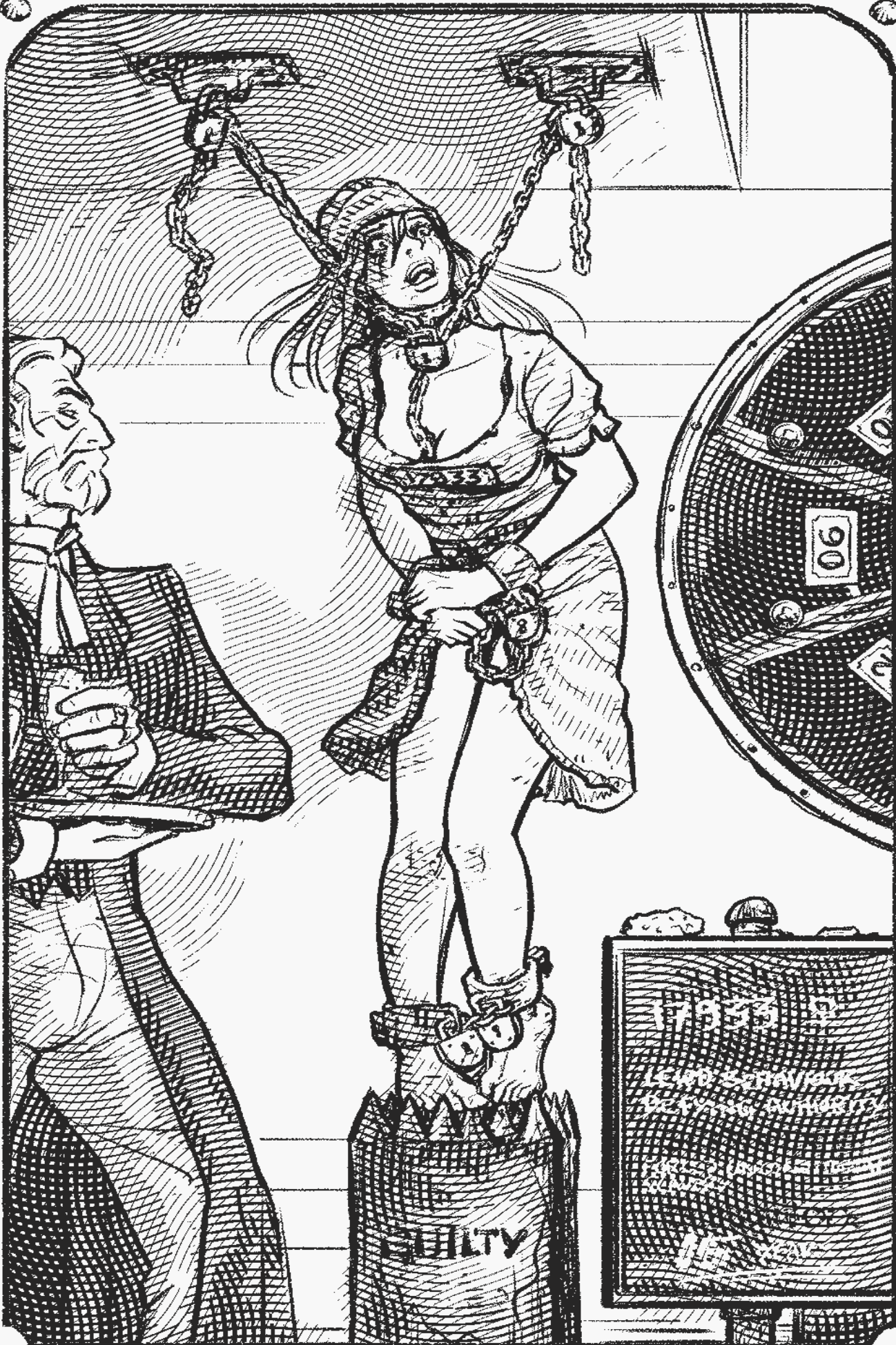
The other man answered testily, his glasses glinting in the light. ‘The devil she is! She’s the one that stole my wife’s jewellery, I’m sure of it. Came with the highest references, but seduced the butler and cracked the safe. I’d recognise her anywhere.’

‘I encountered her last night, at the Theatre Royal. Saucy little thing claimed to be the daughter of the Earl of Kent. Then the minx tried to dose my drink and made off with my purse. Had to chase her down, through a rookery, before hauling her in.’

That would explain why he looked quite so bedraggled. His knuckles were bloodied, and one eye was developing into an impressive multi-coloured bruise, purples and blacks fading together. That would explain his ire, then. And why he was quite so determined to acquire the girl. As they continued to square off, the girl behind them squirmed and shifted on the plinth, ash-blond hair falling to her shoulders above well-proportioned breasts and a shapely body. Her clothing had been ripped and torn off during the night, leaving her clad in the tattered remnants of a shift and a single silk stocking, now fallen to her knee. Cloth had been wound about her face to blind her, and a metal bit had been forced into her mouth, something she had fought against if the marks and abrasions around her lips were any indication. Lipstick marks were smeared against the metal, and the remnants of makeup could be seen on her face.

She teetered for a moment, fighting for comfort from her spiked platform, the metal collar choking her until she could regain her balance. She was trying to protect what remained of her modesty, chained hands covering her breasts, chains not permitting them to move any further. Her thighs were already marked by the cane, rows of thin red welts all up her leg. A rather rough arrest, it looked like, and someone that hadn’t taken naturally to their new position.

Melissa used the crop to raise the tattered remnants of the thing’s shift. She had kept herself clean down there, her pubic mound neatly shaved around a tidy little slit, currently dry. She tapped it with the edge of the crop, parting the cleft. This drew another pained, twitching dance as the captive tried to move herself away, warped attempts at cursing coming from behind the metal bit. That would need training out swiftly – she refused to abide foul language from her household. This one was certainly well-favoured in her bodily proportions though, with generous but not overfull breasts, and well-curved at the waist, considering she was un-corsetted. Her inner thighs were sensitive as she tried to keep her legs closed and protected from the crop, chains making it impossible for her to move her hands to protect herself. A harder slap to her backside extracted another gasp as she flailed and twisted, feet shifting painfully on the spikes.



Spinning the Wheel

She turned back to the gentlemen, flicking her crop through the air between them as they continued to bicker. 'If the two of you are quite done? Considering that she was responsible for Sheffield's current state, I would say that he has precedence. I'm sure I can extract the location of your jewellery from her, or at least where she sold them.' She could see the man's eyes magnified by his spectacles, eyeing up the woman, appreciating the shape and flow of her body. 'If you failed to constrain her as a domestic, then I cannot imagine you will have any greater success with her as property, do you?'

She cut the air with her crop again, forcing him to back off or risk getting struck.

He hemmed and tutted before backing down. 'Yes, well. I trust you will pass any information along. They were family heirlooms, and deeply missed.'

Melissa favoured him with a thin smile. 'Yes, of course. Rest assured I will question her thoroughly.' Judging by the angry grunt from the plinth, the girl's ears hadn't been plugged. 'Anything I discover, I will pass along to your good self.'

That seemed enough to convince him, and he backed off without any more grumbling, moving to assess another of the convicted, a far inferior piece. That dealt with, she turned to Sheffield.

'This seems to be quite the mess. So, to summarise, you found what seemed to be an appealing partner at the theatre, who transpired to be a thief. Upon discovering this, you gave chase, through several rookeries, and no doubt several brawls, before managing to apprehend this miscreant? An impressive effort, but it honestly seemed a lot of work, even though she is rather choice.'

'You should have seen her last night! Quite convincing in her chosen role as Kent's daughter. And then she showed her true colours and ran! She moved like a tiger, fierce and strong. Breaking that will, quashing her spirit - that will be a true challenge!'

'You may wish to keep her hooded, at least until she is a little more broken in. She looks feisty.' A garbled sound came from behind the bit strapped into her mouth. 'Hooded and ring-gagged both, I think. That pretty mouth may take some work to be anything other than a fuck-hole. But she seems very much your type, I suppose - have you ever considered maybe choosing something a little more pliable?' She flicked the girl between the legs again, the girl tightening her thighs as she twisted the crop, forcing Melissa to tug it out. As retaliation, Melissa flicked the crop several times against wounded thighs, making the girl grunt in pain. 'I know you don't yet have the equipment needed for such a task.'

That seemed to shock him from his daze slightly. 'Yes, of course. A cage, and all the other items. It has been some time.' As soon as the girl heard this, she reacted with anger, attempting a kick. The chain was far too short to allow such an action, and all her movement did was drive her weight onto a single foot, further wounding her soft skin. From how much she was moving, then her feet would be quite ruined for weeks to come - all to the good, frankly.

'Fortunately for you, I ordered all that you should need from Aberforth's. I do hope you can teach this girl some sense.' Although watching the girl attempt to save herself from further pain was quite entertaining, as she teetered on the edge of choking herself, flailing for balance, her feet getting further punished with every movement. 'I suppose it is good to see you restored to good humour, and a project will do you the world of good. Although this one may be something of a challenge, although I suppose it is no great loss if she is broken. She is well-featured, so there will be no shortage of takers. Have you made the appropriate arrangements?'

'Oh yes, the judge is an old friend, I've had that arranged. She will be remanded to my custody. But advice upon what is needed, that would be much appreciated. It has been too long

since I've had something to work on. I don't suppose I could use your equipment, just to start the process?'

Melissa considered the matter – she already had the three boxes, but with her other problem now reduced to mewling, crawling meat, then she could probably squeeze in one more, at least for a short time. Although this one looked likely to be troublesome. Really, was a single day without some new problem distracting her too much to ask? The bronze skin of that woman was crying out for the lash, to say nothing of the other two! But it seems now she would have to help Sheffield start breaking this thief down.

Melissa tapped the girl, quite hard, on the rear. She twisted with a grunt of pain, driving herself onto the spikes, the movement sending her into further paroxysms as she attempted to find any remote comfort, chains clinking and jangling as she moved. Angry sounds came from behind the gag, lips attempting to curse. Melissa struck her again, harder this time, hoping it would encourage her to silence.

'She appears quite the hellion. I do hope you're not getting carried away – your prior enthusiasms have been, on occasion, quite problematic.'

That struck home, making him pause before answering. 'You need not worry yourself, I have a few things planned for this one. I think she will be quite the display piece, will she not?'

She certainly had the looks and figure for it, but that high spiritedness would prove troublesome. And if Sheffield was determined to possess her, then she couldn't simply be rendered into a cocksleeve, some fragments of her personality would be required to remain. And that soft flesh would have to be left unscarred as well, if she were to be displayed. Melissa considered. Bind her legs and force her to her knees to start with. Once her feet were healed, then ballet heels – she wasn't tall, so the extra height wouldn't push her unfashionably high. Her hands were clean and well-looked after, her arms toned but not excessively muscled, stomach flat and smooth, her navel a cute cleft. She was certainly well put together, but to mold that spirit and shape it without shattering or quenching it utterly would be a challenge. Matters really would be easier if Sheffield had simpler tastes!

Gagged and hooded, she would make an impressive display to start with, and if she could pass herself off as noble, then her voice and poise must be acceptable as well. There was a certain delight in the screams of someone with proper diction, as long as she could be broken of that vulgar cursing to start with.

'I suppose there's no convincing you, then?'

'I am set upon this. And she stole one of my rings – when I find out where she sold it and get it back, I think I will let her keep it, as a gift. Although one she won't be removing.'

That got another squeal of indignation, although the girl was learning that kicking out resulted only in her own pain. So she could be taught with torment and suffering; there was some hope, at least.

'It will be a challenge, I suppose. Although I do hope you are prepared for the work, she appears to have plenty of spirit. I doubt she has had much training as a domestic either, although if you want her purely as an ornament, then that is scarcely a detriment.'

'My thanks, Melissa.' He took a deep breath. 'I apologise for my fervour, it was rather a tiring night, and I have not yet rested. But trust me, she truly will be worth the effort – her grace, her fire, all were magnificent! To have such a thing broken to service, that would be an accomplishment, and a mark of my return.'

Melissa patted him on the arm. 'I appreciate your fervour, but do hope that she won't be too much of a problem. Do try and steel your mind upon her imminent disciplining, that she may be

rendered appropriate for one of your position, and don't get overexcited and damage her too much in your fervour.'

Fortunately it didn't take long for the judge to arrive. He swept in, clearly enjoying being the centre of attention, robes billowing as he walked. The criminals, knowing they were now beyond hope, sank back in their restraints. Even Sheffield's piece seemed to pick up on the mood, despite her blindfold, sinking down against the savage spikes in fear. Despite the otherwise poor quality of the material, a familiar thrill swept through Melissa. The first moment of possession, when a person became a thing, was a delight to see. Some bore it with rage, other hate, fear, or mute submission. The judge took his place, loudly announcing that the girl was to be remanded to the protection of Lord Sheffield, for her "betterment and advancement".

She growled and twisted, lacerating her feet further. Melissa's crop slapped out again as she sighed at yet more evidence of the girl's seemingly boundless stubbornness. If she kept behaving like that, then she would do something permanent to herself, never mind outside interference!

The chains clanked, her growls becoming a pained choke as she was lifted by the neck and held there for a moment. Bereft of air, she was in no position to offer any resistance as she was lowered, the chains detached and a sack thrown over her head, chains locked together to bind her into a hogtie, then thrown, none-too-gently, into a crate, the lid nailed in place. A touch excessive, maybe, considering she was only being transported a mile or so, but it would show her what her new place was.

Melissa patted Sheffield on the arm again. 'I do hope you haven't dallied with anyone recently? You will need to provide a lot of seed tonight, to get her used to your taste and scent.'

'No, she fled before we could get that intimate, playing the coquette.'

'Excellent. Now, do try and contain yourself when we begin – although a certain vigour is needed to start with, it would be preferable if there were scope for escalation. Start hard, but not too hard.'

He went to look at the box, as though able to see through the wood to the precious contents within as guards picked it up, a clerk filling in the paperwork. As there would be some time before the necessary matters were dealt with, there was a brief window in which to make arrangements, and she had a few ideas.

Chapter Thirteen: Breaking in the New Meat

For a task such as this, some preparation would be needed. Her training room wasn't very large, but should serve for this purpose. The walls were supplied with hopefully enough equipment, chains hanging from the ceiling, and a large fireplace for the cold nights. Or to tie someone in front of, until their skin shone with sweat and ashen pockmarks, rendering them far more open to persuasion. One of her husband's improvements was a large guttered pit in one corner, where subjects could be suspended and hosed down and the water sluiced away, helping to keep the floor clean and dry.

Guards dragged the box in, opening it and following Melissa's instructions on how to prepare the occupant – cuffs on her wrists were connected to the ends of a 3-foot metal bar behind her back, her hands futilely grasping for anything to grab. Her ankles were chained together, the length so short it permitted her to take only small steps, another length joining that to the bar between her wrists, preventing her raising her hands above waist level. A heavy metal collar had been locked around her neck and connected to the chain running down between her ankles. This wasn't long enough to let her stand up straight, adding to her shuffling, hobbled gait. A few more marks had been added to her skin in transit from being jolted within the box. The sack over her head was already stained with spittle, and, from the sounds within, she was not yet quelled.

The guards handed over the keys, saluted, and then left. Melissa unlocked the padlock connecting the arm-bar to the girl's leg-fetters, quickly grabbing the bar and lifting, re-attaching it to a chain hanging from the ceiling above the gutter. This forced the woman to bend over and pushed her off-balance, making her bend at the waist, shifting her feet to try and maintain balance, thrusting her backside out. From the time she had been on the spikes, her feet were lacerated with countless pricks and wounds. Melissa added to her suffering, whipping her firm behind several times with her crop, ignoring the dull squealing coming from inside the sack.

She had Alicia begin preparing equipment, as Melissa cut off the remnants off the thing's clothing, casting the rags aside. Alicia turned a tap, filling up a basin with cold water. The girl must have heard the water, squirming in her stretched-out position, still desperately trying to wriggle free. Then Melissa took a firm grasp of the woman's head and pushed downwards, forcing their face beneath the surface of the water. She slowly counted to twenty, holding them there as they tried to resist, bubbles breaking the surface.

She allowed them up, the drenched bag heaving with their attempts at breath, before Melissa plunged them under again. It was best to be rigorous in such matters, after all. A stern hand now would save issues later; the sooner they came to understand that anything, even breath or sight, could be removed at their owner's behest, the sooner their true training could begin.

She let them up for the second time, listening to them gasp and struggle to breath through the heavy sack, straining to pull air through the sodden material. She hooked fingers under the sacking, carefully pulling the rough material upwards – not enough to uncover the girl's eyes, but enough to let her own voice be heard. Her crop sliced the air, another mark appearing on their rear.

‘You are property. Whatever you once were, whoever you once were, no longer exists. You are a toy, a tool, a decoration, whatever is needed.’ This provoked angry growls, until Melissa dunked her again, for longer this time, until the bubbles stopped. As she raised the girl, she untied the cloth wadding that had been thrust into her mouth to gag her and cast it aside, then slapped the girl as hard as she could across the backside with her hand. This had the desired effect of making her open her mouth, giving Melissa the chance to slip a ring-gag in. For good measure she gave her another dunking, ignoring the increasingly frantic twitching of the girl’s hands, legs trying to kick out but only pulling tight against the chains.

‘You can try and fight, if you wish. But you are meat, a thing for pleasure. You have no purpose beyond that which is given to you.’ This was the part Melissa most enjoyed, breaking a person into a thing, shattering their will. Although from the way this one was fighting, then it might be a lengthy process. ‘Now, when you have proven that you can be trusted, you may be allowed to speak, or to see. But those must be earned. Do you understand?’

They tensed beneath her grip, straining against it, but unable to do anything about it.

‘I would urge you to consider your future, unless you wish it to be very short and very painful.’ Melissa pulled the sacking back into place and shoved them into the water once more, watching their hands clench and flex on the bar. After letting her up, she tightened the chain, forcing the girl to bend further, increasing the strain on her legs and arms, emphasising their slender, supple strength. Then Melissa took the basin of water and poured it over the girl, leaving her shivering from the sudden shock of chill water.

‘Alicia, scrub her down. Roughly.’ Melissa stepped back, allowing Alicia to set to work. A rag worked over the captive body, wiping away the blood and grime that had accumulated. Alicia was diligent in her task, unsparing as she scrubbed at soft flesh, leaving the girl’s skin even more tender as she started to shiver from the cold water. Hopefully it would render her more pliable to instruction.

There was a knocking on the door, Michael opening it for two workers, carrying another crate between them. They looked around, hungry eyes taking in Suli as they unpacked their cargo; a large block of ice, positioning it beneath a chain hanging from the ceiling.

‘Suli, tend to them, then return.’

She nodded her head, enthusiastically following them outside. Well, they deserved a tip for the swift service, and Suli could do with the practice. She had taken to the cock with the ease of a natural, and seemed eager to improve her skills.

Melissa reached around to the girl, now shivering as water dripped from her body. She grabbed a breast, digging nails into the soft meat. The girl yelped from being wrenched off balance, her feet twisting awkwardly, and she would have tumbled to the floor if not suspended in place. Melissa released the chain, letting them tumble to the ground in an untidy, shivering heap. She moved rapidly, Alicia close behind, untying the girl’s hands from the bar and pushing them together, so their hands were holding the opposite elbows, before straps bound them into that position. The rough sack was removed, and there was a glimpse of eyes, dazed with pain, terror and confusion. Then a leather hood replaced it, closer-fitting, the girl’s hair pulled through a metal ring. It had eye-panels that could be removed should she be compliant, although that seemed a distant hope. Still, it was a more elegant look than the rough sack, and the ring gag was still in place, allowing the use of her soft mouth. The metal collar was discarded, a leather collar to match the hood taking its place, and then nostril plugs were inserted.

The girl was starting to recover herself, wrenching and twisting, although without much strength. A rope was looped around her neck, Suli and Alicia each taking an end and pulling it

tight. The motion made her step forward, and Sheffield wrapped his arms around her waist, lifting her onto the block of ice. The rope was tossed through metal brackets, ensuring she had to keep her posture and position, or face strangling herself.

Considering how badly her feet had been lacerated by the spikes, stepping onto the ice must have been a fresh torment, and the chill would spread rapidly through her body from the wounds. And as the ice melted, the cold would spread, hopefully rendering her more pliant. It did have the slight awkwardness of requiring benches to be placed around the girl, to enable full access to her most sensitive parts without reaching and straining, but that was a small price to pay. From how she was moving, feet shuffling in quick, urgent steps, it was already having an effect. She would hopefully be eager to have her feet sealed into ballet heels, simply to ease the discomfort of her soles.

‘Sheffield, if you would begin.’

Melissa stepped back just in time, as a whip sang out, cracking against the woman’s back and wrapping around to her belly, breaking the skin. Two more strikes left searing, angry welts on her flesh, already marked by bruises from her treatment by the guards. She danced, shuddering from the impact, trying to save herself from further pain, from an attack she couldn’t see, her feet in burning, frozen agony. Each whip-lash bought another guttural cry of agony, the gag deforming her words into meaningless, dribbling sounds. Her back, her buttocks, her legs, all were seared red with painful slashes. Ropes of spit were flowing from her mouth, slopping down onto her breasts and stomach. The nose plugs meant she was forced to breathe through her mouth, tongue flapping as she tried, and failed, to speak.

Melissa tapped Sheffield on the arm, stopping him before another whip strike. Watching the girl writhe was pleasurable; with her eyes blocked, she was now twitching fearfully from every sound, unable to defend herself at all. Alicia and Suli pulled on the ropes, tightening around her neck. She was forced to stand first straight, then on tip-toes, or face choking. As she raised herself, the damage to her soles was obvious, countless lacerations and wounds obvious. Sheffield took a cane and approached, lightly flicking it against the sole. She shifted away, losing her balance and starting to choke. Sheffield pulled her leg back, allowing her a moment of balance before slapping the cane against the other sole, sending her back into a hacking dance of agony.

His voice was calm, soft and commanding, utterly confident and assured. ‘I own you now, you pretty little thing. Body and soul, every inch and curve. The more you struggle, the more I will break you down. You might become an empty doll, strapped and tied, used for fucking and nothing else. I’d rather have you have a pretty decoration, something to be proud of and show off, chained in silk and lace rather than iron and wood.’

She choked and frothed as the rope went tight around her neck, whining, probably trying to beg for help.

‘Surrender, and some part of you may live.’

She was permitted a brief, gasping breath, shaking her head either in fear, rejection or trying to break free. By now she was probably barely conscious - the dunking, followed by the whipping and the choking likely having driven any coherent thought from her head. He slid a hand up between her legs, a finger flicking at her slit, probing into her. She had just enough presence to try and close her legs, resisting the intrusion, until he flicked her soles again. The pain surged through her, breaking her defences.

He kissed her cunt, tongue slicking the dry flesh, getting the taste of her. 'This is mine now. I'll set a seal on it later, when you tell me where my ring is. Be a good little slut, and you might even enjoy it.'

She was almost completely gone now, body shaking, head bobbing mindlessly around, even when the rope started to dig in again, forcing her to utmost extension, panting and keening again. 'Spread your legs.'

She obeyed on instinct, keen to follow any order, any instruction that might reduce her suffering, despite it tightening the rope around her neck. Sheffield gestured at Alicia, who let some slack into her end of the rope.

'Good girl, good girl. You see? You don't need to think, only follow orders.' He fingered her crotch again. 'This is all you are, all that matters. You don't need to think or exist, simply obey my orders. Now, kneel.'

Slowly, hesitantly, fearful of the rope, she moved downwards, the rope loosened enough to move with her, until she was knelt on the ice. She was shivering now, in fear, cold and pain, as Sheffield moved slapped a cane against her foot, her head flicking up in pain.

'Good. Obedience is all you need.' He moved in front of her. 'Tongue out.' Her little pink tongue flicked out for a moment, then retracted. He slapped her across the cheek. 'Obey, or there will be consequences.' He shifted his grip, squeezing her throat. 'Tongue out.' She complied this time, her tongue emerging and staying there. 'Good girl, good.' There was the slightest flinch when he touched her cheek again, stroking it this time. Whatever whimpering sound she might have made was silenced by his cock, thrust into her forcibly-opened mouth.

'Savour the taste of your owner.'

He grabbed her head and began thrusting away, ensuring her mouth was filled with his cock, his taste. Melissa resisted the urge to slap the girl's reddened rear a few times, but she seemed to be engaging well enough, at least if the gagging splutters were anything to go by.

Sheffield climaxed, thrusting deep to ensure she took in every last drop, then pushed a penis gag into the vacant hole, her breath whistling through the narrow gap. He placed a single finger on the gap, plugging it - with the noseplugs still in place, she couldn't breath.

'Your breath is mine. Your body is mine. Your sight, your hearing, your touch, your pain and your pleasure, all are mine.' She tried to move her head away, as he kept her head in place with a strong grip. Her feet started to kick, bashing against the ice as she injured herself in fear and desperation. He moved his hand, allowing her the sweet relief of air for a single breath, before slapping her around the face. 'Meat to use, meat to abuse, to cage and torment.' As he covered her mouth again, Suli moved forward and began tonguing her privates, holding down the flailing legs against the ice.

The girl was denied climax, at least for the moment, but it should serve to slicken and loosen her, ready her for a good fucking. She was slipping in and out of consciousness, fever-sweats breaking from her abused and tormented skin. Melissa pulled Sheffield's hand back, allowing the girl several uninterrupted breaths, head coming up as she slightly recovered, spit and cum oozing from the breathing tube in uneven spurts.

As Sheffield urged himself to stiffness again, it was Melissa's turn to speak. 'If you obey, then this can be simple, maybe even pleasurable. Some have a natural inclination for it, even, although I suspect you lack that blessing.' She covered the breathing tube herself, watching as the girl fought for breath, body shivering before she let the girl take a breath.

'Your new owner has taken a liking to you. He is going to bless you with his cock - you would do well to regard this as a blessing. Should you upset him, then your fate is likely to be

spread out in a prison cell to be used for general relief. Better a pet than that fate, I think? To have your body wrapped in the finest of clothes, to service those of the highest ranks, to be allowed a face, even to speak sometimes is surely preferable to being used by the lowest of the low?’

She covered the breathing tube again as Sheffield shoved Suli aside and then began to fuck the girl, taking a firm grasp of her hips as he pushed into her. Suli must have moistened her sufficiently, as he slid into her without too much effort. Melissa pinched at her exposed flesh, making sure to keep her conscious.

‘Soft and tight! Could get used to this.’ Sheffield was taking her slow and steady, his own hips slapping against her captive flesh. Alicia and Suri were looking on with interest, although both made an attempt to hide their arousal. As soon as they noticed Melissa had seen them, they looked down, chastened. She would have to decide whether to punish them or not later.

As Sheffield unleashed himself, the girl started to moan, giving voice to her suffering, at least as much as she could.

‘The more you obey, the less of you will be destroyed.’ Melissa pinched a nipple, hard, erect flesh hard between her fingers. ‘Your master owns you now, body and soul.’ Sheffield climaxed with a cry of his own, leaving himself securely sheathed within her tightness, giving her rear a few slaps. As he withdrew, the girl sagged down, flinching away as Melissa brushed a hand against her back, fearful of whatever fresh torments were to be inflicted.

Instead, it was time to put her to bed for the night, so she could rest. Or at least pass out in containment – a cage had been readied, just about large enough for her. Except rather than any smooth floor, this was covered in spikes and protrusions, denying the occupant any form of restful slumber. Her bindings were released, her body slack and limp, far beyond any resistance, as she was put into the cage and the door locked. Watching her twist and desperately try to find some comfort sent a thrill of pleasure through Melissa, intensifying when she saw Sheffield’s seed dripping from her slit. Perhaps he should have taken her other hole as well? Well, he would have plenty of time for that in the future. The cage was propped up on the ice, keeping the captive at an angle, and one that would slowly change as the ice melted, intensifying her discomfort.

Melissa watched for a moment as the girl twisted in her cage, seeking any comfort, any rest, or even any way to breath without discomfort. That should serve as a decent introduction for the girl, show her that it was better to be obedient. And now, perhaps dinner? The Crown and Sceptre would no doubt have something prepared.

Chapter Fourteen: Preparing the Package

After the events of the last few days, it was something of a relief to have something of a normal day. Sheffield had kept the girl in cold, dark isolation since her initial session, to better sever her from any delusion of freedom. She had been given only thin gruel to eat, enough to sustain her but no more, flavoured with her master's cum. The hood hadn't been removed, although she had been washed down since then, her wounds allowed to heal.

Due to the rapidity of her acquisition, Sheffield had been missing a number of vital items. Such as, most notably, clothing. Not even a harness! If she was to be displayed, she needed appropriate clothing. Nothing too fine, at least until she was trained and broken in, but something to show both her status and her assets. And if she was to trade Suli on, then some new clothing would be advantageous for the girl.

She gave the leash a tug, the girl stumbling forward and almost falling – she had yet to get used to walking when blindfolded and in heels, with her arms bound behind herself throwing her off balance. The little gasps and grunts she gave were charming, in a rather pathetic way, as she adjusted to her new station in life. Suli was far more biddable, keeping an appropriate distance and drawing a pleasing amount of attention from those passing by.

Melissa led them to a shop. There were fashionably-dressed dummies in the window, outfits ranging from the tightly confining to the highly revealing, or both. Some of the display pieces were live as well, pieces strapped and bound into place, immobile except for their eyes.

As she entered, even before the door closed, two attendants descended, courteous and elegant, bodies wrapped in an enticing arrangement of straps and lace, simultaneously utterly covered and revealing everything. Melissa handed the leashed pair over, allowing the servants to deal with them. Behind a screen of dummies and bales of fabric were several mounting poles, metal shafts topped with dildos, a convenient way to pin someone in place while still allowing them to be dressed and examined.

Melissa removed the chastity belts, as one of the attendants prepared the poles, first dropping them slightly. Suli obediently advanced and spread herself over the shaft, allowing it to be raised into her. The cock impaled her and locked her in place, unable to escape, even if she wanted to. The other girl needed holding in place, squealing as she was impaled from below, twisting and fighting it. Even after it was in place, she tried shaking free, although her high heels meant she stood no chance of escape. Melissa cuffed her across the face, her hood taking some of the impact, but hard enough to quell her struggles.

She gestured at Suli. 'For this one, something simple. Short, to emphasise her bust and legs. And she needs to be fully accessible, although with the facility to have her belted. Something to show she is in service, I believe that to be the current fashion?'

She turned to the girl. 'This one needs rather more. Several outfits, although all restraining, and cut for access. As tight as you have. And if they could either be cleaned easily, or with sufficient replacements, as she seems prone to resistance.' One of the members of staff raised some scissors, looking at her questioningly. 'Yes, you may cut her current clothing off, although leave her hooded. If you could try and complement her hair it would be appreciated, bring out

the soft brown tints.’ Although it would be better once the girl’s hair was properly washed and cleaned; at the moment it was decidedly bedraggled and rough.

The girl squirmed atop her pole as she felt her clothing getting cut off, leaving her naked except for her restraints and hood. A blush crept down her neck and chest, beneath the blank, black visage of her hood, and she shifted on her heels uncomfortably. The temptation to spank her was high, but her skin was marked up enough.

Suli was already disrobing herself, the shaft between her legs starting to slick with her juices. She was trying hard not to show how obviously pleasurable she was finding it, looking guilty when she saw Melissa had noticed. She cut an impressive figure, large breasts and hourglass figure attractive, with a rear that provided ample cushioning against punishment. Her face was a little too rural to be deemed truly “beautiful”, but her soft lips begged to have a cock thrust between them, and her tongue had proven itself eager to bring pleasure to the world, while her cunt and ass were soft and yielding.

The servants started measuring the two of them, the girl starting slightly every time she was touched. Then outfits were brought forth – Suli’s first. A maid’s outfit, although the skirts and petticoats barely covered her generous behind, leaving her completely accessible without clothing getting in the way. Frills trimmed her bust as the dress was tweaked into place, the thing backless, bare skin almost down to her hips, showing the supple curve of her spine. Putting the stockings on was a complicated process, as Suli couldn’t balance properly with her cunt still impaled by the bar, but eventually it was done, leaving a charmingly plump ribbon of bare thigh-meat above silk stockings and beneath the petticoats.

With the solid black leather of her collar above her cleavage, and leather cuffs at her wrists and ankles, she was an appealing vision, sweet and compliant, waiting to give pleasure to her owner. Or at least, so Melissa hoped – as long as she didn’t reveal that accent of hers, and kept herself to either short phrases, or using her mouth to pleasure people, it should be fine. Having a piece like Suli around the place, her juicy cunt flashing into sight with every step, begging to be bent over and taken at will, would certainly enliven a quiet household. She’d probably need the chastity belt to stop from getting worn out!

The girl was struggling, although could offer little resistance. Between her impalement and her hands still being bound behind her in a box-tie, there was little she could do other than twist on her pole, vainly seeking for escape, soft groans coming from beneath the hood.

A hobble-skirt, sleek and black, was held up for Melissa’s inspection, cut at front and back to enable access, even when the wearer was constrained. It was wrapped around the girl, straps buckled tight, drawing her legs together. Although less plump than Suli, the girl still had a nice, pert rear, albeit heavily marked with welts from cane and crop. The girl groaned as the material drew tight over the injured flesh – well, if she was going to be stubborn, then it was what she deserved. Melissa checked the access, drawing aside a leather panel, before spitting on her gloved fingers and shoving one inside the girl’s asshole. It was tight, the girl’s previous life having not prepared her for such assault, tensing as she tried to resist the assault. Perhaps a plug to loosen her up? Although Sheffield might prefer to do it himself.

‘Yes, several of those. Also something in the same material, but shorter.’

‘Yes, madam. And maybe some dresses, if she needed to be displayed?’ One held up a slip of silk, red with unusual knots of black cord attached. ‘Japonisme, Lady Brimton, the latest fashion. The finest silk. Imported. No sleeves, and cut high on the legs, allowing heavy restraints to be used without ruining the look.’



- A Lady and Her Property -

Melissa rubbed the material between her fingers - it was sleek and smooth, and would suit the girl's body well. Although she would have to be rather more biddable before it could be used – as it was, it would likely end up bloodstained in short order, or slashed to pieces by a whip. Still, Sheffield did like his pieces to appear fancy, and she would hopefully be fit for display eventually.

‘Yes, those seem acceptable. Possibly in a variety of colours as well? Black would bring out her skin well.’

‘Of course, madam. A variety of binders and hoods are also available – if you wish to display her, then something, uh...’

They trailed off, not wanting to cause offense. But the girl's hood was decidedly worn, having been used for a number of past slaves, covered with wax- and cum-stains, a lot less shiny than when it was new. Her cuffs were equally worn, the metal lacking a shine, leather faded from the sweat and worse it had soaked in over the years.

‘Yes, thank you for the offer. Perhaps something new? Although it would need to allow access to her mouth and eyes at need. Oh, perhaps if you have something to block her hearing as well?’ That got a pained grunt, the girl twisting on the shaft, desperate for escape, not wishing to lose another part of herself. ‘And a variety of collars? Something slimmer, for when she's more subservient, but a nice sturdy slave collar until then. And a choke-chain, if you have one.’

‘Of course. She does have lovely breasts, maybe some metal there to bring out the colour. We do have these.’ Metal clamps were pulled from a draw, four screws set into a metal ring, each screw topped with a ruby. ‘If she has any piercings, then we offer a variety of adornments. From the decorative to the more punishing.’ Melissa was shown metal weights, designed to be attached to the body, as well as not just studs and rings, but also longer bars that could be used to hold a tongue outside the mouth, or pull breasts together. A clit-leash would probably render her more sensible to her position, but, sadly, that was not Melissa's choice to make.

She took one of the clamps, pushing the cold metal against the girl's breast and twisted the screws. She did the same on the other breast, then ran a chain through the ring on the collar that held the girl's leash, clipping them onto the clamps, further contorting the flesh. She gave the chains a tug, stretching the breasts upwards.

‘We have a variety of colours, of both metals and gems.’

‘I think six pairs?’ Half for Sheffield, and half for herself. ‘A corset for her waist, as she clearly hasn't trained her body.’ She had a natural figure, but that waist could do with a few inches squeezing in.

The servants wrapped a curve of leather around her waist, both working together to pull it tight, compressing her into an hourglass figure, short pants of breath as her body shape was forcibly changed. The effect was pleasing to the eye, changing her figure into something truly worthy of the effort being put into her. That just left her breasts to deal with – to allow her a scrap of clothing, or something more degrading? She flicked the chain, watching the skin stretch and distend. Perhaps just chains would suffice? They certainly served to highlight her supple, tender flesh well, although piercings might be preferable for longer-term punishment.

In the end, the belt corset was untied and replaced with a fuller corset, compressing not just her waist but pushing her breasts together, spit already falling between them. Melissa stepped back to look at the overall effect, walking around to examine her from every angle. The shaft was now utterly concealed, but the skirt kept her ankles close together, and would reduce her to tiny, crippled steps once the pole was removed. The corset enhanced her figure significantly,

shaping and molding her curves. Yes, Sheffield should find her quite acceptable, although hopefully would try not to savage her clothing overmuch.

To the side, Suli was showing herself to best advantage, all soft curves and yielding flesh, begging to be abused with a cock in every hole, left drenched in sweat and cum, clothing ripped ragged, those soft brown eyes filled with tears. She seemed to appreciate the new clothing, giving a happy smile, even when Melissa struck her across the buttocks.

Her shaft was withdrawn, and Melissa ordered her to lick it clean, before locking her chastity belt back on. She was slick to the touch, over-excited by having been filled by the shaft – she really was compliant to the core, made to serve. Without Melissa's intervention, she would have spent most of her time on her knees in some trashy public house, while now she could be of use to the quality,

As Suli returned to passivity, the shaft was lowered from the girl. Melissa took her leash and gave it a sharp tug. With the hobble skirt, she had to strain not to fall over, tiny teetering steps almost crashing her into Melissa. Good for her that she didn't, or Melissa would have to invent some punishment for her. She was contained and bound, unable to take more than tiny steps, body sheathed in leather, awaiting further training. It should suffice for Sheffield's purpose, at least, and prevent her attempting an escape or any similar foolishness.

Chapter Fifteen: Returning Home

While it had been a pleasant visit, there was always something to be said for the pleasure of one's own home. The carriage ride had been uneventful, the new pet caged on the roof, unused to such transportation but the terror of consequences for soiling herself sufficient to keep her clean for the trip. Suli had been disposed of, a nephew of George's taking a shine to her and wanting something to impress his fiancée. The lad was too soft, but his bride-to-be was more fierce, so Suli would have no chance to grow lax. And Sheffield was under strict instructions to keep his new toy hooded, gagged and deafened, with regular beatings to crush her spirit. Hopefully his enthusiasm wouldn't get the better of him – the thing had decided potential, if Sheffield could keep her mostly intact.

A hillside in the distance was dominated by a ruined monastery, great grey walls surrounded by untidy and unkempt greenery. Dozens of workman's tents had been erected, the crafters scurrying about like ants, as Madam d'Aubrec set them about their business. Melissa would have to meet her soon, if she wasn't off on one of her mysterious "expeditions" again – if nothing else, to deliver the three boxes. The contents would likely soon be wishing that they were simply constrained and left in the darkness, but d'Aubrec's methods were certainly effective, if intense.

The gates opened at the carriage's approach, wheels crunching on the gravel. Everything looked in order, the gardens well-maintained, flowers just coming into bloom. Alicia was currently on her knees, face between Melissa's thighs, lapping away eagerly. As they rode along the grand approach, Melissa tapped Alicia on the backside with her crop, signaling for her to withdraw.

The whipping posts outside the menagerie were currently unoccupied, so they must have mostly well-behaved this time. Or hadn't yet been caught. As the carriage got closer, she could see a metal box suspended between two poles, high above the ground and swaying in the wind – so not entirely well-behaved then, if someone was enjoying some time in isolation.

As the carriage slowed to a stop outside the grand entrance, the staff were already assembled, in strict order of rank. Smartly dressed footmen approached, taking the luggage from the roof. The cage was taken down and placed on a wheeled cart, the contents twitching fearfully. She had been severed from the world; her hood plugged her ears, nose and mouth as well as covering her eyes, only sign she was alive bubbles of spit and the short, sharp breaths she could force through her breathing tube, while her leather constraints forced her to knees and elbows. She would make a nice gift for the menagerie, if they had been well behaved. If not, the staff could probably do with some relief.

She allowed Alicia to open the carriage door for her before stepping out, setting a sedate pace towards the house. After the jolting bumping of the carriage, she was looking forward to a seat that wasn't moving, but a certain resolution must be shown to the lower orders. They all maintained correct posture, their uniforms immaculate, whites freshly starched, buttons gleaming. She looked through the crowd, seeing a few new faces. That might occupy her on a rainy day, running them through their paces and testing their endurance. She glimpsed a

particularly fetching piece in the back row, youthful and excited, her hair just slightly disheveled, wide eyed and excited. Such youthful energy could be an entertaining project, stretched out and tormented, testing their endurance and seeking their breaking point.

The butler bowed and stepped in close behind her, filling her in on recent events. A vase had been broken, and the maid responsible was currently confined in the study, awaiting discipline. A few of the tenants were engaged in the usual petty land wrangles, and there was to be a wedding at one of the adjoining great houses. Behind her, the cage was being pushed along, the contents shaking in their bindings, unsure what was happening as they were jolted up along. Melissa directed her to be moved to the training room, and the cage was wheeled off.

She walked through her house, taking solace in the decorations and paintings lining the walls, signs of impeccable taste and breeding. She entered her study, immediately hearing a whimper. Tied standing up, with her arms and legs tethered to posts far enough apart to hold her tense and stretched, was the clumsy maid, set facing away from the door. She was still clothed, but looked to have been roughly handled, likely by the other servants. Every time she moved, the chains binding her in place clinked slightly, and Melissa could see the straps of a gag and a blindfold atop her pale brown hair.

She lowered her voice, speaking softly to Alicia. 'Ready her. Don't be gentle.'

Alicia walked over, managing silence on the wooden floor despite her heels. From the captive's vain struggles, she wasn't aware of their presence yet. Alicia grabbed her around the waist with one arm, lifting her dress with the other, revealing a bare bottom, nice and toned. The captive immediately started to struggle and writhe, futilely tugging at her bonds.

Melissa stepped forward, taking a cane and slicing it across the girl's bare bottom, leaving a deep welt. Two more blows and the girl was sobbing, her writhing almost enough to throw off Melissa's strike.

By the time she was done, their bottom was an angry red mass of welts and lashes, already starting to darken to bruises. Their resistance had rapidly faded, and they hung loosely from their wrist bindings, sobbing into their gag. Melissa cast the cane aside. The vase had, honestly, been an ugly one, one of George's findings in some dank little market far away, and no great loss. Still, the girl had been sloppy, and so needed punishing. What else could be done? Maybe a day or two tethered outside the men's quarters, for them to slake their lust upon her? Or perhaps stretched out in the basement, wax upon her sensitive parts?

Her ruminations were shattered by the grinding scrape of a window. A hand appeared, then a head, as Madam d'Aubrec's minion pulled themselves through. They were still dressed much as they had been before, tight trousers and top, carefully applied makeup, gender still ambiguous. They smiled, as Melissa wished she hadn't discarded the cane. She really would have to request some time with this one, simply for the pleasure of watching that façade break into blubbing tears.

'Lady Brimton, a pleasure to meet you again.' Their grin was entirely too cocky for Melissa's liking, and that pretty face would be far preferable if it were choking on a fat dildo, tears streaming from their eyes, makeup melting away.

'I do appreciate having guests, but would far rather they come via the usual entrances. I believe my butler is available to take your card?'

They shrugged. 'You English, always lacking in adventure. My mistress saw your approach. Asked that I deliver a message. And check that the packages are intact.'

'I have her goods, yes. They will be with her shortly. If that is all, I fail to see why that involved sneaking in, like some rogue in the night?'



- The Waiting Maid -

‘Curious. Methods are... *banale, prévisible*.’

If d’Aubrec wasn’t a trusted friend, then the impertinent fool would be bound and stretched out, that clothing sliced off, dunked into water until they begged for breath. But d’Aubrec was useful and they had much in common, so for now she would have to ignore the slight. She walked over to the captive maid and slapped the red-raw meat of their buttocks, a muffled scream sounding out.

‘What business has your *owner* sent you on? I trust you have some purpose here?’ She grabbed the soft flesh and squeezed, the meat twitching as they were mauled, their yanking on the chains more intense now, gag swallowing their mumbled apologies.

‘A message to deliver.’ They reached into their tight jacket and pulled out a note, flicking it onto Melissa’s desk. Then they walked past her, drawing close to the captive. They whispered something into the maid’s ear. They relaxed in their bonds, still sobbing slightly but now slack in their chains.

‘Your message has been delivered. Now kindly stop interfering with my property.’ Melissa stepped forward, taking up her crop, and slapping it hard across the tenderised meat. They squealed loudly, shaking in their bindings again.

‘A gift. That most destructive to the human spirit. Death of hope.’

‘Spare me the poetry, and kindly absent yourself from my property.’

Some of her wrath must have shown in her tone, as they bowed and made a hasty escape towards the window, climbing back out. She turned her anger onto the maid, ripping their dress off. She took a whip, the heavy leather stripping skin from their ribs, back and breasts. By the time she was done, the maid was barely conscious, sagging down and supported only by the chains. Well, she probably wouldn’t be much use as a domestic now. D’Aubrec could probably give her to the workers as payment for their services.

‘Take her down to the basement. If any of the staff wish to use her, they may do so. Make arrangements for her disposal.’

Alicia curtsied without speaking, fearful of drawing wrath to herself, as she let the meat down, binding their arms and dragging them off, blood starting to well up from the whiplash blows.

That done, Melissa opened up the note, covered with d’Aubrec’s neat handwriting.

Apologies, dear Melissa, for the intrusion upon your precious time, but such fine material is a rarity. As a gift, please take one for yourself, although I may borrow them at need. Work continues apace, but enough is complete that I may finally start. The two of them shall be the first material refined and crafted through my process – broken and remade from material into the finest pieces available, sure to fetch a good price. I have attracted a few petit-nobles as well, seeking a better life. It shall be entertaining to see how long it takes them to realise they are now amongst the product! And don’t mind my servant’s peculiarities – they are no doubt grating upon your sensibilities, but do have their uses. I’m sure you will be most delighted to see the equipment now it is installed, I have even acquired a few disposable pieces to test it with. There may be some gold amongst the dross, although I rather doubt it.

So, it seemed that the first stages of d’Aubrec’s project were now complete. From here, she could see some of the work that had been done – the first thing had been to raise and reinforce the wall surrounding the monastery, ensuring that it was impossible to escape. While training facilities weren’t that rare, d’Aubrec was offering something rather more complete, combining a prison, a finishing school and a training facility into a single place. No doubt some of the fallen flowers of continental nobility would be in for something of a rude awakening, but the tearful

moment of realisation held an intense delight. And base material could be refined, taken from the courts and shaped into something better. A place where Melissa could make use of her skills, although on a larger scale than before.

She looked across to the building site again - at the moment, it was only a single building, albeit large and with tunnels and cells beneath. D'Aubrec's plans were more extensive, a variety of buildings for different purposes, and with all sorts of equipment available, so that even the most stubborn meat could be broken and remade. Perhaps if she'd been more patient with the other girl, then something could have been made from her. Well, she had bought it upon herself. Melissa set herself at her writing desk, preparing a response, and thinking of which of the three boxes she should take for herself.

Chapter Sixteen: Unboxing a Gift

Melissa had the box moved underneath the hose, chill water sent running through, ensuring the occupant was fully cleaned before being opened. And such treatment invariably softened them up as well, although after several days bound in the darkness, cut away from the outside world, without any freedom, most would be thankful for any sensation. Having access to all her equipment was pleasing - the townhouse certainly had benefits for meeting others, but the training facilities there were very much limited by space.

Now, what should she use? Her hand trailed over a wooden horse, coming to a sharp ridge, currently locked stationary. The one-bar prisons would be rather hard to get the prisoner onto. But there was a full range of clamps, weights and everything else she needed. She tapped her crop against a cage, trying to decide, before coming to a decision. This one would hopefully prove biddable, but it was best to be careful.

Her choice made, she assembled her equipment, Alicia following close behind. She was back in her belt, a thick metal collar around her neck, corset compressing her waist even more tightly than normal. Her hands were free, although wrapped in shoulder-length gloves, cuffs on her wrists

Melissa gestured with the crop and Alicia moved to obey, opening the box, although not the area containing their head. That body was impressive - toned and lithe, well-defined, droplets of water tracing down every curve, a gem nestled in their navel. Maybe when they had been broken in, some paintings could be arranged. She flicked the crop at their stomach, a few light blows in case they had been asleep, rattling the metal chain around their waist. The golden chain around their waist, although it accentuated their shape well, was a reminder of their past life - she tore it off and tossed it into the darkness.

From the sudden increase in breathing, muscles tensing in a futile attempt for freedom, they were awake. Alicia released their ankles from the straps binding them, allowing Melissa to assess the damage the restraints had done - she poked at the bruising, the meat's breathing quickening again. Fortunately, they seemed minor, and unlikely to cause more than short-term cosmetic damage.

The set of restraints were between the knee and hip. Before these were removed, a heavy metal ball and chain was attached to each ankle, just in case they should try and escape. They would be able to drag themselves along, but no more than that.

A good thing too, as they tried to kick out as soon as the restraints were removed. The ball scraped along slightly, showing impressive strength, but no more than that. Melissa gestured at Alicia to stand back before she pulled a lever on the wall, another rush of cold water spilling into the box, slowly draining through. She kept it running for long enough to chill their flesh before stopping the flow, feeling excitement starting to pulse through her. This one should be a pleasing break, not as damnably stubborn as the other girl.

They hunched in on themselves as much as they could, goosebumps starting to form on their skin as they shivered, water running down into a drain on the floor. Their hands strained against

the bands holding them in place, as Alicia was commanded to open up the top portion of the box. For the first time in days, the occupant was exposed to light, pathetic grunting coming out.

Melissa nodded in approval - the girl looked to be worth the effort, if she was at least mildly compliant. Long, black hair, still shiny and glossy despite her harsh treatment framed an elegant, oval face, a metal ring pushed behind her teeth, a strap over her eyes. There was some dried blood along one temple, probably a relic of her arrest, but she would make a fine addition to Melissa's collection.

Melissa flicked her crop against the girl's twat, once, twice, three times in quick succession, pain and fear starting to break through the anger and confusion. Good, it seems this one was rather more responsive to pain than the other girl had been.

'Whoever you were before, she is gone. You belong to me, utterly and fully.' Her tongue flicked against the ring in her mouth, jaw muscles shifting. 'You can fight it if you wish, and I'll have my pleasure in breaking you down.' Another flick to the twat, adding to her chilled shivering. 'I would rather have a jewel to add to my collection, than another piece of fuck-meat to give to the servants.'

Melissa reached forward with her other hand, feeling the toned firmness of her lean, supple body, even after days of privation. The captive shuddered at the touch, legs shifting and squirming, mumbled nonsense coming from behind her gag. 'If I should ever hear you using foul language, then you will be punished. Harshly.' She pinched a nipple and squeezed, hard. 'Such language is not fit for a slave.' She kept squeezing until the meat stopped trying to speak. 'Good girl. The more you obey, the less you will be hurt. Say "Yes Mistress".'

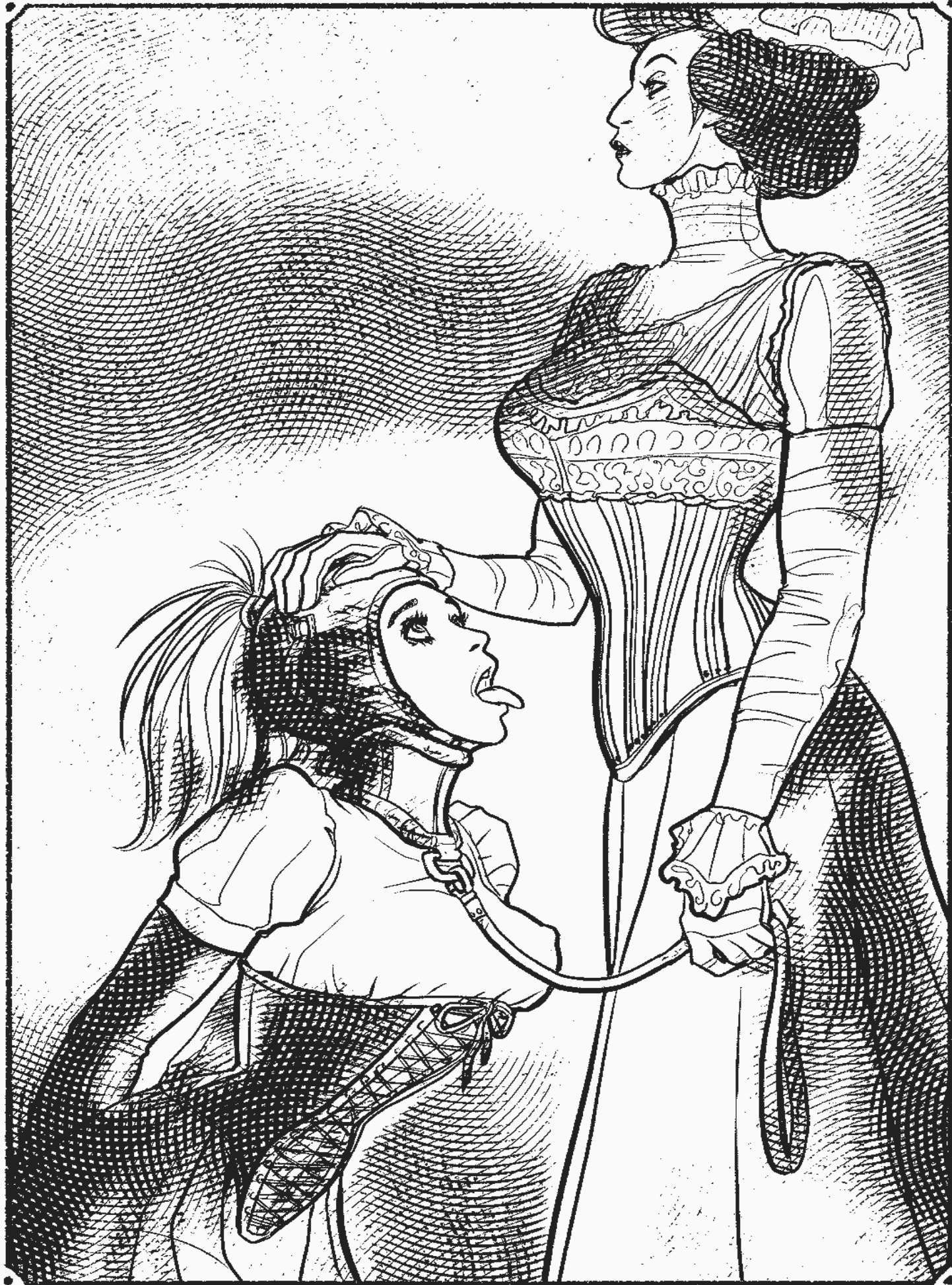
A brief mumble came from behind the gag, with about the right number of syllables. 'Good girl. But you still need training.' She gave the nipple a harsh twist, enjoying the moan of pain that caused, then stepped back and moved behind the box. She signaled at Alicia to continue removing the restraints. Another metal bar was removed, her hands freed, and then the bar across the neck was slid out.

Melissa waited, in case she tried anything rash, but she stayed in the box, not even making an attempt to remove her blindfold, paralysed by fear. Although after her captivity, standing might be all their muscles could bear, especially after the cold water. This was when matters could get interesting - after her failure with the other girl, she was trying something new. She nodded at Alicia, who tugged the blindfold off the girl's face, then stepped back in case of retaliation.

Melissa spoke again, knowing she was out of sight of her latest acquisition, simply a commanding voice coming from the darkness. 'You belong to me. Everything that you now are, is because I choose it. If you aid me, then you can become something better than you were. If you fight me, then you will be destroyed utterly.'

A table had been put in front of the box and a dressmaker's dummy. On the table was a metal collar, metal cuffs, a chastity belt and high-heeled shoes, all designed to lock onto the body. On the dummy was a dress, an evening gown suitable for a high-class piece to wear when being displayed, thin material little more than a wrapper to better display the contents, or be torn off to allow full access and pleasure.

'Show that I won't need to break you utterly and that you will be of worth to me. Do that, and you will be treated as a thing of value.' Melissa picked up a whip, flicking the length out. 'But fail, and you will suffer.' The whip cracked out, missing the girl, barely. She flinched away from the sound. 'Now, dress yourself.'



- Knowing Her Place -

They took a slow, halting step forward, the metal balls tethered to her ankles dragging behind them, scraping over the stone. As they turned to look behind themselves, to see Melissa, she snapped the whip again, the tip flicking past their face. 'You have not yet earned that right. In time, perhaps, but for now, do as you are bid. I grow impatient.'

They moved faster, at least as much as the heavy iron balls allowed. When she reached the table, she hesitated, hands wavering over the metal items. The whip cracked again, sharpening their focus. They picked up the collar, putting it against their neck and locking it on. Their hands felt over the metal, realising that it couldn't be removed without a key. But the meat proved biddable, securing the metal cuffs around her wrists. Bending over revealed a deliciously tight rear, and it was all Melissa could do not to whip it, sear it red.

Then the meat picked up the chastity belt. Her hands wavered and shook, fear overcoming her. Well, things would be boring if it was too easy. Melissa used the whip again, this time hitting the girl, a hit securely down her back, skin welting almost immediately. They gave a muffled cry, jumping in fear as another blow stuck her back. 'You are mine. Do you want to go back into the darkness?'

She shook her head.

'Then put it on.'

She had to fumble slightly, clearly unused to such a thing, but soon managed to get the metal around her waist, the lock snapping shut as she moved the metal between her legs. In all this time, she hadn't ungagged herself, something she suddenly realised, hands moving to her mouth.

'You may remove it, but no words. Those are not yet permitted to you - meat is silent without permission, especially meat as raw as you.' They unbuckled the straps, slowly pulling the ring from behind their teeth, putting it on the table. It wouldn't do for a piece to have their jaw permanently damaged, after all. And then they stood there, slack and uncertain, still in shock.

Alicia stepped close to her, then kissed her. It must have been the first warmth she had experienced since before being sealed into the box. She melted against Alicia, grateful for any succor, sinking into the kiss, showing obvious signs of arousal. Any relief was short lived, as Alicia pushed her away. She took a heavy leather posture collar and muzzle gag and settled it on the girl's neck and head, sealing her mouth again, but without the strain of the ring gag.

'Very good. You see, there can be pleasure in obedience, and this is surely better than suffering. Now, your reward.'

Alicia took the fancy dress and started to wrap it around the girl's body. The material was sheer enough that the metal could be seen around her crotch, but she had the right frame for the dress, the material flowing around her curves. Yes, she could be quite the addition to an event, and was attractive enough to draw appeal. And home-grown rather than imported - something to counterbalance all those foreign beauties. The muzzle came up to just beneath her mouth, forcing her to hold her neck high, giving her an erect, almost aristocratic, bearing. Probably some bastard by-blow of a noble family. The balls still shackled to her ankles give a rather amusing contrast to the elegance of the dress - yes, truly a captive audience.

Melissa approached, making sure to step loudly enough to be heard, taking pleasure in how the girl shivered at every step. She touched them lightly on their back, the dress hanging low and baring their skin. They twitched, the muzzle eating any sound they made. 'Excellent. Obey, and your suffering will be less.' She jabbed at a whip-mark with a finger. 'Now, put your shoes on.'

She hastened to obey, putting her feet into the high heels. Although only held on by straps, there was metal wire through the cords, and the soles had slight spikes on the inside, to further encourage the occupant to correct posture. Now she looked the part of the perfect companion, with a beautiful body, and no way to express any dissent. Perhaps a gag with a mouth-panel that could be removed? But it remained to be seen if she could take to the training.

As a change, this one would require something more mental, attacking the mind, rather than the body. Exposing her to the luxury of her position, and then shattering her safety, dragging her back into darkness and pain, never allowing her any security. Yes, that could be entertaining. She flicked the whip again, savoring the twitch of fear that ran through the girl. The collar, chains and muzzle made a fine contrast to the elegant silks - the heavy balls could be used to ensure she stayed in place when displayed, and it would be entertaining to watch a fragile hope develop, before being shattered and utterly broken.

Chapter Seventeen: The Menagerie

With the delight of a new piece to break in, it was almost a shame to have guests. But she could scarcely refuse her sister or her two nieces. The elder, Charlotte, showed a certain aptitude for training herself, having already managed to house-break an unruly slave. While not the best-looking of pieces, and certainly not the match of the Titan, his strength and brawn held a certain crude charm, and setting him rampant amongst the maids was an entertaining sight.

However, doing so at the dining table was nothing short of rude. Melissa cleared her throat, managing to be heard even over the rutting gasps of the unfortunate maid, her dress ripped asunder, the slave having buried himself up to the hilt in her cunt. She had been rather saucy lately, but Melissa would rather have disciplined her personally, instead of the fish course being rather crudely interrupted.

Charlotte beckoned, calling her slave off. He pulled himself from his victim, spurting seed over her uniform, before being locked back into a metal cock-cage, designed to prevent him ever using his shaft without permission. Fortunately for her, the maid managed to recover herself and stand, despite the shaking of her legs, cum trickling down her thighs.

Melissa's sister gave her a long-suffering look, having ignored the disruption to continue eating, and making Melissa thankful that she hadn't had children herself. 'Why don't you let Aunt Melissa show you her menagerie? I'm sure she has some equipment you haven't seen before. And do ask your aunt's permission before unleashing him, it certainly is rather rude, especially at mealtimes. Katherine, it's past time for you to start some proper training. I know he might just be something cheap to practice on, but you should actually practice.'

Melissa nodded, pushing her plate away. The ravaged maid moved with commendable speed to clear the dishes, despite her recent travails - impressive endurance, for something cheap she'd picked up on a whim. 'Yes, girls. Why don't you let me show you my new acquisitions? And you can get a few ideas for your collections.' Charlotte nodded enthusiastically as she gagged and hooded her slave. The young one, Katherine, looked less enthusiastic, but still dutifully agreed. She was a pretty little thing, all innocent eyes and soft hair - if she had a mind to, playing the sweet saviour, then switching to a bringer of agony could be highly effective, but she seemed to have little heart for such things. Although Charlotte had been much the same when she was young, only really getting a taste for flesh in later adolescence, so there was still hope.

Before leaving, she passed by the maid, favouring them with a brief but sharp kiss, pushing them up against the wall and holding them there until the breath was almost gone from their lungs. That should be reward enough, although maybe the girl should be belted? She didn't have the looks to attract many, but such a forceful encounter could turn her wanton. Something for Alicia to monitor. Dismissing the matter from her mind, she rounded up her nieces and walked with them over to the menagerie.

It was sat within a compound by itself, securely locked away from casual visitors. It was a secret delight, and something of a ritual, to unlock the heavy metal gate and step through. Inside, the air was filled with light, streaming through the glass roof from above. Thick scents came

from the plants growing here, delicate sounds of water from the ornamental fountains and waterfalls. And above them, hanging from their wrists down from the ceiling, feet inches off the ground, and clad only in simple shifts, were two of the more troublesome acquisitions. Several of the other inhabitants were surrounding them, lightly stroking their bodies, drawing out their gasps. Fortunately, they were belted, and so not getting any pleasure.

They twitched and jerked in their bindings, unable to gain any traction, giggling uncontrollably as they were tickled, tears streaming down their faces. One of them stepped away from the group, curtsying at her. Their tall body was bound in gold and silk, with shining metal through the nipples and navel, golden chains running between them to her collar and the cuffs on her wrists and ankles. The new pet was at their feet, almost healed from her breaking, physically at least. From how she tried mewed through her gag, she seemed mercifully disinclined to revert to her prior behaviour.

‘Mistress, my honour to see you.’ She held the position until given permission to rise, her chains gently clinking.

‘Could you fetch Sumira into the examination room? Charlotte, if you wish, you may attend, you may find it educational. Katherine, you may play with this one - they are still unnamed, so may be suited to you.’ The girl knelt down by the pet, patting them on the head, making cat noises. They responded with affection, nuzzling against her as she stroked them, not noticing the almost-healed wounds, Katherine petting them.

The examination room was a deliberately harsh contrast with the elegant beauty of the main chamber of the menagerie. The walls were plain green tile, easy to hose clean and have the water drain through the gutters in the floor. Gritty light filtered through a blurry glass panel in the ceiling, and the walls were entirely soundproof. A medical chair was in the centre of the room, a thing of dull steel with heavy straps to bind the occupant in place, and made so that each limb could be moved individually. Chains on the walls allowed others to be bound in place, channels on the ceiling even allowing them to be moved around without being freed.

Charlotte examined the devices, picking up spiked clamps and testing them on a finger, wincing at the pressure.

‘I find those effective on the most stubborn. There is a danger of permanent damage, which can be problematic for pieces you wish to display. There is a certain balance to be found between force and subtlety, I find - too much of the first will result in breakage, too much of the second in an excess of spirit. This one I have been too lax with in the past, so reining her in is somewhat problematic. Hopefully this lesson will be one she doesn’t forget.’

The heavy door swung open, a moment of fresh air and sunlight entering the chill room before it thudded shut, sealing them in again. The newcomer gave a sloppy curtsy, far too cheeky. She was short and slight, a mass of black curls falling to her waist, wearing a short tunic, and the required collar and cuffs, and heels locked onto her feet to try and stop her running everywhere.

She held the pose until Melissa tapped her with the crop, allowing her to rise. She was smart enough to keep her eyes down, shuffling awkwardly.

‘Your master has sent you a gift, which it falls to me to deliver.’ She considered which of her options could be most entertaining for Charlotte. Something to pressure the meat, strain them, wear them down.

She moved over to part of the wall, where there were various holes set. It was designed to hold a slave immobile and allow them to be thoroughly assessed, but it should serve her current

purpose just as well. 'Ankles and wrists in the holes. Swiftly.' She flicked her crop for emphasis, encouraging the girl to obey swiftly. They turned, sliding their limbs into the holes.

Melissa moved behind the girl, Charlotte following with curiosity. There were restraints on the back, allowing Melissa to pin the girl's arms and legs back. Then she pulled on their hair, pulling their head into another slot, sliding a bar down to bind it in place.

Back on the front, the effect was more exquisite - the girl was reduced to a torso, head and limbs through the metal, nothing to mark her as a person, simply meat to be marked and abused. The effect was completed by a box swung over the head, locking them away from the world. Melissa slashed the girl's tunic off, leaving her naked but for her chastity belt, her soft skin utterly unprotected.

'Now, Sumira, I would greatly appreciate your silence. If you start making too much noise, then I shall have to start getting inventive. Perhaps you would like to have your pretty mouth sealed for good this time?'

The body tensed as Melissa ran the crop along the bare skin. 'Yes mistress.'

'Very good. And no more sound out of you until this is done.'

She used a hand this time, running down from a breast, feeling the curve of their waist and hip, then around to the thighs, the neat cleft of their pussy, already slick and waiting to be used. She started to stroke it, the body swiftly rising to the encouragement, folds parting as she slipped a finger, then two in.

'Charlotte, could you kindly block her ears? She won't be needing them.'

From the look on her face, she had been expecting something more overtly cruel, but there was time for that later. She fetched the appropriate items and moved out of sight. As she did so, Melissa busied herself arousing the meat, softly stroking their pussy, kissing their wonderfully soft, slight body, running her tongue along their breasts. Despite her impudence, she was a worthy addition to the collection, despite being prone to forgetting her place.

'Now, Charlotte. Have you ever done something similar?'

'No, aunt Melissa.'

'Very well. A breast first. First, clamp the meat.' She handed over a small metal clamp, allowing Charlotte to pinch it over a nipple, taking a few tries to get it right. As this was done, Melissa continued to stroke and tease her captive, feeling them tighten around her fingers, even as they grunted in pain. George had never properly broken her, that was the problem, and so she was always too impudent. Well, this should prove a strong corrective.

When the clamp was secured, Melissa took a thick needle, and pushed it through the taut skin. There was a cry from out of sight, a sharp intake of breath, and Melissa gave their twat a sharp backhand slap, as a reminder of her orders. The same procedure was repeated on the opposite side, this time by Charlotte - she was less steady-handed, jabbing at the skin a few times before pushing through.

The body was rigid now, clearly suffering from the assault, not knowing what was being done to it, taut and slick with fear. The needles were replaced with the ringed bells George had sent, her perky breasts now tipped with gold. But there were two more to attach - the navel proved simple enough, although produced another slight grunt of pain, but the last would be the most entertaining.

After the teasing she had endured, the girl's clit was now visible, her folds open and moist, begging to be filled. But pleasure was something the girl likely wouldn't have today - Melissa gave the nub a gentle rub, before pushing the needle through. The effect was immediate, girl tensing as much as her bonds allowed, a keening sob coming from out of sight. The golden bell

hung there, a beautiful contrast with her warm, brown flesh. Of course, a custom chastity belt would be needed, but until then Sumira could simply be restrained in her current position, unable to pleasure herself.

Melissa tapped the bell, a gentle chiming sounding forth. Yes, if she were to dance, the effect would be quite alluring, and draw attention to her body. And of course chains could be run between them if needed - nothing too heavy, but even a slender thing of gold or silver would add quite the weight to such a sensitive part of the body.

‘You see Charlotte? Such a little thing, but no she cannot help but know that she is owned and marked. Far less ugly and crude than a brand, but even more effective in it’s own way.’ Melissa continued to stroke the girl’s body, forcing her to climax despite the pain she had endured, half-hoping they would cry out and give her an excuse to punish her further. But, for once, she kept quiet, or was possibly in shock, that delicious torso mutely accepting her actions.

She wiped her fingers against their belly, then turned to Charlotte. ‘I think some additional time in captivity will do her some good. Were there any other pieces that caught your eye? If you wish to practice your whip work, then a few need some discipline.’

An eager glint came into Charlotte’s eye, as she reached out and carefully tweaked one of the bells herself, seeming to enjoy the sound. ‘Yes, if you don’t mind. Any guidance would be appreciated.’

As the left, the girl was starting to softly blubber, twisting weakly in her captivity, without any hope for escape. She’d send one of the others to set her free after a while, but some time in the silence, with only her pain for company, would do her some good. The door thudded shut behind them, locking the girl away, as Melissa began to lecture her niece about technique.

Miss Katherine and Her Boy

Chapter 1: Caged in Sunlight

The boy saw Mistress Katherine look upwards at the library shelves, stretching onto tiptoes, her fine, slender legs clad in silk stockings peeking out from beneath her dress. It was clearly out of reach – even with her arms outstretched, it was more than a foot away from her grasping hand. Unless she were to start climbing on the shelves, then there was no hope of being able to reach it. Warm sunlight painted itself against the high shelves, illuminating the airy, open space.

‘Boy! I require aid!’ She tried to flick her riding crop, only succeeding in striking her long skirts with it, the expensive material absorbing the strike without any sound. She pouted at him, her soft, blue eyes trying to glare, but managing only to look cute. ‘Come here, or I’ll punish you!’

It was hard to look intimidated, but he tried, hoping it would make her happy. He walked across the library, being careful not to let his bare feet make any sound on the floor, although he couldn’t stop his chains and fetters making noise as he moved. She was dainty and petite, with rosebud lips and long, honey-blond hair, which she was currently twining around a finger. She scarcely needed a corset to show off her figure, a simple white dress around her slender body, highlighting her perfectly sized breasts – not too small or too large, just about the right size to cup and play with.

He felt himself stiffen, growing and pushing against the metal of his cock-cage. He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself before he grew any bigger and it became uncomfortable or painful. But she really was pretty, and light and small. She even smelled nice, some floral scent hovering in the air around her. Her attempt at an intimidating glower only made her look slightly confused.

She took a step back and gestured down at the ground with her crop. ‘Kneel. Here.’ Her lips tried to form into a tight, stern line, but still looked soft and kissable. She flicked the crop again, this time managing to stir the air slightly, although still a far cry from the crisp, clear crack it should have made.

He obeyed the order, kneeling on all fours where she gestured, making sure he was securely planted. His wrists were chained together with about a foot of slack in the chain, and the same between his ankles, enough that he could set himself properly. This close, her scent was intoxicating, filling his senses, making his head go woozy. She stepped on him, heels digging into his back. Blood surged in his crotch and he tried not to shift, his cock painful against the hard metal, biting his lip in concentration. Glancing upwards, he could see her stocking-clad legs, her dress light and gauzy enough to see the garter straps holding her stockings in place. And between, where her legs met...

As she shifted and reached for the book, her heels twisted into him, but she was light enough it didn’t really hurt. The scent of her flesh, and thoughts of what was between her legs, set him surging, as he tried to force himself to calm. His cock was in a metal tube pointed downwards, allowing him to pass waste, but not touch himself, or for him to be a threat to Miss Katherine.

He felt the spikes in his back shift as there was the soft, papery sound of the book opening, her delicate fingers touching the page. The thought of them sent another painful throbbing of

blood to his cock, now bent painfully within its cage. He took several rapid, deep breaths, hoping to chase away her scent.



- Caged in Sunlight -

The weight on him shifted as he took another deep breath, weight suddenly vanishing. Before he could react, there was a crash as she fell to the floor, the book landing a moment later. She was sprawled on her behind, starting to rub where she'd landed. Her legs were spread wide, dress having ridden up. He couldn't look away, her pearly-white stockings giving way to plump, soft thighs lightly indented by garter straps, and then the smooth-shaved mound of her pussy. Why wasn't she wearing underwear? His mouth went dry, cock now almost snapping from the pressure with which it pushed against the unyielding metal. She rubbed her head absently, hair shining in the sunlight.

She saw him looking, but didn't close her legs, instead spreading them wider. His lust must have shown on his face, as she giggled. 'You look very red. Are you alright?'

The metal ring strapped into his mouth made it impossible to speak properly, his lips forced apart. 'Es, iss athaine.'

She giggled again. 'Is that how you say my name? Say it again.'

'Iss Athaine.'

She said it herself, enunciating the words carefully. 'Miss Katherine. I suppose you are a bit limited. But you are going to be a good boy, aren't you? Otherwise I'll have to send you back to prison, and that sounds bad.' She came over, scuffing her fine white dress as she crawled along the floor, then kissed his forehead. He whimpered as his cock pushed against its constraints again – he hadn't been allowed relief in months, it felt like he was about to burst, and she was so very soft and sweet and warm!

'Charlotte says I need to be mean to you, but you seem so well-behaved already. Tongue out.' His world drowned in her wide, blue eyes, looking as though she might cry if disobeyed. He followed the order, sticking his tongue through the ring gag, earning a smile and another kiss on the forehead. 'Good boy!' Then she stood, lifting her skirt and exposing herself to him. The scent was overwhelming, the floral scent she wore mingling with that of her own body. So clean and sweet, totally different from the rough-bodied and dirty factory girls he'd been with before. With one hand, she spread herself open, before giving another order. 'Lick!'

He eagerly obeyed, gently lapping at her flesh, feeling the warm skin, drinking in the taste of her. She took a grip of his hair; not hard or harsh, but guiding him. He pushed into her, using his tongue to stroke and caress her folds, torn between losing himself in the feeling of entering her, and pain and frustration at his own locked-away rigidity. Her breath was coming in short, happy squeaks as she ground against his face, his tongue sliding deeper and deeper into her, until she was all he could taste, all he could smell and see. Too soon, she climaxed, allowing him a final taste before she stepped back, her skirt falling back into place.

'You are a good boy, aren't you? I'm sure I won't need to use any of Mama's tools to keep you in line, or treat you like Charlotte treats her toys.'

Even through her clothing, he could still smell her arousal, and the taste of her was hot and fresh on his tongue. She knelt and unbuttoned his trousers to reveal his metal-sheathed cock. His eyes went wide, and then she slid a slender finger along the metal shaft, lightly stroking his shaved testicles. 'I'm not allowed the key yet, but Mama says I can have it on my birthday. Only a few more days! I wonder what it feels like? I've not been allowed to touch one yet.'

Then she dropped lower, taking the tip of the metal shaft into her mouth. He shivered – he could feel her warmth around him, even shielded by the metal, spit starting to ooze along the open end in the metal column. He whimpered, wanting her to stop, wanting her to continue, wanting to finally be allowed to climax. She bobbed her head up and down, hair brushing

against her thighs as his hands clenched and unclenched uncontrollably. She raised her head, smiling up at him.

‘I’ve seen Charlotte get a maid to do this with her toy when he’s been naughty. Although you’ve not been naughty, have you? And he has to be tied up, and she beats him as well. But you’re a good boy, aren’t you? So I won’t need to stretch you out on the rack.’

He managed to nod, despite the pain and lust surging from his groin, earning another happy smile and a kiss on the cheek. He’d seen Miss Charlotte, Katherine’s older sister punishing her slave. She’d had him lashed him to a post in the gardens and then whipped his skin raw, before forcing him to service her friends. They took turns riding him, punishing him further if he ever failed to perform. Katherine was far too kind for such things. Or so he hoped.

She reached under her dress, fingering herself, drawing forth her juices and wiping them underneath his nostrils. ‘There. So you have my scent. Now, I think I shall see Mama in the gardens.’ She clipped a leash onto his collar, pulling his trousers up to cover his chastity belt. She tugged and forced him to stand, ignoring the pain and tension from his cock, as he was led away from the library.

She pulled him through the manor – her steps were so short that it was easy to keep up – into the garden. It was afternoon tea, servants setting out tea and cake and being very, very careful not to make any mistakes.

Miss Charlotte was back from the hunt, still in her tight riding trousers and bright red jacket, her crop having been used on a horse for once. Strapped around her waist was a large cock, which she was currently engaged in the process of burying into the ass of an unfortunate maid, a bit between their teeth reducing their protests to garbled moans. Their buttocks were reddened from strikes of the crop, each impact bringing forth another cry of pain.

Her mother was rather more refined as she sipped at her tea, sat upon a chair rather than a servant for once. She looked up at her daughter, expression unreadable. He made sure to look down, not wanting to draw her attention and risk arousing her anger.

‘Good afternoon, Mama. And Charlotte.’ Her sister reacted to her greeting by lashing her mount, a particularly deep thrust of her dildo burying it up to the base, the servant groaning in agony as they were stretched wide.

‘Tea, Katherine? Juliana appears to have gotten quite the knack for it. Almost unfortunate, I was in the mood to punish someone. How fares your training?’

Katherine tugged on the leash, pulling her property close. Charlotte pulled herself from her victim and they sagged to the floor, earning themselves another strike before they managed to find the strength to stand, rearranging their uniform, shakily thanking Charlotte for being punished.

‘You really should be stricter with him. His kind are predatory, they only understand strength and power. Show him that you own him, body and soul. At least mark him up a little.’

‘He wouldn’t do that! He’s mine, and he understands that already.’ Katherine turned to him, long eyelashes fluttering. He managed to nod, knowing his place well enough not to speak as Charlotte approached, crop flicking the air.

‘He’s a beast. No matter what you may think of him, that’s all he is.’ She grabbed his crotch, feeling the metal beneath his trousers. ‘Without this, he’d have you pinned down on the floor, ravaging your sweet, tender body.’

‘He wouldn’t do that, he’s a good boy.’ Katherine pouted at her sister until her mother intervened.

‘Sit down, both of you. Charlotte is right – you really should take a firmer hand with him. At least to show him the consequences of breaching your trust, if he were to turn his hand to one of the maids? Even with his manhood sealed away, that doesn’t make him less of a threat.’

‘Mama, you said he was mine, that I could train him how I wanted to!’

‘You should look to your sister as an example, she has managed wonders with her training, when you think how wild her slave was to start with.’

Charlotte’s own personal slave was stood close by – only of average height, but powerfully built, clothing putting his muscled arms and chest on display. His head was hooded, gauze over his eyes to limit his vision. Chains ran between his wrists, ankles and neck, rigged up so that he could be bound into a neat parcel when Charlotte travelled. Tight black leather trousers showed his sturdy leg muscles, while his crotch was bound into a metal device.

As punishment for damaging one of Charlotte’s favourite dresses, a maid had been stripped naked and a hood forced onto her, before she was allowed to run across the gardens. She hadn’t made it far before the slave had caught her, freed from his belt, allowed to unleash himself. From her screams, he had sated himself quite thoroughly, dragging her back by the hair like a trophy, taking the maid repeatedly in front of Charlotte, until she declared herself satisfied.

‘It may seem harsh, but it’s the only force they understand. I know you are a sweet, innocent child, but the world can be harsh and cruel. You have to understand that they are not like us, they need a certain level of pain before anything sinks in. And if their appetites are not contained, then, make no mistake, he would happily force himself upon you.’

‘I’m sure he wouldn’t hurt me. Would you?’ She turned her wide, innocent eyes on him, full of trust. He shook his head, gag making him unable to speak properly.

Charlotte approached, cutting an imposing figure, crop at the ready. She flicked it against him, rattling his cock-cage. ‘This little thing needs to be contained and controlled. If one of the maids were to smile at him, then he’d be rampant. Juliana, come here.’ She ordered one of the servants to approach, a perky young thing, small-breasted and bright. She gave a curtsy, lifting her skirt high enough to reveal toned thighs and a neat bush of dark pubic hair.

He tried to prevent a surge of blood to his crotch. It must have shown on his face, as the crop rattled against the metal again. She was shorter than he was, having to stretch up to push her face close to his, breasts pushing against his chest, her breath brushing against his neck, then his ear. He shut his eyes, trying to calm himself, as her warm body pushed close against his body. A hand pushed itself beneath his shirt, warm and skilled fingers running against his chest. Soft, yielding breasts pushed against him, and he couldn’t help but whimper.

Charlotte spoke. ‘You see? Break him down first.’ A finger reached into the metal tube constricting his manhood and brushed against the tip of his cock. He almost fell over from the sudden contact, eyes shooting open to see the maid. She was still pressed close, a wicked grin on her face, one hand over his cage, a finger inside the metal tube. ‘He wants to fuck anything. If Juliana were spread out in front of him now and he wasn’t caged, he’d be on her like a beast.’

Katherine waved her hands at the maid, trying to shoo her away, as he tried to desperately ignore the fingers touching his sensitive head, without success. She withdrew her fingers, licking the tips and clearly savoring his taste, as Charlotte continued. ‘He might seem nice enough, but that’s only because you keep him contained.’

Their mother intervened. ‘Do stop squabbling, please. And Katherine does not yet have the key to his cock, although it won’t be long. If this is how she wishes to train him, then that is her decision, rash though I think it may be. Now, why don’t you tell me about the hunt? Was it entertaining?’

‘Oh yes, very. The prey gave a good go of things, but was brought to ground just outside the Matheson farm. Jenvers had the fortune to bring it down, so he’s celebrating with his cronies.’

The maid was still looking at him. As soon as she was unobserved, she slowly pushed her finger into her mouth, drawing it in and out, coating it with spittle, her eyes bright. He couldn’t make himself look away, despite the throbbing pain from his cock. Then his owner spoke, still clearly upset with her sister and mother. ‘I’m sure this one isn’t that bad! He’s going to be mine, and no-one else’s, I’ll train him to be kind and well-behaved.’

The mother and daughter were both lost in gossip, the mother negligently waving a hand, dismissing her youngest daughter. With a heavy sigh, Katherine left, dragging him along behind, the throb in his crotch finally, mercifully, fading away.

Chapter Two: An Interrupted Sleep

They returned to the young miss's chambers. There was a heavy, well-padded bed that he dreamed of one day being allowed to sleep on, along with shelves of books and stuffed animals, a large wardrobe of all her fine clothes and shoes. In one corner was his 'bed' and travelling box, as well as a variety of tools of punishment or restraint, most mercifully unused. She had tried the candles once before, but had given up after accidentally pouring wax onto herself. When she had tried the choke-chain, she had spent more time worrying about the trail of spit and the gagging sounds he had been making, patting him on the back to make sure he wasn't actually in danger.

She turned to him. 'You wouldn't try and harm me, would you?' He shook his head, daring to try and form a word, a garbled, dribbling 'no'. She smiled at him. 'But you are bigger and stronger than me, so I should be careful.' Apparently heedless of her own warning, she began to disrobe, preparing herself for whatever guests were visiting this evening. She had an attractive and natural figure, the full beauty of youth, her waist softly curving, breasts firm and pert, white stockings and garter straps bright against pale flesh. His cock grew urgent again.

'On your board, now. I'll punish that maid, if you'd like. She's Charlotte's favourite, they do such dreadful things together! I hear them at night, playing with her toy. Although she's going to give her to him when she gets bored and let him hunt her down to ravage her. You're too sweet and innocent to be a hunter like that, aren't you?'

Still wearing nothing but her stockings and shoes, she gave him a kiss on the forehead.

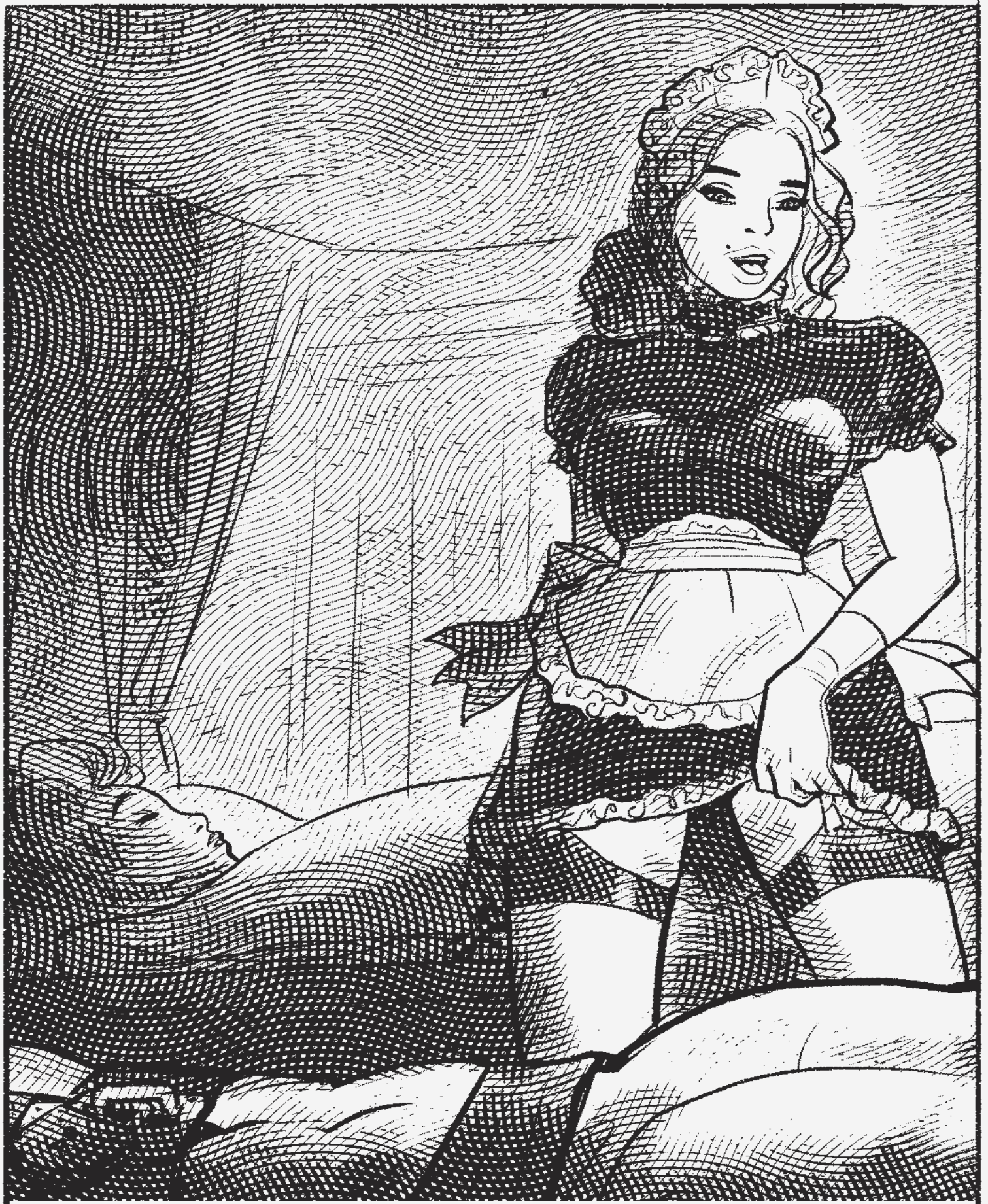
'Now, on the board. Mama says I'm not allowed you in company yet, until I've fully trained you. But you've been a good boy, so I'll bring you something nice to eat.'

He stepped backwards against his bed, actually closer to a board with metal bands attached, completely restraining the occupant when fully locked. Each limb had to be separately restrained, something that always took her an excessive amount of time, even with his compliance. Metal bands moved over his wrists and arms first, locking him in place, then his cuffs were removed. Then she pulled his trousers down, looking curiously at his crotch, flicking the metal tube, another sting of denied lust rippling through him. Next she strapped his legs into place, making it impossible for him to move anything other than his head. His gag was removed, a moment of relief for his jaw, before being replaced with a panel gag, a soft wad of leather slotting between his teeth. The whole thing tilted backwards until he was leaning back, a leather pad on the thing cushioning his head somewhat. Compared to her own bed, a huge soft thing, hidden beneath blankets, it was cold and spartan, but it let him be close to her.

Then she straddled him, sitting astride his waist, bending forward until he was drowning in those blue eyes again, her scent heavy in the air, sweet and pure. 'You are a good boy, aren't you? Even when I get the key to your cage, if I were to let you out, you'd still obey me, wouldn't you?' She strapped a leather band around his forehead, making it impossible for him to nod. She ground against him, the scent of her lust adding to her normal floral odour, as he quickened. Please let her stop soon, before he burst, or snapped against the metal.

She started fingering herself, her luscious lips forming into a wide “o”. He tried not to imagine them around the soft meat of his prick, that soft little tongue lapping away, smooth and slick. Her breasts were firm, the gentle cleft of her navel inviting kisses and nuzzles he was powerless to provide as she stroked herself. Her fingers twirled inside her slit and she made cute little gasps and moans until she climaxed with a happy sigh, falling against him for a moment. She wrapped her arms around him, breasts pressing through the metal bands, close enough that he could feel her breathing. She rubbed some of her juices against his face, providing another source of aroused frustration.

‘And you’ve not tried to escape. You really are a good boy. But it’s time for you to go to sleep now.’ She tugged a metal panel down over his face, his world going dark, although he could still feel her soft and light warmth atop him. It was almost painful when she dismounted, a hand pressing the tender parts of his thighs before withdrawing, leaving him alone in the dark. He tried to follow her movements, the splash of water as she washed. Images of her naked body, wet and smooth, danced through his mind. Then rustles of cloth, the click of the door and presence of another as a maid was summoned to help her dress, her formal wear needing assistance to put on. Then the door shut, and he was alone. It didn’t take long to fall asleep, after his cock had relaxed and shrunken enough to be less painful within the metal sheathe.



- An Interrupted Sleep -

A touch awoke him, a quick pinching of his thighs. He grunted, trying to signal he was awake, as there was another harsh pinch. The plate was lifted, revealing it was night, the chamber now lit only by candlelight. Miss Katherine had returned, face flushed from alcohol and dancing, reeling slightly with a bottle of wine in one hand, a glass in the other. With her was the maid from the garden, looking mussed, probably from the attentions of a guest - she was dressed to show her body off, meant to be displayed rather than do any work.

It took Katherine a moment to focus before she gave a happy little smile. 'Tonight was fun. And I'm going to show that I can keep servants in line. I'm going to punish Juliana for being mean to you.' Juliana didn't seem particularly concerned by this. 'Juliana, fetch my belt.' This order was obeyed, Juliana handing over a broad leather strap from the pile of equipment.

Katherine took the strap, doubled it over and tried to slap it against her palm menacingly. Instead it made a rather pathetic sound, and the look on her face suggested that she'd hurt herself.

'On your knees, present your rear to me. And I want you to ask for punishment. Ten strokes.' She tried to sound commanding, although her voice was too soft and sweet, rather than snarling and harsh.

Juliana didn't sound very contrite as she went down onto all fours, raising her skirt in readiness, facing towards him.

'Yes mistress, I am sorry. Please punish me.'

Katherine looked at him as though seeking approval, then brought the belt down towards Juliana's rear. It didn't have much force behind it, although Juliana gave a fake-sounding yelp before speaking. 'One. Please punish me more.' The second strike was scarcely better, as Juliana continued to count each blow and ask for another. While she was being "punished", she looked squarely at him, openly grinning, shaking her body to make her breasts shake, running her tongue around her lips lasciviously.

'Ten. Thank you Mistress Katherine.' She stayed down on all fours.

Despite the blows having clearly been weak, Katherine seemed more contrite than the servant. 'And let that be a lesson to you! Now undress me, please.' She raised her arms in readiness. It took a moment for Juliana to rise from her position, skin tinted amber by the candlelight. She helped Katherine with her clothing, first taking off her outer layers, before starting to unbind her corset, then finally the layers beneath. As she did so, she made sure to glance at him often and make sure that he was watching. She was stroking Katherine, keeping contact even when not removing clothing, making sure Katherine's wineglass was always full.

As Katherine's chemise was removed, Juliana made sure that it was a lengthy process, slowly tugging it over Katherine's head, taking the opportunity to touch her thighs, hips, then breasts, her gloved fingers lingering on soft flesh. The blush on Katherine's face was more than just alcohol now, spreading down onto her chest.

'I am sorry if I have caused any offence.' Juliana knelt, putting her face next to Katherine's crotch. She pulled at the lace panties Katherine wore, tugging them down to reveal her slit, before kissing Katherine there, after looking at him, checking he was watching. He fought his own lust, feeling it burn hot, strong and powerless within him.

Too drunk to resist, Katherine sat heavily on her bed and allowed Juliana to kiss her further, lapping at her clit. It was pleasurable, if Katherine's increasing redness and deep breathing were anything to go by. Hands clutched at the bedding, nearly laundered sheets getting rucked, until

she peaked. With every sign of tenderness, Juliana put her to bed, pulling the sheets up over Katherine as her breathing slowed and settled, a drunken sleep quickly overcoming her.

Then she walked over to him, first taking out a key from her apron-pocket. Her happy grin turned sharp and vicious, as she reached through the metal bands and sharply pinched him beneath the ribs. 'I wonder what you taste like? It's been so long since you've been allowed to cum that it's probably as thick as cream.' She fiddled with his cock-cage, managing to find the lock by candlelight. As soon as it was off, his cock leapt to full erectness, freed for the first time in months. She ran her hand along it, even that pressure taking him to the edge of shooting his load, the smooth fabric of her gloves even more intense than physical contact would be .

'Ah, not yet. Although you are eager, aren't you?' She knelt, rubbing her breasts against his shaft, before darting forward, taking the length into her mouth, in and out in a single motion. So soft, so warm! His cock twitched and bobbed, seeking more sensation, desperate for her to do that again, even if it meant betraying his owner. 'I bet you're not thinking of her now, are you?' Her tongue flicked around his head, before she slowly slid onto him, kissing and sucking, cheeks tight around his shaft.

He exploded, world vanishing in a blaze of sensation, white fire burning through his penis from his balls into Julietta's mouth. With a final lick, she withdrew without swallowing, pushing her fingers into her mouth, slicking her fingers with spit and cum. She spat the remnants into his cockcage before locking it on again, the metal now slippery with his juices and her spit.

'Don't worry, good little boy. I'll make sure your mistress gets your seed, even if not from you.'

The plate came back down, blinding him. He could hear the sounds of bedding being rearranged, then more sweet, cute gasps, as Julietta proceeded to pleasure Katherine again. The thought of his seed inside her, that sweet-tasting cunt filled with Julietta's spit and his cum made him twitch in his bindings, wanting to fill her by himself. Despite his recent draining, he felt himself stiffen again, as, out of sight, Katherine was teased and fingered towards her own climax.

Chapter Three: A Change in Attitude

He was awoken by another soft warmth, feeling sunlight on his body, along with the pressure of a body. From the scent, it was Miss Katherine. Hands caressed his flesh through the metal bands, hair rubbing his body, moving downwards until coming to his crotch. He could still hear through the plate, as she made an unhappy noise.

His cock-cage was touched. 'That smells funny. And it looks like something's dried.' A finger felt inside the metal, brushing his tip, a nail scraping the metal. He remembered last night, Juliana removing it and sucking him off, spitting the results back in. That wasn't his fault! He grunted, twitching in his bindings, wanting to tell her of his devotion. He could hear Juliana's voice, visualise her smirking features.

'Be careful, Miss Katherine. It looks like he lost control during the night, the brute. It's a good thing he's confined, otherwise he would have violated you, I'm sure of it.'

The finger probed his cock some more as the plate was lifted, bright sunlight streaming in. He was stirring and hardening already, as Katherine's finger kept brushing against him. Juliana turned to Katherine, sounding concerned. 'Your sister is right, you know, Miss Katherine. He may seem well-behaved, but he's only waiting for a chance to break free and ravage you. I'm sure he would have you pinned on the bed, grunting and thrusting away, ravaging your innocent body, if he wasn't so tightly bound.' She met his eyes, as she reached out and pinched his nipple. 'I bet he's rampant, even now.'

Katherine's finger pushed deeper into the cage, against his sensitive head, which reacted immediately. Katherine squeaked and withdrew, letting Juliana feel inside the cage instead.

'He's stirring already, getting ready again. He managed to climax during the night – you may be overstimulating him.'

She looked at him with concern on her face. 'Oh, I do hope not! I wouldn't want him to ever climax without permission, only as a reward for if he's been a good boy. I was going to let him, just once, as a special treat, when I got the key. But he's ruined that now!' Tears were forming in her eyes, Juliana embracing her comfortingly and giving him a wicked grin, running her tongue around her lips.

'I'm sorry, Miss Katherine. But he is a beast on the inside, no matter how docile he may be pretending to be. You've been far too soft with him, like your sister says.'

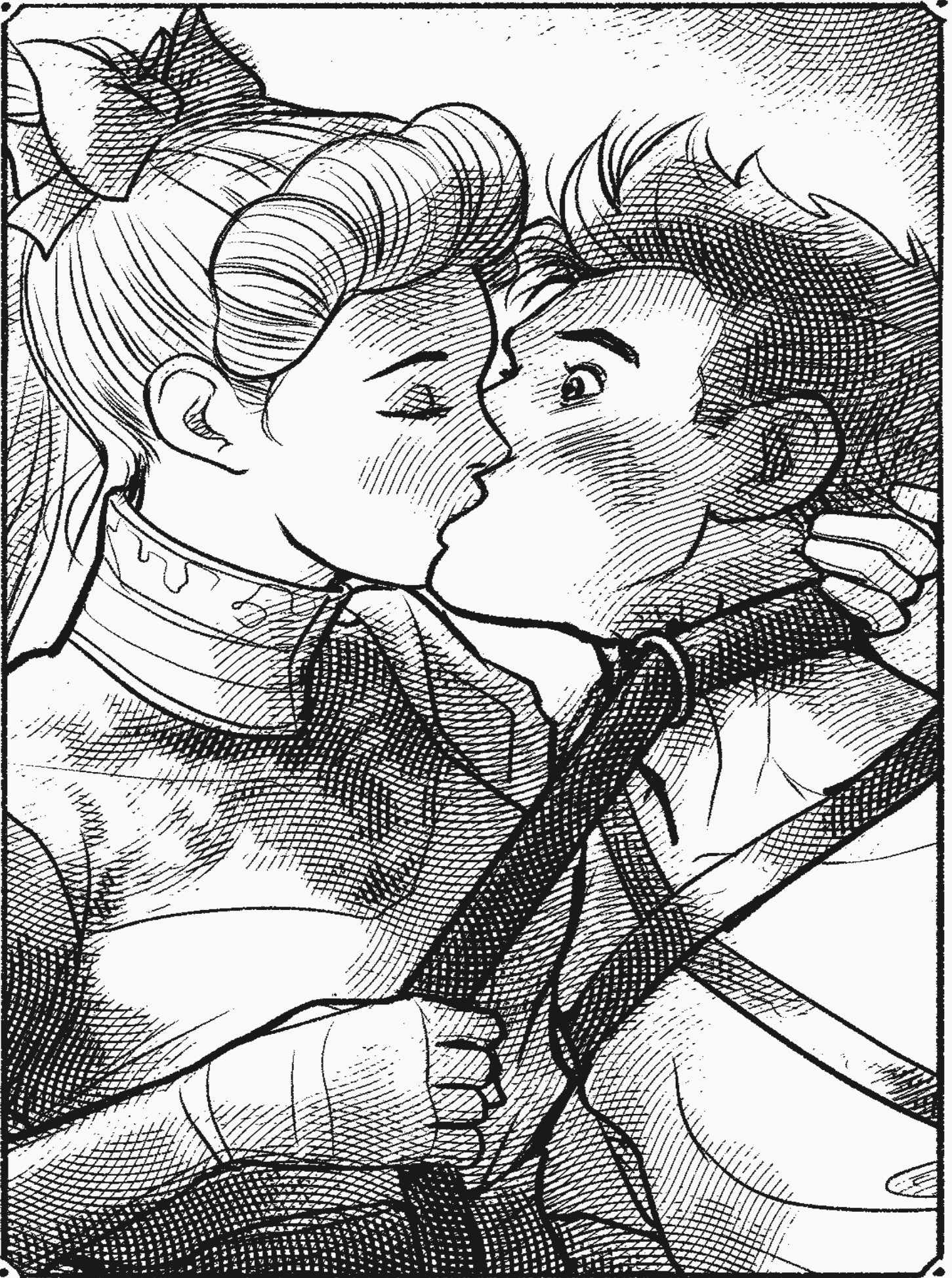
'I don't want to be mean like Charlotte though.' She sounded conflicted.

Juliana kissed her on the forehead, for all the world like a comforting older sister. 'You need to be sure he won't betray you again. He should climax only with your permission, by your hand. If he does otherwise, then he deserves punishment, isn't that right?'

He desperately wished to talk, to be able to tell the truth of what had happened, that Juliana had violated him in the night, but all he could do was blubber around the bit between his teeth, spit bubbling out.

'Oh? Look at that, I think he's getting angry.'

He couldn't even shake his head, or do anything to persuade Katherine otherwise, only able to try and look calm and innocent.



- A Change in Attitude -

She looked slightly fearful now, feeling his hardening cock again. 'I hope I can calm him down.' She reached through the pile of disciplinary items, pulling out a leather hood. 'I think if he goes a few days in the darkness, that will help. And I'll shorten his chains as well.'

His head was released from the bindings and the gag removed. For a moment his mouth could move, and he tried to speak in that moment, before Juliana pushed a ring behind his teeth, locking his mouth open again. His tongue waggled uselessly, unable to form anything more than soft mushy noises. Then the hood went over his head, blinding him. As he was released from his bindings, he made sure to be as docile as possible, not wanting to present any threat. His arms were bound behind his back, stretching his shoulders while his legs were fettered with a short chain.

A tug on his leash tightened it around his neck, making it clear that she should move or choke, taking slow and ungainly steps forward, trying not to fall over or walk into a wall. A hand brushed his backside, Juliana whispering to him. 'Do try to contain yourself, boy. Or the young Miss might get even more upset with you. And then I can't play with you again.' A hand ran up his spine, sending sparks of pained lust through his body before Katherine tugged on the leash again, pulling him forward.

The rest of the day was spent in darkness – he could always smell that Katherine was close by, her floral scent wafting through the air, and if he was inside or outside, but was denied anything more than that. The few times she touched him, even through her hands gloved in some soft fabric, wrapped fingers rubbing against his chest, or hair brushing his body, it was like fire, his senses flaring alive before dropping back into the darkness. He had to strain to hear her commands, failure to respond earning him little rebukes, pathetic swats from her crop that did no physical damage but wrenched his spirit, and made him want to tell her what had happened. Mewling through his gag did nothing but earn another weak slap, so he tried to remain silent, even when she tugged on the choke-chain around his neck, taking the breath from his lungs.

He was commanded onto all fours, her heels pricking the flesh of his back as he was reduced to a platform to stand on. She was probably wearing nothing beneath her dress again, her pretty slit so close above him. She shifted her weight slightly, heel digging in, harder this time. She climbed off, pressure suddenly gone, before she tugged on the leash, urging him forward. He went as if to stand before something impacted his shoulder, and he stayed down.

'If you really did come without permission, then you are nothing but a beast!' He could imagine her cute pout, although quailed at her words. Her hand touched his head, and he could imagine the warmth of her touch, even through the leather hood. 'Maybe Mother and Charlotte were right about you. Tongue out.'

He obeyed, sliding his tongue through the metal ring. He could hear fabric shift, her scent close, almost overpowering. 'Forward.' He slowly moved forward, tongue still out, probing the air. It encountered flesh, warm and sweet. He moved to the side, following the curve of her thigh, finding her slit. He lapped at her, happy to be of use, savoring her taste. He could just about hear happy little gasps and groans from above, her hands lightly clenching and unclenching on his head. He lost himself in the taste of her, his cock tightening against the metal that bound him.

As she climaxed, she pushed him away, leaving him directionless and lost. He shook his head, trying to feel for any resistance on the leash. He was suddenly pulled forward, leash tightening around his neck. A finger probed into his cock-cage, feeling his hardness.

‘You’re being naughty again!’ She sounded unhappy. ‘What should I do with you? I’ll have to check your cage every day, to see if you’ve soiled it without permission. If you have, then...’ Her voice went small and quiet. ‘...I’ll have to be mean to you.’ He mewed, trying to sound pitiful and sorry. She stroked his face through the hood. ‘Maybe a day with my sister would do you some good?’

He had heard the screams from Miss Charlotte’s rooms. He shook his head, making soft, pitiful whimpers as she embraced him, her breasts rubbing against his chest. ‘She won’t do anything you don’t deserve, and you have been bad, haven’t you? But I get the key tomorrow, and I’ve got a special new cage picked out, just for you.’ She kissed him, her tongue sliding into his mouth, tasting herself there.

As she did this, she pulled on the leash and tightened the collar, pulling it tight, making him struggle for breath. She was pushing him down now, her slight figure, far smaller and weaker than him, overpowering him, feeling his panic as the kiss continued and he fought to breathe. Her scent was suddenly overpowering, and he could feel himself growing harder, even as his consciousness began to fade. He ached for the touch of her skin, rather than the caress of the cloth she was wrapped in. Then, suddenly, her pressure was gone, and he could breathe again. She had let him go, vanishing from his senses. He tried to move, finding the leash snapping taut, tethered to something. He had been abandoned, tied in the library, bereft of his owner’s warmth and guidance. He cried, feeling the tears roll down his face, warm and painful, desperately hoping for her return.

Chapter Four: A Birthday Gift

He was on display, trapped in a short, barrel-like cage, his head through the top, wrists and ankles both locked in place by wooden boards. He was still gagged, but Miss Katherine had felt sorry for him and removed his blindfold, letting him watch the celebrations. Charlotte was dressed for the hunt again, and was allowing Juliana to tease her slave. He was currently spreadeagled against the wall, Juliana rubbing herself close against him. From his increasingly tense gasps and groans, she was having an effect.

After having her cake, Katherine was given the key to his cage. As Katherine's mother handed it over, she spoke. 'Do please be careful with your toy. You've always been such a sweet, innocent child, I wouldn't want you to come to harm. Look to your sister for guidance in these matters. Remember, he may look harmless, but is little more than a beast inside. If you are a little too rough and break him, then, well, there's no great loss, a replacement can be found easily enough. He is simply something to break in and get you used to the process, not something to get attached to.'

'I'm sure he wouldn't do such a thing!'

The mother approached, looking at him with contempt. He looked down, letting himself shrink back, looking as passive as possible. She slapped him in the cheek. 'He is meat. Meat to be shaped and refined into whatever you desire. This one lacks the grace and beauty to be superior, but he was cheap. It is better to break a few cheap pieces than ruin something of value. I would advise you to be rather firmer. But he is yours – I just hope that you won't regret your actions. At least some time with Charlotte would be wise, but if you insist otherwise, then that is your choice.'

She stepped away, letting Katherine reach into his cage. She gave him a pat on the head, then slowly unlocked him with her new key, letting the cage drop to the table.

'See, Mama? He is quite calm now.' She patted him on the head again. 'Good boy!'

'Even a beast will appear quelled when chained.'

Charlotte's crop cut the air, impacting onto the cage. 'At least let me show you how to discipline him properly. I don't think you even know how to use that crop properly, do you? Let me show you.' She stood behind Katherine, taking her arm and showing her the proper position. 'Now, open up the cage, and I'll show you how to use it.'

Katherine allowed herself to be bullied into opening the cage, so he was now fully exposed, air warm against his body, but still constrained.

'Don't be afraid to be a little rough, his kind heal fast. Now, power should come from the wrist, not the shoulder. It isn't a hammer, a little more delicacy is needed. Use it to command him.'

The crop approached again, poking at his testicles, pushing his flaccid cock up. Katherine moved close, examining him with interest, pushing it to the side. She gave a nervous giggle, letting it drop.

'A short flick to show intent.' Charlotte guided her sister's arm, making the crop pull back and then suddenly flick forward, a stinging blow to his sack. A muffled groan was pulled from

him, wishing he could protect himself. 'Pain serves an important lesson. They have to know that disobedience only brings suffering.' She made Katherine strike him again, harder this time. The stimulation was starting to affect him, penis starting to rise. 'You see? This is the effect you have. If he wasn't bound, he'd have you, here and now. He remains loyal only through fear. Now, touch it. You must have no fear of him - you own him, and can dispose of him any time you wish, or use him whoever you want to.'

Katherine's hand slowly reached out, gently cradling his sack, feeling its weight, then running a hand along his cock. It started to harden under her touch, and she drew back with a surprised yelp, giving it a curious prod. He tried to calm himself as she played with it, feeling its weight and heft, how it hung from his body. The tip was starting to glisten with precum, the heat building within him.

'Oh, he is an eager one, isn't he? I didn't realise he was quite that large, either - he might be worth a ride sometime. Now, as you haven't given him permission, you must punish him.'

Katherine removed her hand, and struck with the crop. Without guidance, her blow was weak, although still stung as it knocked against his swollen penis. Charlotte corrected her stance and showed her the correct action, and she struck again, this one a square hit to his testicles, knocking the air from him.

'This is because you haven't gotten permission. You are a bad boy. Bad!' She hit him with the crop again, starting to get the hang of it now, delivering a painful blow without guidance. He whined into his gag, wanting to speak to her, apologise, tell her about Juliana, but couldn't. Her voice got stronger and more confident. 'I was going to let you climax, but you ruined that. So now I have to punish you.' Another strike, this one going wide and hitting the bars of his cage.

Charlotte drew her sister back. 'You could test his loyalty. See if he will climax only for you. If he really has been a "good boy", if he can be trained.'

'Oh, I think he wants to be a good boy. Isn't that right?'

He tried to smile and nod, the gag and bindings making this impossible.

Charlotte gestured at Juliana, calling her forth and whispering into her ear. He wanted to draw back, close his legs, for his cock to shrink back, fearful of what was about to happen.

'If he really is loyal, then he won't cum for someone else. Juliana will put that to the test.'

The maid gave him a direct look, grinning at him and running her tongue over her lips. She bent down in front of him, her hair running over his cock, sending another surge of excitement through him as he tried to beg for relief, gag making this impossible. Katherine looked uncomfortable, but didn't stop her, instead moving to the side so that she could watch.

Juliana's mouth was warm and wet, slicking his cock, eagerly tasting him. He tried to regulate his breathing, forcing himself to calm, desperately fighting the urge to cum. She took his length into her mouth, tongue swirling around. He was whining now, wishing for relief of some kind. He looked up from Juliana's bobbing head to see Katherine's face, drawn and nervous. Looking into those eyes calmed him, distracting him from the lust spearing through his crotch, and seductive slurping and licking from Juliana's attention. He bit down on the gag, hard, forcing himself to focus, trying to regain control.

It was an agonising eternity, the ever-present temptation to release himself, allow Juliana to pleasure him, release his seed into her warm, soft mouth. But Katherine's worried eyes calmed him, gave him some level of control. Finally, Charlotte tapped Juliana on the shoulder, ordering her to stop. With a last lick, slow and languorous, she pulled back, leaving his cock bobbing there, painfully erect, wet with her spit. He shrank back in his bindings with a sigh, gratified to see Katherine's smile. She patted him on the head.

‘See? He’s a good boy after all.’ She dabbed at his cock with a serviette, threatening to finish him off.

‘I am surprised, you do seem to have managed something with your training, lax though it is.’ Her mother took a slice of cake. ‘But do please be careful. And kindly keep that thing pointed away from the food, it looks about ready to release.’

Katherine picked up his cock-cage, then looked at the swollen thing in front of her. She tapped it with the crop. ‘Shoo, shrink now, I need to put this back on.’

It took quite some time before he could make his body cooperate, Katherine locking his cock away again, favouring him with another pat on the head. After sealing him back into his cage, she returned to her party, enjoying the cake. Juliana was being punished, Charlotte now using her as a seat, after having given her a hearty spanking, her buttocks now covered with red hand-marks.

After the party, he was returned to Katherine’s chambers. His sleeping cage had a specific addition, a metal plate with a hole in. Each night, he was removed from his cockcage and the shaft and balls put through the hole. Katherine then examined him for any sign of residue, gloved hands carefully fondling his length, extending it to full size, gently peeling back the foreskin and checking him over. He had managed to keep from ejaculating over her so far, but only barely, and it was getting harder and harder to contain himself. He couldn’t stop imagining that sweet mouth taking his cock, tongue swirling around the head. Or Katherine mounting him, her dreamy smile on her face as she let him penetrate her.

She cupped his testicles, her breath dangerously stimulating by itself.

‘Good boy. You performed well today. But it has been tiring, so I think I will sleep now.’ She removed her clothing, standing there in front of him, soft and small and perfect, wearing only suspenders and holding her crop, the black stark against her white legs before she flicked it through the air a few times, getting more skilled with it. Then she fell back against the bed, face up, sprawled over the mattress. It didn’t take long for her to fall asleep, her chest rising and falling in a regular motion.

The door creaked open and Juliana snuck in. She put a finger against her lips as she tip-toed across the room until she was next to his cage. Her face was red, fingermarks clearly visible across her cheek from harsh slaps.

‘I can’t believe you didn’t cum today! But I think your mistress needs to learn the truth about you.’ She spat onto his flaccid cock, fingers caressing his flesh, soon bringing him to an erect state. He tried to make enough noise to wake his mistress, so she would know what was happening, but she remained asleep. Without her presence to steady him, it wasn’t long until he climaxed, seed shooting out across the room, landing on the belly and breasts of the sleeping Katherine.

‘That’s going to show her who you truly are when she awakens, won’t it? And it’ll be more than just that. I’m going to milk you dry, boy.’ She started tugging away again, denying him rest, swiftly bringing him to another climax, more silvery cum tainting the pure, perfect body of his mistress. He couldn’t do anything to stop the violation, couldn’t even ask Juliana to stop, as he was used, again and again, to despoil Katherine’s sweet flesh.

Finally, he was drained, unable to even get hard again. Juliana let his limp cock drop, going to look at the now cum-soaked body of Katherine. ‘She’s going to cage you properly after this. I hope you enjoyed your time in the sunlight, because it’s going to be a long time before you ever see it again.’

He tried to break free, rage filling him - the urge to grab Juliana, hold her down and violate her, rape her and make her cry herself. But the bonds held firm as Juliana left, after putting the plate down, blinding him. He could smell his cum mingling with the flowery scent of Katherine's body, and started to cry, alone in the dark, fearing Katherine's waking.

Chapter Five: A Pair of Punishments

He was spread out, free of his cage but now even more vulnerable, bound and naked in a standing spread-eagle between two posts, no metal protecting him, unable to move to protect himself. Around him were the well-maintained garden and grounds, flowerbeds ablaze with colour, lawn neatly trimmed. Charlotte had sent out a box of her own tools for her sister to use - whips, gags and hoods he all recognised, but there were several cruel-looking metal devices, spikes and prongs shining in the sunlight. Juliana was deliberately bending over, her short dress riding up and exposing her bare pussy to him as she checked all the items were present and ready for use.

She approached him holding a painful-looking gag, metal bars designed to force and hold someone's mouth open, even wider than his usual ring-gag. The mechanism made painful screeching sounds as she fiddled with the ratchets on it, holding it against his head as though checking the size. Then she grabbed his cock, running her fingers along the length then licking them, savoring the taste of him.

'Lucky for you I'm not your owner, or you'd be strapped into a cage except for this.' She grabbed his cock, quite hard. 'But you're in for it now, pretty little Miss Katherine was crying and Miss Charlotte was very, very unhappy about what you did to her precious sister.' She moved in closer, her breath sharp and hot against first his neck, then his ears as she whispered to him. 'Waking up covered with the seed of a filthy beast on her sweet, innocent body? I wonder what she would do if she knew her precious cunt had been tainted by your cum?' She nipped him on the ear. 'I heard that Charlotte used to be sweet and kind as well. I suppose you get to find out what she can do first hand.'

He tried to speak, but the thick ball between his lips made it impossible, as tears trickled down his face. Her fingers teased down his body, running over a nipple, flicking his navel, over his hips, then reaching his cock, already stirring to life. Dropping the metal gag, her other hand eased between her own legs, fingers returning moist. She rubbed them onto his face, her scent arousing him further.

'Oh, you are so easy! Catherine's slave takes a lot more work, but only the slightest touch and you're nice and hard.' She gave him a kiss on the cheek, then looked away. 'Shit, looks like the fun's over for me, and definitely for you.'

She let him go and picked the gag up, then dashed back to where the equipment was, hurriedly laying the rest of it out. Katherine and Charlotte approached, both looking serious, Charlotte's slave following close behind, leashed and bound. Katherine had changed her clothing to match her sister, now wearing the tight trousers, waistcoat and shirt of a hunter, above shiny black boots.

He shook his wrists, desperate for freedom so he could remove his gag and tell her what had happened. It wasn't his fault, Juliana had abused him, forced him to taint his mistress's pure body!

Katherine approached, then used her crop to poke at his penis, still semi-erect. 'You really are nothing but a beast. Were you getting excited by Juliana? You'd take her in a moment if you could, wouldn't you? You'd throw her down and violate her, like you did me.'

He shook his head as much as the chain around his neck allowed, sobbing and crying. The crop slapped against his testicles, pain exploding through his belly.

'Bad! Bad boy! Charlotte was right about you. I'm going to have to train you harshly. And make sure this little thing doesn't get out of control.' She used the crop to lift his cock, the weight of it bobbing around. Behind her, as Charlotte picked over the tools, Juliana lifted her skirt again, sending a surge of blood to his crotch. Katherine yelped, poking it with the crop, trying to push it away.

Charlotte walked closer, holding up several metal rings and clamps. 'I think this creature needs to learn his place, and that he may only climax when you give permission. And that if his foul and stinking seed should ever touch your body, then he will never climax again. First some clamps, and then the rings.'

He whimpered, trying to will his cock to shrink without success. Charlotte handed over one of the metal clamps. 'Put this on a nipple.'

Katherine looked nervous, but stepped up close. Her hair was in his face, the scent stimulating him as her soft hands brushed his chest, before a clamp was attached to a nipple, squeezing the flesh painfully. This was repeated on the other side of his chest, Charlotte nodding in approval and flicking one of them, a surge of pain flaring. 'Now, slip this over his sack and tighten it.'

Katherine's hands brushed against his cock and his sack, making him surge to full growth. Katherine yelped in fear before her sister slapped him across the face.

'Filthy animal! You should have been treated like this since the beginning.' She moved to help Katherine with the device, their hands stretching out his testicles, and then the metal locked tight between his balls and his cock. Charlotte produced another ring, this one spiked on the inside. 'Now he's swollen, he may as well stay that way.' It was pushed over his shaft and then tightened in place, spikes pricking his skin. 'That should keep him rampant for a while. Juliana, come.'

The maid approached, looking slightly unsure now. Charlotte took Katherine's hand and settled it on Juliana's head. 'Push her down. Make her kneel.' Juliana seemed to comply out of obedience rather than from force, but dropped down, mouth already opening. 'If you make him associate arousal and pain, then it should deter him from such thoughts. Now order her.'

Katherine nodded, trying to make herself imposing. 'Take him in your mouth. Without letting him finish, or I'll...', she stumbled over the words. '... I'll hurt you.'

Juliana didn't need telling twice, almost tearing herself from Katherine's grasp. Her mouth slipped over his cock, tongue flicking against his head. Charlotte gave further orders. 'If you let him cum, then I'll tie you outside the servant's quarters for the night.'

With her mouth full of his cock, Juliana's response was muffled and incomprehensible. Then the sisters walked behind him, out of sight. Juliana began to slow down, pulling back and then kissing his stretched-out sack, running her tongue along the bottom of his shaft. If it wasn't for the metal clamped onto him, he would have climaxed already, blowing his load over Juliana's face. Instead, he just whimpered, as she kissed his cock, leaving a smeared lipstick mark on his skin. 'You taste much nicer than the gentleman I have to service. They're all washed and fancy, but you're rough, like a real man should be. Not as rough as Catherine's toy,

but you're young yet.' She kissed him on the balls, tongue tracing wet lines onto his skin, drawing out another desperate whine through his gag.

Then a whip cracked against his back, drawing a line of fire from one shoulder downwards. He jolted in his bonds, cock slapping Juliana in the face and leaving a slobbery smear against her cheek, the clamps on his chest jerking and pulling at his skin. The whip slashed into him again, another strike searing against his bare back, while Juliana resumed servicing him, more slowly now, not wanting to be punished herself.

The strikes were slow and not that strong; it must be Katherine practising on him, but with Charlotte's guidance, they were still effective at stripping flesh from his back. Another strike, this one stronger, crossing over an earlier welt. Hot lines of fire seared him from behind with each lash, while he could feel pressure growing inside his balls, trapped behind the metal bands. Another whipcrack sounded, his scream muffled by the gag, Juliana sliding her mouth around her length. Pain and blocked lust filled his senses, agony on his back, frustration between his legs. He lost count of the strikes, all he was aware of now the cracking snap-sears of pain against his back and wet, frustrated pleasure of his cock, Juliana looking at him with a cheeky grin.

The whip blows stopped and he sagged forward, supported only by the chains. Juliana continued to kiss and tease him, lips and tongue working along his shaft, an agony of frustration.

Katherine came into vision, just about visible through his tears. 'Now do you understand why you shouldn't be a bad boy? I don't want to hurt you, but you've made me do this.' She brandished the whip at him, leather still wet with his blood. 'I was going to let you feel pleasure, just once, but you ruined it!' Tears formed in her own eyes, as he tried to speak through the gag, Juliana still lapping at his shaft. 'Now you have to be punished. Mama wanted to sell you, or lock you into a cage and solder it shut. But I think I can still train you.' Her voice turned harsh. 'If you ever do anything like what you did again, I will have to hurt you, badly, and I don't want to do that.' She tugged on one of his nipple clamps, stretching the flesh painfully.

She stepped away to move closer to Charlotte, who gave her a comforting hug, glaring at him with hatred. 'Juliana, strip.'

It took Juliana a moment to withdraw from the attention she was giving to his cock, but she obediently removed her apron, then pulled her dress over her head. Beneath she was entirely naked save for the leather band of her collar, glossy back shoes and stockings, suspender belt above her hips. Her breasts were larger than Katherine's, her skin tanned and freckled, a slight bush of pubic hair where Katherine was neatly trimmed and shaved. She must have upset Charlotte recently, her back bearing not-yet-healed lash-marks and what looked like bites.

Juliana twisted awkwardly, trying to hold her arms to hide her breasts and cunt before Catherine raised her crop and she remembered her place, holding her arms at her side, eyes down. Catherine tapped her on the cheek with it, not hard, but pushing her to look to the side, towards Catherine's own slave.

'It seems you have been distracting some of the footmen. Playing the coquette, and using that saucy little mouth of yours to give pleasure, when I haven't granted permission. So it seems I must teach another lesson.' She tapped Juliana on the cheek again, harder this time. 'And then seal that mouth and cunt of yours. I thought you were obedient, but it seems I was wrong. Later, perhaps, something a little more permanent, but I think these will suffice for now.' From the items on the table she produced a chastity belt and a modified ring-gag, the ring filled with a large plug that could be locked into position, attached to the gag by a short length of chain.

‘Before you lock these on, then I think my sister needs to be shown the savagery that beats within such filth. Hands behind your back.’ A wide leather band strapped Juliana’s arms together. ‘If you enjoy being such a tease, then being filled by two at once will be an experience, I imagine. And then some time in the darkness. Aunt Melissa says that’s always good for overstimulated slaves.’

Katherine unlocked his ankle-cuffs, then stretched up high, barely able to reach his wrist-cuffs. ‘You are going to punish that naughty, slutty girl, aren’t you? But then no more. You may empty yourself into meat, just this once, you understand. And then I’ll train you properly.’ She gave him a smile, sweet and pure, before gently kissing him on the forehead. ‘Oh, I suppose I should take these off first.’ She pulled off the metal binding his balls and cock, and it was all he could do not to climax then and there. The look on Juliana’s face was not one of fear, but rather anticipation, looking eager, already starting to spread her legs.

Charlotte was unlocking her own slave, his cock springing forth as the cage around his crotch was removed. She held up a hand, commanding him to stay, as Katherine finished untying the boy.

As soon as he was untied, he leapt forward, moving past his owner and grabbing Juliana, pushing her over. He took her from behind, grabbing her hips and sliding into her damp slit. It was even better than her mouth, tight and warm, embracing the length of his cock, pulling him in.

Katherine’s slave grabbed at Juliana’s head, pulling it up and shoving his own cock into her mouth. They pierced her from both ends, slamming into her before he ejaculated, her own cries lost beneath their guttural, gagged moans. She wasn’t allowed to rest as he pulled out, lost in lust and rage. This time he took her like an animal, pulling apart her pert buttocks and pushed into her. Even through the cock filling her mouth, she gasped and moaned, as she was taken so roughly, pushing her hips back against him, letting herself be filled and taken. She responded with a hunger of her own, wanting to be used and filled between the two slaves.

Catherine gave her a sister a reassuring hug. ‘You see? Nothing but a beast. But now you have seen how he truly is, then you know what you must do. Spare the rod and spoil the child - put him to the lash, and see what you can make of him.’

Katherine looked at him, rutting on the floor, thrusting into the now-limp body of Juliana, as cum oozed from her mouth and snatch. ‘Yes. I will have to be harsher now. Lock him away and make sure he behaves.’ A savage groan came from behind his gag as he grabbed at Juliana’s breasts, her bound hands flailing, lost in her own lust as she was pounded between them.

Chapter Six: Playing with Toys

The boy was strapped onto his board again, cock-plate locked in position. Miss Katherine was at her desk, pen scratching at paper as she wrote a letter. She had been harsher now, keeping him sealed in darkness more often, teasing him while practising her whip- and crop-skills, leaving him in a confused and frustrated haze between pleasure and pain.

The two opened, one of the other servants showing in two other nobles, the same age as Katherine. One was soft and curvaceous, a round face framed by blonde hair, above generous breasts, a body made to be embraced and hugged and kissed. She hung back slightly, letting the other enter first - this one was shorter, skinnier body wrapped in a tight corset, long skirts falling to her ankles, a choker dark against her pale throat, her hands hidden beneath black gloves.

She snuck up behind Katherine, the boy trying to make a squeak to warn her. She looked at him, disapproval on her face and already reaching for her crop, as the newcomer grabbed the back of her chair and tilted it. She squawked as she pitched backwards, the young woman holding it at an angle, looking down into Katherine's face. Then they both started to giggle, the sound bouncing between them, the other one joining in until all three were united in laughter.

Katherine managed to regain her balance, standing and embracing them both. He suppressed a pang of jealousy, wishing he could hold Katherine like that, freed of bonds at least, if not his cock-cage.

'You should have said you were visiting!'

The soft one spoke, voice quiet, although she was smiling. 'Eliza wanted it to be a surprise. And you looked surprised!'

The other one spoke. 'Victoria wanted to see how you were training your boy. We're not allowed them yet!' She grimaced, then moved across to the boy. 'Well, he looks clean enough. Although I thought this would be bigger.' She touched his flaccid cock with her gloved hand, causing a faint stirring. She looked at it cautiously, then carefully stroked it again, encouraging the growth.

'Be careful Eliza, he lacks control! He's already being punished.' This didn't stop Eliza from continuing to stroke his shaft, forcing him to grow. She stared him in the eye, domineering despite her slight stature. He tried to flinch backwards, but there was no give in his constraints, bands and wood unyielding.

'I need to finish this letter, or Mama will be disappointed. Once that's done, then I can play with you.' Katherine picked up some padded leather pads and placed them over her ears, allowing her to concentrate as she returned to her writing. This left the newcomers with only one thing to distract them - the soft one came over, looking at the boy, then at the pile of equipment. More of it than before had been used, Katherine figuring out the most effective ways to use it now that she deemed punishment to be required.

Eliza took a firm grasp of his sack. 'You just need to use a commanding voice. Boy, behave, or I shall have your mistress punish you.' Her gloved hand continued to squeeze, pressure threatening to bring him close to the edge. He tried to nod, eager to please, not wanting to be locked away again. 'I think I might try a few of these, see how they work.' She picked up

a cane, clacking it against his restraints. Then she found a choke-collar, smacking the leather against her gloved hand.

Victoria had picked up a hood, this one shaped like a dog's head, with ears and a muzzle. 'He's locked up though. Why don't you try it on me?' She held out her hand, palm up. She made barking noises. 'I could be your cute little doggie to train, woof!'

Eliza bent over, her long, black hair brushing along his cock, a new source of frustrating sensation, but mercifully too gentle to finish him off. She leant in, the rigid material of her corset brushing against his head, forcing him to yelp, almost splattering the fine material with his cum, biting down on his gag to prevent himself. She looked down at him, seeming almost disappointed. 'Well, I suppose her toy is locked away for now. Although, Lady Victoria, it is ill-befitting for one of your rank to be a dog.'

'Woof woof!' Victoria bent her hands into paws, keening at Eliza.

She sighed in defeat. 'If you insist, Lady Victoria, but please don't tell your parents, or I'll be in a lot of trouble. Hands out.'

Victoria put the hood down and knelt, raising her hands. Eliza took the cane again, lightly tapping it against her hands, hard enough to sting but without leaving any marks. As she moved, her skirt swished out, the fabric brushing against his cock with each flick of the cane. Victoria's face broke into a dazed smile as her hands were punished. Eliza twisted her hips for a heavier blow, heavy fabric rubbing his cock-head, and pushing him too far. He came, seed flying and splattering onto the dark fabric, pearly beads tainting it. He managed to keep silent, hoping she wouldn't notice as she played with her friend.

'Lady Victoria, I do find this rather strange without a male involved.'

The only response was a satisfied gasp from Victoria as her hand was struck again. 'But we're such good friends, I think you should practice on me.' Victoria started stripping off. Her ample curves spilled forth from beneath her corset, soft and warm flesh, a golden tuft between her legs. She dropped to all fours, making happy 'yipping' noises, nuzzling against Eliza's legs, now shaking her head in bemusement.

'Do settle down, Lady Victoria.' Eliza grabbed her by the hair, trying to be gentle but needing enough force to keep her still. She took a gag from the pile, a ring slipping behind Victoria's teeth to keep her mouth open, and then the hood went on, covering her head. Eliza used the choke-collar to secure it, putting two fingers through the O-ring and ragging Victoria's head around, but without too much force.

Her smile became slightly vicious, especially when she looked over and saw the boy watching them, cock now flaccid. He whined pathetically, hoping she wouldn't notice his seed upon her clothing.

'Well, you can't be a real dog. A real dog has paws, not hands.' She lifted up a stretch of black leather covered with buckles. 'Bend your arm, so you are walking on your elbows.' The order was followed, Eliza swiftly wrapping the leather banding around Victoria's arms, binding wrists to shoulders, hands coming out of the top, flapping impotently. A leather pad at the bottom gave some relief to the elbows, but Victoria was now unable to use her hands or arms for anything other than crawling.

She gave another happy bark from beneath the hood, Eliza giving her a soft tap on her rear. 'Down, girl.' Obedience was swift, and Eliza bound Victoria's legs as well, ankles to thighs, forcing her friend onto all fours, unable to rise. That done, she stood back to admire her work. 'Good doggie.' Victoria trotted around, feeling the limits of movement, drawing back suddenly

as the collar tightened around her neck. 'Do try and stay close, I wouldn't want to have to explain marks on your neck to your parents. Now, sit!'

Victoria leant back as best she could, bound arms leaving the ground, spreading her arms to display her breasts and the slight pudge of her belly, golden hair spilling out from beneath the hood, matching the thatch between her legs.

'Good girl.' Eliza patted her on the head. 'You have earned a treat.' She pulled out a sweet and put it on her gloved palm, holding it out. Victoria managed to twist herself closer, wriggling her rear across the ground, tongue emerging through the metal ring as she managed to lick up the sweet. She started working it around her mouth to break it down.

'Now, I think you need to be checked. Just like at a dog show.' Eliza tugged on the chain, pulling Victoria back onto all fours, breasts swaying. The room was sufficiently small that she could only lead Victoria on small circles, displaying her ample rump and glistening slit to an imaginary crowd. 'Sit!' Victoria was obedient.

Eliza moved a chest over in front of the boy's cage, making a platform. She tugged on the leash, and Victoria moved forward, uncertain now, tongue still flicking around the sweet in her mouth. 'Up.' It took a few tries and some help for Victoria to get onto the chest, raising her up off the ground. Her forcibly-opened mouth was now close to his cock, tongue still swilling around the sweet, her eyes gleaming beneath the hood.

Eliza stroked a gloved hand along Victoria's back, then gave her a sudden harsh spank. Victoria let out a happy little sigh through the gag, twisting herself with pleasure as Eliza started to assess her.

'A well-bred bitch, of good bloodline.' She felt the hanging breasts, pulling at them, squeezing the nipples. 'Good flesh, well figured.' Eliza gently fingered Victoria's pussy, before easily sliding a finger in, the leather coming back shiny and slick. 'Hot and ready to be bred.' She slid two fingers in now, sliding them back and forth, listening as Victoria started to pant, her hips sliding back and forth in time. 'Over-eager, but that can be trained out.' She removed her fingers, Victoria giving a frustrated whine.

By now, he was starting to harden again, Victoria's mouth close enough he could feel her breath on his cock. Eliza reached through his cage, glancing over at Katherine, still busily working, as Eliza wiped her fingers onto his flesh. The smell was like Miss Katherine's; sweet, clean and light, setting his heart racing. 'Perhaps some mongrel stock could be introduced to strengthen the bloodline?'

Victoria gave a questioning whine, head twisting uncertainly. Eliza grabbed her by the top of the hood, pulling it closer to his cock. Victoria's breath was almost painfully hot, then her tongue flicked out, caressing his most sensitive part. Eliza reached through the cage, poking him in the forehead as she stared down at him. 'If you should pollute the daughter of one of the peers of the realm, then your punishment will be extremely unpleasant. So for your sake, I hope you have some control.'

If he hadn't already blown his load onto her dress, then it would have been hell, as she gently kissed his tip, then took more of his length into her soft mouth. He could feel the sweet there, a hard lump brushing against him, as Eliza moved behind her and began fingering her again. Victoria was sandwiched between himself and Eliza, her tongue flicking and lapping at his shaft as she was fingered herself.

He was on the edge of exploding again, when she gave a happy sigh as she reached her own climax, pulling herself off him, a trail of spit following. Eliza dabbed at her face with a

handkerchief, wiping the spit away, then wiping more of Victoria's juices onto his chest. His cock hung there, erect and unfulfilled.

'She must have trained you well, I suppose.' She flicked it, making it bob up and down. 'Now, Lady Victoria, Katherine is probably almost done, and then she might let us play with her toy properly.'

Victoria gave a slightly annoyed whine, managing to dismount the raised platform and going over to the pile of equipment, pushing at something with her gagged mouth. Eliza moved over and picked up the item - a strap-on dildo. Putting it on was complicated by her long skirts, the strap between her thighs requiring her to pull the skirts up, exposing her ankle-boots and lace stockings. As soon as it was on, Victoria pushed against her legs, just like an over-enthusiastic puppy, until Eliza knelt down, letting Victoria lick and nuzzle the shaft, slicking the black shaft with spit.

She pushed Victoria away. 'Down. And present yourself for breeding.' Victoria obeyed, pushing her face against the ground, her butt and pussy rising up. Eliza gave her a spank, taking the fake cock in hand. 'Now, shall I take you like a dog, or like a woman?' She gently pushed the tip first against the girl's wet, yielding pussy, then against the tight pucker of her anus. The first got a hopeful grunt, the second a slight whine. Eliza spanked her. 'If this is the position you want to be placed in, you can scarcely complain about having choices forced upon you!'

She moved the cock to the waiting and yielding pussy, gently pushing it in, just the tip at first, then with greater force. Victoria started to groan happily, grinding herself backwards, ensuring the thing was buried into her. It didn't take long for her to climax, sagging downwards with a pleased whine, Eliza removing the now-moist cock. She looked at it with distaste, putting it aside.

Katherine finished her work, putting the pen down with a heavy 'clunk'. She removed the ear-muffs and looked up to see her friends, Victoria happily rubbing herself against Eliza, who was rearranging her skirts where the strap-on had pulled them askew, stocking-clad legs vanishing from view behind the cum-stained fabric.

'What are you doing? Lady Victoria, are you alright!?'

Eliza sighed. 'She appears to enjoy such things.' She almost fell over as Victoria butted against her, wanting to be stroked and petted. Eliza pushed her off, nudging her head away and walking over to Katherine, whispering in her ear. She looked at him, as he tried to make his cock shrink again, her gaze showing doubt. Then she nodded, pulling out the key to his cage and walking over. 'Now, I hope that you are going to be well behaved, or I'll have to try this on you.' She reached into the pile and plucked out an item at random, a leather sphere with a pump attached, blowing it up. She gestured with it, but seemed unsure as to what it was, something for which he was merciful.

She unlocked the cage, then released his limbs. 'Wrists' She gestured with the crop and he obeyed, wrists out, bound with a short chain, connected to a collar around his neck. 'Down.' At this level, he was eye-to-eye with Victoria, still making satisfied panting sounds. Katherine shackled his ankles as well, his wrists, ankles and neck all connected together. She gently tapped his cock with her crop, not hard enough to hurt, but it still sent a thrill through him. His mouth was free for once, but talking without permission, especially in front of her friends, would do nothing but invite punishment. She sat on him, almost absently, her slight weight easy to bear.

Victoria moved towards him, tongue flicking out, rubbing against his cheek. Eliza tugged on her leash, pulling her back. 'Bad! No! Please do control yourself. I think that is quite enough.'

Victoria whined as Eliza bent down, kissing her hooded forehead. 'Katherine is going to let us play with her toy, so we can have some more fun together. Without you being a dog.' Victoria gave a slight grumbling shake, happier in her current position.

From her seat, Katherine reached back, grasping his sack, cupping it in her hand. 'He hasn't been allowed release for several weeks, so I'm going to lock him up. We wouldn't want any accidents, would we?' She squeezed, harder than was necessary, then dismounted. He stayed in the position he had been put, watching as Eliza removed Victoria's restraints, restoring her humanity. She stood, naked and unashamed, staring down at him as she massaged her limbs, then embraced Eliza, the other girl accepting the hug awkwardly.

Meanwhile, Katherine tried to get his cage over his erect cock, flicking at it in frustration, unyielding metal painful as she tried to force it on and lock it shut. Eliza glanced down with cold contempt, before responding to Victoria's approach, kissing her on the lips, fondling a breast, other hand dropping to the tufted hair between Victoria's legs, gloved fingers probing through it.

Katherine was getting increasingly irritated, spanking him, although not very hard. 'Calm down, or I'll hand you over to Charlotte!' That was like being dunked into icy water, as he furiously tried to calm himself down, thinking of something else, anything else. His throbbing slowly abated, until Katherine was able to lock him in, metal banding still painfully tight.

Eliza pushed Victoria off and looked down at him with contempt. 'I thought you had him trained? He appears loyal enough, but seems prone to... excitations.' She sat on the bed, raising the pointed toes of her boot against his chin and pushing his head up, forcing him to stare into her eyes. 'Probably for the best you keep him locked away. If he were to soil me, I would punish him harshly.'

Katherine defended him. 'Oh he wouldn't do that, would you.' She flicked the cage, rattling metal, halting his shrinkage. 'He's a good boy, he just gets excited sometimes.'

'I hope you are sufficiently harsh with him?'

Katherine gave his balls a sudden harsh squeeze. 'Oh yes. And he's been a lot better since then. He knows that if he misbehaves again then he will be punished. Isn't that right?'

He nodded, at least as much as he could with Eliza's shoe holding his head up. As she dropped it, he was able to let his head drop. Katherine sat on him, able to talk to her friend.

'I won't loose! He's a good boy, and I've trained him specially.'

Eliza stood. 'Lady Victoria, please dress yourself. You are not a dog anymore.' She helped Victoria back into a silk shift, soft curves still openly displayed, material doing little to conceal her shape. Then she picked up a blindfold. 'A game before dinner, then.'

Katherine nodded. 'Yes. And if I win, then I get your dessert!'

'And if I win, then some time with your boy.' Eliza gave him a nasty smile.

Victoria was still slightly blissed out, leaning against Eliza. 'If I win, then I think I will take you to that cute teashop near St Pancras.' This seemed to confuse Eliza more than anything else, but she nodded, and passed the blindfold over to Katherine. She shifted atop him, her hair tracing hot lines along his back, breath tickling the back of his neck as she buckled the blindfold on, blinding him.

He could hear the rustle of fabric as Eliza undressed, then the weight of Katherine moved from his back, and she undressed. He could see it in his mind, the differences between their youthful bodies - Victoria all soft, ample curves, to embrace and bury himself in. Eliza slender, fine-boned and small-breasted, holding herself proudly erect. And Katherine... She hadn't allowed him to see her naked since the incident, but memories of her were burnt into his mind, her slender waist, perfectly proportioned breasts, the shape of her waist, hips and thighs. He

went tight against his cage, hearing them move, giggling as they complimented each other, Katherine astounded at the size of Victoria's breasts.

Someone grabbed his head, plugs being pushed up his nostrils, blocking off his sense of smell. He couldn't stop himself making a grunt of surprise, as Eliza spoke. 'Your mistress has scent-trained you, so it would be unfair not to block that off.'

Katherine spoke, giving him a comforting stroke. 'To prove that you are mine, you should be able to identify me by taste.' A crop flicked against his cock-cage. 'You are going to use your tongue on each of us, and I want you to show all your training. And then identify me. If you fail...' The crop flicked out again, harder this time, clashing against metal.

He gave what he hoped was an accepting yelp as a leash was tied around his neck, leather pads going over his ears to deafen him. There was a tug on the leash, pulling him forward. He obeyed the pull, tongue probing the air as it pulled him forward, the contact of warm flesh almost a surprise.

He followed the line of their body, kissing the soft meat of their inner thigh. It was soft and yielding, less toned than Katherine, too large to be Eliza. This must be Victoria then. The leash was pulled again, and he leant in, having to breathe through his mouth as he encountered soft pubic hair, tasting excitement on the fine fluff. She was holding herself spread, allowing him easy access to her most sensitive part, his tongue flicking and swirling against her walls. He couldn't hear her, but he could feel her shifting and moving, a hand on his head keeping him in place. She tasted different to Katherine, richer somehow. Already primed, it didn't take long for her to climax, softly ample thighs clamping around his head, locking him against her body until he was released.

He was pushed away, back into darkness, his manhood now feeling like it would burst against the cage. Another tug on the leash, and he moved forward again. These legs were more toned, but he couldn't tell if it was Katherine or Eliza. With his nose blocked, he couldn't smell anything, couldn't revel in the scent of his mistress, being allowed to pleasure her. If this was her. The taste seemed similar, but he couldn't be sure. He thrust his tongue in deeper, trying to get a full taste of whoever he was inside of. A leg hooked around the back of his head, pulling him even closer in, threatening to suffocate him unless he was able to get them off fast, his breath drawing short.

They twitched and shook around him, his entire world the gap between the leg on the back of his head and their eager pussy, as they orgasmed, squirting their juices over his face. The leg dropped away, and he softly retreated, stroking them with his tongue as he withdrew, daring to kiss their hips, then their navel. This must be Eliza - Katherine was softer and less boney.

It wasn't long until he was tugged forward again, to the third girl. Knowing that it was his owner, he reacted enthusiastically, swirling his tongue into the familiar cunt. The rhythm of their breathing was known to him, the feeling of her thighs clamping around his head sending another painful scourge of blood to his meat. She quickly succumbed to the pleasure, falling into orgasm, body panting until he was pushed away.

A few minutes later, the blindfold was removed. Eliza was already partially dressed, hiding her skin away, Victoria and Katherine still naked, although Katherine had her crop in hand, cutting it through the air. 'Now, boy, which was I? The first...' He didn't move, staying in place, down on all fours. '...the second...' Still no movement. 'Or the third.' He moved forward, towards her, hoping he was right.

She smiled, kneeling and patting him on the head. 'See? He is a good boy. And a good boy will have some cake later.'

Eliza looked annoyed at not having a chance to punish him further, but then a gong sounded from elsewhere in the house, indicating it would soon be dinner. They looked at each other, then scrambled to get dressed, helping each other into their dresses and corsets, yielding flesh disappearing beneath stiff and heavy fabric. As they moved, Katherine shackled the boy into a loose hogtie, wrists and ankles chained together, connected to a ring in the ceiling and preventing him from moving far even if he wanted to. In a flurry of giggles and dresses, they left, leaving him suspended just above the floor, cock slowly fading away to a less painful size.

Chapter Seven: Draining Dry

Miss Katherine was happy, skipping along as she pulled him forward, whistling to herself. The sun was bright, shining through her dress, illuminating the shape of her body through the fabric. Victoria was lost in her own dreamy world, her fingers drifting between her throat and crotch - she had made Eliza collar, cuff and belt her when dressing this morning, the restraints hidden beneath her clothing but bringing a flush to her cheeks, Eliza just looking confused. She was walking close by the boy, long skirts brushing against his legs, occasionally looking up at him with a worrying grin, running her hands along his arms and waist.

Katherine turned and smiled at him, sending his heart soaring. 'Don't worry, I'm sure this will help. We wouldn't want you running rampant, would we? Then I'd have to throw you away.' They turned, hope turning to fear as he realised where they were going - towards Miss Charlotte's apartments. He paused for a moment, the leash drawing taut. Katherine turned again, a cross expression clouding her features. She tugged on the leash. 'Come.'

Eliza pinched his buttock. 'You need to be firmer with him. He's still young, not yet fully trained.' Her tone became harsh and commanding. 'Obey your mistress.' She pinched again, harder this time.

His steps slowed, but he obeyed moving towards the wooden doorway. He'd never passed the threshold, but he'd heard the screams, and the whispers from the other servants, of Charlotte and her devices. What was she going to do with him? He whimpered, Katherine stepping towards him, running a soft hand along his face.

'You need this, to be properly trained to be my pet. And then I can train you myself.' She tugged on the leash again. 'Come.' He obeyed, Katherine pushing the door open.

Inside was a suite of rooms, filled with the usual paraphernalia of nobility - ornaments, books, clothing scattered over couches. Ahead of them were two servants, one male, one female, locked into metal frames that allowed each limb to be posed, the occupants unable to escape. From the red marks and welts across their flesh, Charlotte had been punishing them, although the gags in their mouths meant neither could speak. A discarded sketchbook showed a part-completed drawing of them, limbs splayed, open and defenceless.

'Charlotte?' Katherine tied his leash to a hook on the wall, then started to search the rooms for her sister. Eliza and Victoria went to inspect the bound servants, feeling their flesh, playing with the frames and repositioning them like life-sized dolls. Neither resisted, fearful of further punishment, as Eliza picked up a cane from the floor. She flicked it experimentally through the air. Victoria hopefully extended her hands, palms up.

'I wonder what it feels like?' She smiled at Eliza, who rolled her eyes then flicked the cane against the bare palms. Victoria's smile became even more dreamy, eyes misting as her hands were struck by the cane. She gave a happy little sigh, followed by one of disappointment when Eliza stopped. 'If your father notices you've got injuries, I'm going to get in a lot of trouble. So please find things that won't leave marks, Lady Victoria.'

Katherine returned with her sister. She was dressed for the hunt again, breeches highlighting her taut legs and buttocks, a smart dress shirt and a black string tie. She smiled when she saw the boy, but hers was a predatory expression.

‘Through here. Everything should be ready now.’ Then she approached Eliza, giving her a hug, before bowing at Victoria. ‘Lady Victoria, Eliza, it has been too long. Hopefully this will be educational for you both.’

They were led into a smaller room. The air here was sharp with something medicinal, every surface clean and wiped down. Compared to the mess of the main room, everything here was neat and tidy, glass-fronted cabinets holding a diverse array of tools; metal clamps, gleaming steel coils, polished leather restraints, blindfolds and hoods, along with several frames and blocks on which servants could be restrained while allowing access to their bodies. Her own slave was hooded and shackled to the wall, Juliana running a duster over his bare and engorged cock, angry red flesh straining for release.

‘Juliana, leave him be and prepare this one. Katherine, give her the leash.’

Juliana looked at him, her eyes wicked, tongue running over her lips hungrily. ‘Yes, Miss Charlotte.’ She turned around, grinding her backside against the shaft before walking away and leaving it bobbing impotently, his arms straining against the chains binding him to the wall. Metal was now locked about her crotch, a chastity belt constraining her juicy cunt.

In the centre of the room was a metal chair, just enough padding to stop the occupant cutting themselves against the edges. Lots of straps were in place, enough to fully secure someone, prevent any movement. And it was made so it could be moved, the legs or arms locked wide and spread.

Juliana whispered at him. ‘Don’t screw up boy, or I’ll be in the shit as well.’ Her scent was very different to Katherine’s that of harsh, cheap soap above the scent of her skin. ‘So play along and you might get out with your balls intact.’

He let himself be pulled over to the chair and sat down, metal cold even through his clothing. Juliana turned and curtsied, in so doing flipping the back of her dress up enough to show off her metal belt, a plug secured in place by the metal. ‘Do you wish him to be stripped, Miss Katherine?’

‘Yes please.’

He began to undress, moving before Juliana could do it for him, removing his shirt and sash. He arched his back to let her pull his trousers down, his chastity belt clinking against the metal seat. She unbuckled his collar, leaning in far too close, her eyes bright as her breasts rubbed against his chest, only the thin fabric of her dress in the way. Then she started to strap him in - first his neck, a thick leather strap that made it hard to turn his head, before another went over her forehead. Next were his wrists, strapped to armrests. The metal curved beneath his fingers, a smooth shape without any sharp edges that might unintentionally cut the captive. She knelt between his legs, her breath hot on his thighs, hair brushing against him as another strap was placed around each of his upper legs, then another around each ankle.

Charlotte nodded in approval, Katherine looking slightly more worried. Behind them, Eliza and Victoria were looking through the items, Victoria experimentally taking a clamp and putting it on her tongue, a weight dangling against her chin. Eliza flicked it, metal ball dancing about, Victoria wriggling in delight.

Charlotte spoke. ‘First, the meat needs to be tenderised.’ She handed her sister a multi-tailed whip. ‘To establish the threat.’ Katherine took the item and advanced, flicking the thing, cords falling limply through the air. ‘From the wrist, not the shoulder.’ The next blow had more

force behind it, Juliana stepping smartly to the side to avoid it. It struck across his chest, multiple stinging impacts.

Katherine spoke, trying to make her voice commanding, still sounding mostly cute. 'This is for your own good, to make you a better pet.' She struck him several more times, a few strikes bouncing off his chastity belt or the chair, most falling across his chest and belly. 'I have some medicine you need to take. It's a gift from Aunt Melissa.' She opened up a pillbox, taking out a powdery white lump and dropping it into his mouth. 'Swallow.'

Despite the size of the thing, he obeyed. It hit his stomach, rapidly having an effect. He felt heat surge through him, blood rushing to his crotch, flesh engorging and straining against the metal. Before he could say anything, she had slid a gag over his mouth, a leather lump sliding between his teeth, as she fumbled behind his neck to buckle it into place.

The pain was immense, cock forcing itself against unyielding metal. His pain must have shown on his face, as Katherine fumbled for the key. As soon as the metal was removed, his cock sprang out, fully erect, almost hitting Katherine in the face. She looked at it with shock, gingerly giving it a poke. He'd never been so hard, even when Juliana was teasing him!

'This is for your own good. Before you can be properly trained, you need to be fully drained.' She cupped his testicles, lightly squeezing them, looking at her sister for confirmation. 'This need to be completely empty.' She adjusted an unseen lever, his arms and legs swinging apart so he was even more exposed. 'And then we can start properly.'

Charlotte ran a hand over his body, fingers brushing over his cock, then his balls, then dropping lower, lightly probing his buttocks. 'Have you ever taken him like a dog? I imagine not. It can be useful to establish dominance.' She pushed slightly against his lower entrance, just shy of penetration, tears coming to his eyes as he realised what she meant.

Then Charlotte grabbed Juliana by the neck and pushed, bringing her to her knees. 'Open.' Juliana's eyes were wide, shocked by the size of the cock in front of her but she obediently moved her lips over it, flicking her tongue over the head, before starting to take it into her throat, Charlotte pushing her onto it. He grunted and gasped into the gag, as Katherine looked at him, worry and pity in her eyes.

'Don't worry, it'll be over soon. Oh, I need to get some scent, to properly train you.' She patted him on the forehead, then moved out of sight. There came sounds he recognised as her gasps of masturbation, as she pleased herself nearby. He couldn't watch, all his focus on the tight wetness around his cock as Juliana was held in place until he came. Spit and cum dribbled out from her mouth, but his erection didn't subside, as Juliana was permitted to withdraw, coughing and spluttering.

Charlotte examined his cock, lightly slapping it with the back of her hand. 'It seems Aunt Melissa was right, it doesn't subside. Juliana, continue.'

Juliana coughed, white spittle flecking the floor. She took a deep breath and then set to her task. She was slower and more gentle this time, kissing along the shaft, running her tongue around the head, teasing him, until it felt like he would rip apart from the pressure. She looped her thumb and forefinger around his shaft tightly, preventing his release as her tongue flicked against the crown of his cock. If it hadn't been for the restraints, then he would have grabbed her head and forced himself into her, but all he could do was uselessly strain against the bands, praying she would bring him release soon.

Something soft and warm brushed against his face, Katherine delicately placing her panties there, tucking them under his gag, so he could smell them. The scent of her pushed him over the edge, a load blasting onto Juliana's face, even through her teasing. It caught her across one eye,

white paste slicking her face. She moved to wipe it away, Charlotte grabbing her hand, then the other wrist and cuffing them behind her back, before unlocking her chastity belt, the metal dropping to the floor.

‘Holes only now, no hands.’

Juliana was looking slightly dazed, but rose to the task, lifting herself onto the chair and mounting him, slick enough that she easily slid over him. Despite having peaked twice already, he was still hard, feeling her tighten around his length. Eliza approached, Victoria now on a leash, a ring between her lips and her tongue out, metal ball still clamped in place, cheeks tinted pink.

She bent low over him, hair stroking his face, hips grinding against him. It seemed to take an eternity before he came again, sweat slicking his body, cock starting to hurt from the rubbing. As he finally climaxed, he sank back, Juliana pulling herself off.

‘Again.’

Juliana looked taken aback, but was obedient, turning around and spreading her buttocks, lowering herself more carefully this time, her anus less yielding than her pussy had been. This time, it took even longer to climax, his balls feeling on fire, shaft raw and sore. He was panting for breath now, every inhalation filled with the scent of Katherine, desperate for it to stop. But Juliana was ordered to take him, again and again, his spurts getting weaker and weaker, until all he produced was pathetic white dribbles.

Juliana collapsed to the floor, eyes twitching, body drenched with sweat and cum, face still plastered with the stuff. Her legs spasmed, trickles of semen oozing from both her holes. Charlotte poked her with a foot, without prompting any reaction. He was barely conscious himself, Charlotte unstrapping his legs, as Eliza brought forth a metal bucket. Katherine reached inside, pulling out another chastity belt, dripping with water, an ice cube falling off.

A presentiment of terror filled him and he tried to mouth a protest, before his lower body was lifted. The cold water was poured over his crotch, ice cubes burning against his hot flesh, cock finally shrinking. The ice-cold metal was placed over him, cock burning cold, shrinking away from the metal. His screams were muffled by the gag, his legs twitching and kicking out, Eliza and Victoria holding them in place. It hurt, sensitive flesh drenched in all-consuming chill, needles of freezing agony biting into his most sensitive places.

As he blacked out, the last thing he saw was Katherine, pulling her panties back off his face, gently stroking his forehead, favouring him with a sweet-scented kiss. ‘Now we can begin properly. Good boy.’

The Doctor and the Doll

Chapter One: The Material is Obtained

Elsa pushed her face against the rough stone floor, fearful of angering her new master. Her arms were being pulled up behind her back by chains locked around her wrists, rough and cold. They were pulled taut, metal links running against her back and rear to fetters on her ankles. Her master's feet stood on her long, brown hair, holding her face against the stone floor, his ankles on either side of her head. She was acutely aware of his every shifting of position, ankles moving slightly as he bid on someone else. Face down, the prisoner's garb she had been forced into left her cold and exposed, too ragged to cover her body well. Maybe he wouldn't be too cruel? From the glimpse she'd had of him from atop the spiked block, trying to keep her feet from getting lacerated, he didn't look that strong, with thin, white hair desperately clinging to the edges of his balding head, glasses glinting as he turned his head. Compared to some of the others, he couldn't be that bad, surely?

She had seen one of the female nobles in the crowd order her maid to drop to their knees and pleasure a man, physically forcing her to take the man's entire length into her throat. And another woman had claimed a prisoner with a gigantic cock, attaching some device to his oversized shaft as soon as she had taken possession of him. From the expression on his face, whatever the thing had been, it hadn't been a pleasant sensation, and he was likely in for far worse to come. From somewhere at the back of the room came the sounds of a cane striking flesh, along with the pitiful cries of the gagged victim.

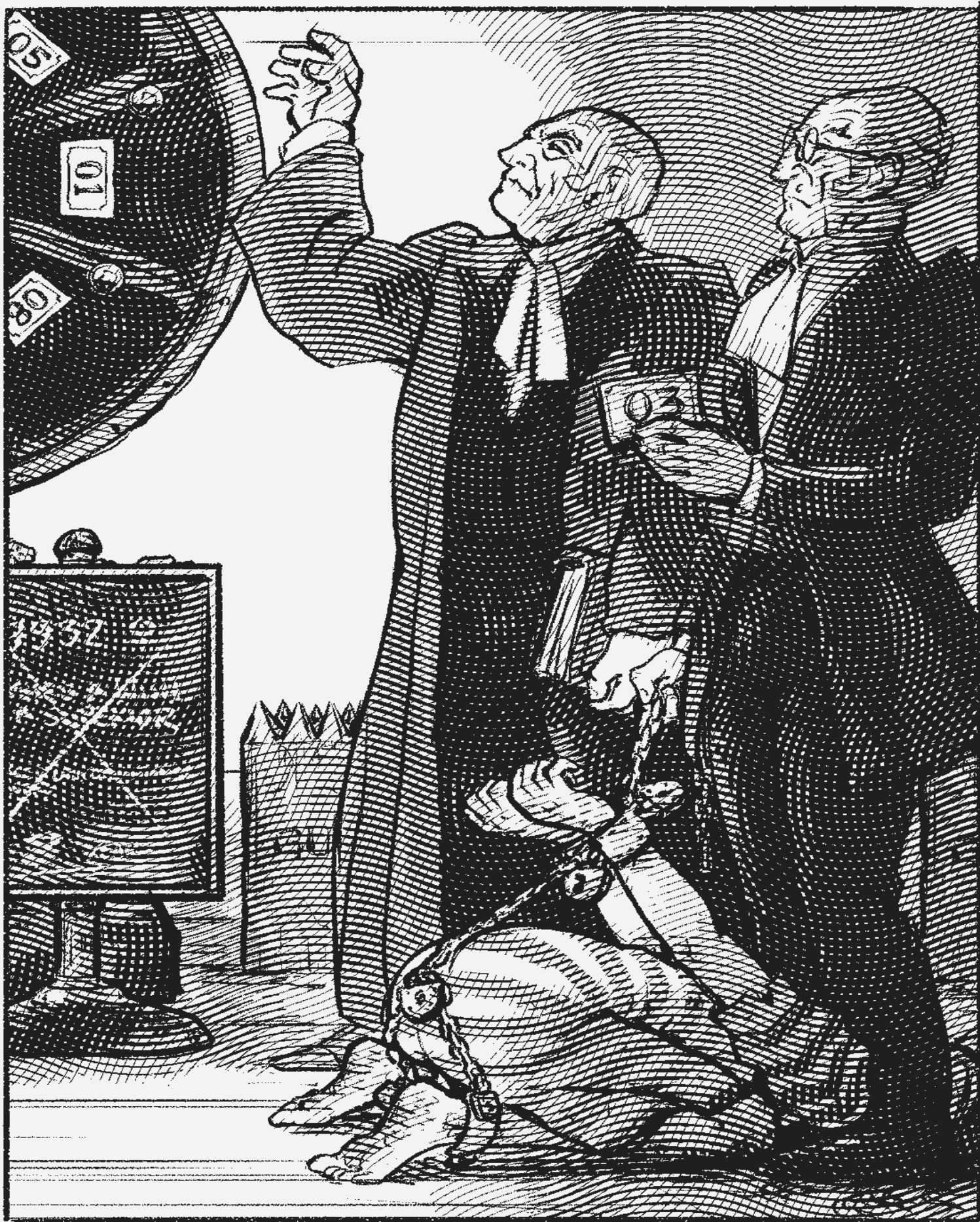
She shivered, desperately hoping that she wasn't destined for something similar. He was only one man, and, from his threadbare and worn clothing, didn't have a household, so no butler or head maid to punish her. She might even be permitted to retain some freedom, if she were to be sent out to get food and suchlike.

He must have sensed her movement as his feet tightened around her neck, grinding her face against the stone. At least this position spared her tortured soles, bloody and wounded from being up on the display blocks for hours, poked and prodded by the nobles. She had pinchmarks all over her breasts and thighs from their callous examinations, a few even trying to slip fingers or canes inside of her, until the guards had politely asked them to stop. She had always been proud of her appearance – the admirers she had attracted had complimented her on her face and figure, and she'd caught enough men looking to know she was attractive, but now she wished she were plain and unappealing.

The chain was pulled, moving her hands upwards. Her fingers brushed fabric, firm flesh beneath. The firmness pushed forward, almost questioningly, as she realised it was the erect cock of her new owner. She tried to stroke it, hoping to please him, but with his feet on her hair, she could barely move, and could do nothing more than vainly stroke his length with her hands.

The auction finished, the last piece having been bought. The feet shifted, so that she could now move. Instead, she stayed supine, not wanting to risk doing anything wrong without instructions. A hand grabbed her hair and pulled her upwards before a hemp sack was thrown

over her face, blinding her. Something was put around her neck, rough leather scratching her skin, a collar locking into place.
‘Stand.’



- The Material is Obtained -

She obeyed, unable to keep from hissing in pain as she put pressure on her tortured soles. The response was immediate, a hard slap to a breast. 'No sound! Silence only!' The chains forced her to hunch over, length from her ankles to wrists not long enough to let her stand up properly. A yank on her neck made her take a step forward or be pulled off her feet and crash to the floor.

'Good dolls don't make sounds. And bad dolls are destroyed.'

It might have been easier if she were gagged, something to absorb the sound. Instead, every step was agony, the cold stone setting every nerve in her feet on fire. She bit her lip, feeling tears welling up and trickling down her face. She stood on a pebble, the grit feeling as sharp as a knife, making her cry out. The slap was harder this time, then he pinched on a nipple and pulled her forward.

'You need to be a good doll and be silent. Good dolls are rewarded, and you want that, don't you? Maybe this will help.'

She was shoved backwards, backside colliding with a table. She was lifted up onto it and then felt hands brush against her feet, managing not to twitch and risk kicking him. Something was placed against her sole, a hard, stiff surface, straps binding around her ankles and lower legs. Then she was wrenched around and pushed down onto the table, so she was on her stomach, face-down, breasts pressing against the unyielding surface. One hand grabbed her head and pushed it down, while the other tugged at her frayed remnants of her underwear and tore them away.

A cock pressed against her, trying to push into her cunt. After being examined and prodded all day, she was bone dry, body going stiff against the intrusion, earning several smarting slaps against her bottom. There was a spitting sound, the blessed relief of at least some lubricant as he pushed again into her, spit doing little to ease his forced intrusion. She went limp, letting him use her and violate her body, pumping in and out of her until he came, hot, slick seed coming as a relief from the painful dry-fucking.

He withdrew, pulling her up. She could feel his leavings inside her, hot and dirty. 'Very good, doll. A simple, empty thing, pretty and empty. Except when I'm filling it.' He chuckled at his own joke, before dragging on the chain again, pulling her outside. Mercifully, he called for a carriage, throwing her in before ordering it to drive off.

Still in pain and shock, she lost awareness until they were at their destination. She was dragged outside again, whatever had been strapped onto her feet threatening her balance, but less painful than her bare soles against the ground. She hit a step, almost falling over before recovering her balance, being pulled upwards, wood creaking beneath her. There was a musty, dry scent in the air, old books and wood. And then the scrape of a key, creak of metal-on-metal, and she was shoved forward and spun around. A hand pushed against her face, pulling up the hood and pushing between her lips, something dry and chalky being pushed into her mouth. Then the hand grabbed her face and covered her mouth, a fist striking her stomach. She swallowed, a bitter aftertaste on the way down.

The hands moved away, then started to grope and maul her breasts, pinching and tweaking the skin, feeling her body. A hand slid down between her legs, pushing inside of her painfully, no attempt at pleasuring her first, a brute-force push into her body. Her head dropped, blood pounding, a darkness filling her head, everything going soft and vague. She tried to fight it, tried to stay awake, but was unsuccessful. She felt herself falling away, hitting the floor, head striking something, and then her world went dark.

Chapter Two: The Material is Shaped

She started to wake. Something was tight around her body, her feet stretched so she was on tiptoes, although there was no painful pressure of her weight on her ankles. Her entire body was constrained and constricted, pressed tight from every direction. She could feel that her arms had been moved, bent at the elbow so that her hands were in front of her shoulders, but she couldn't move them, she couldn't move anything. She tried flexing and shifting, but there was no give anywhere, even her fingers and toes were utterly trapped. When she breathed, she could feel whatever encased her pushing back, leather and wood, entirely stiff and unyielding, holding her in place.

She opened her eyes in a panic, still trying to move something, anything, breathing starting to come faster as panic set in. She was looking down, somehow, on her owner, now able to see the top of his bald head. He was looking up at her with a strange expression, almost like pride.

'What... what is this?'

He reached forward towards something close to her head but out of sight and a band around her neck tightened, cutting her breath short. She couldn't see what he had done, unable to move anything but her eyes and mouth as he spoke.

'Dolls don't speak. And you are going to be a good doll, aren't you? But a doll must have perfect posture and shape. This device will ensure that.'

She tried to look around to see what she was trapped inside, but couldn't move her head. His hand moved forward again, something tightened around her throat, cutting off her breath. She tried to suck in air, sparks starting to burst in her vision, world turning dark. Then he twisted his hand again and she could breath, gulping in deep pants, praying he wouldn't do that again.

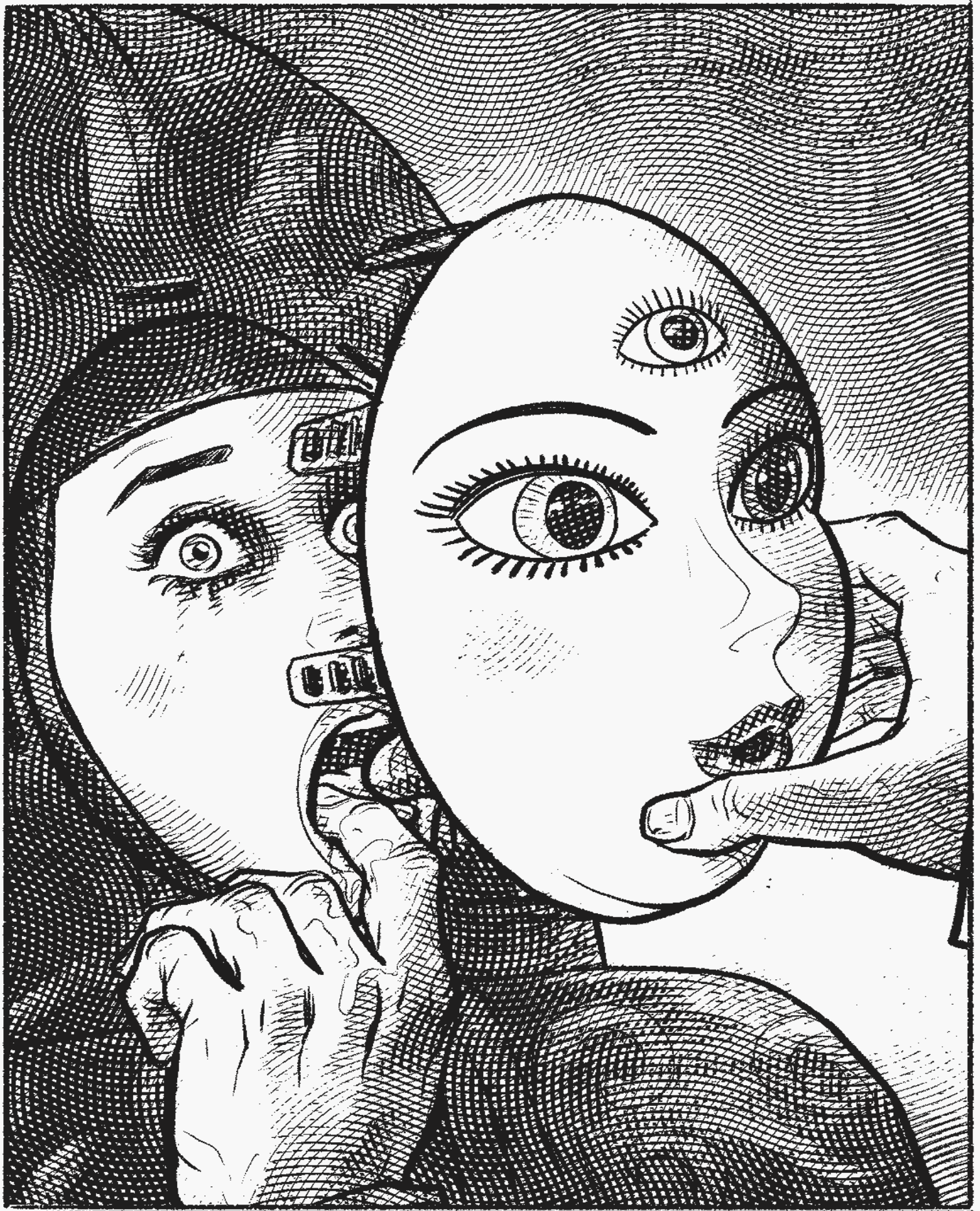
'I was hoping not to have to use such things, but a bad doll will be punished.' The material around her neck tightened again, but not as strictly as before, allowing her some air. 'A doll is completely still unless ordered. A doll is completely silent. A doll does not cry, does not complain and is perfect in every way.'

She was still trying to move anything, but there was nothing she could do, no give or yield at all in whatever bound her. Stiff leather pads pushed against her, no way for her to move at all, even her fingers trapped and immobile.

'You will need to stay perfectly still when not in use. When you are permitted movement, then it will be with grace of the most beautiful doll.' He moved to the side, just barely on the edge of her vision. There was a scrape, metal against wood, and then the world suddenly spun as she tilted forward, falling uncontrollably forward. She rocked back and forth a few times, now upside down, a bell tinkling somewhere nearby.

'Pathetic. You are to be a doll, perfect and silent. If such foolishness should persist, then measures will have to be taken.'

She was raised back to the vertical, as he kept a hand on whatever contained her, rocking it slightly. 'Keep your balance straight.' Something tightened further against her chest. 'You will be shaped and changed.' One hand moved out of sight and whatever was around her neck tightened further.



- The Material is Shaped -

Then he let go, and she swung downwards again, the world flipping around. Her breath was quite short now, panic spreading through her. She was dragged upright once more, feeling tears trickling down her face, fear and confusion too much.

‘No! A doll does not cry!’

He locked her into the upright position and then knelt, removing a curved panel of wood, inside covered with leather pads. She could feel the pressure relieved from her legs, although she was now exposed to the waist, air chill against her bare skin. When she tried to move now, she could feel straps bite into her flesh, keeping her in position.

He turned to the table behind him, Elsa noticing it for the first time. It was covered with shining metal implements; clamps, blades, chains and other things she didn’t recognise, all of which looked painful. He picked up a metal clamp and used it to pinch at her skin. She couldn’t control herself, yelping in pain.

‘You are a doll. Dolls are silent! Time for you to be silenced.’

‘Please, no. Please.’ Tears were streaming down her face, as he sucked a finger and then jammed it into her pussy, violating her again. He drew it back and forth several times, feeling her insides. She couldn’t even buck or twist her hips to try and reject him! Then he pulled out, wiping his finger onto her. From the table, he produced a mask that depicted a bland-faced woman, face pale, carefully applied makeup around dull, vacant, eyes, lips red around a hole, mascara pooled around eyes. ‘You will become a doll, pure and perfect.’ She saw that it had a metal tube attached to the back, and with horror realised what it was intended for.

She tried to keep her mouth shut as he raised it towards her face. But he started to assault her privates again, crabbed hands pinching and scraping, until she opened her mouth in pain, the tube sliding in, forcing her mouth open. Her cries were instantly changed, becoming nothing more than muted gargles, tongue flicking against the metal tube. Everything went black, the metal plate covering her eyes as well. She felt a click on either side of her head as it was locked in place, sealing her into darkness, mouth forced open.

More gently now, his hands toyed with her privates, spreading her wide, his bony fingers stroking her thighs, slowly squeezing out her juices as she felt herself moisten. Having first one finger, and then two, slid inside her hurt less this time. They shifted back and forth, twisting inside of her, the closest thing to pleasure she had felt in what seemed a long time. But she was denied even that, the fingers pulling out before she climaxed. The lower plate was put back, compressing her legs again.

She felt herself move, dipping forward in sudden, terrifying drops surrounded by darkness, every time the fear that something would have been placed in the way, that she was going to crash into something, stomach roiling. Then she was once again raised to the vertical, the pressure on her neck increased as punishment, material around her waist pressing in tighter. She swung and dropped once more, a bell tinkling as she rocked back and forth a few times before settling there, her entire body still compressed, upside down, muted and utterly powerless. The metal tube in her mouth made it impossible to shape any words. It was impossible to see, a struggle to breath, her world limited to whatever she was trapped inside. It didn’t take long before she felt herself slipping away, falling into darkness.

Hunger seared her belly. She had no idea how long she had been there, but sometimes she was lifted upright again, a dribble of water poured into her mouth-tube, before being left to fall again. Once she had managed to stay upright, the time impossible to tell, but that had earned her a morsel of food, something stale and tough. To eat it, she had to push it around her mouth with

her tongue until it was soft enough that she could break it apart and swallow it, even that slight effort draining her. But she was learning how she could retain some balance, how to hold herself tense and firm to stay upright, at least for short periods. It was hard, but the memory of that food sustained her.

Suddenly she was tilted backwards, the sensation feeling strange and almost making her giggle deliriously. Then the pressure on her legs vanished. If she could have, she would have screamed or shouted, but all she could do was limply flail her tongue. The bands holding her legs were released, bony fingers poking and probing her flesh. The faceplate was removed, the rigid metal of the mouth-tube sliding from between her lips. She let her mouth fall open as though the tube was still there, desperate to please, not wanting to be plunged back into the tight darkness again. Then the upper panel was removed, the pressure on her chest lessening for the first time since she was placed into her constraints.

There was still something around her neck so she couldn't move her head, but she could glance down enough to see that her arms were bound in stiff leather – similar to the armbinder she's seen other slaves wear, except this binds her arms in front of her, so they are held to fit into niches within the paneling. The old man looked at her as he released the rest of her bindings, although she didn't move for fear of inviting punishment or being sealed back into the darkness, even after the strap around her neck was undone.

'Good doll. Nice and passive and empty.' He casually groped her breast. 'Stand.'

It was an effort to pull herself up, her entire body weakened from the ordeal. She stepped from her container, placing a foot on the ground. Pain shot through her, foot in agony until she stepped back off the ground, retreating to the safety of her container. She whimpered in agony as the man spoke, torn between anger and concern.

'A doll's feet must remain pointed at all times!' He pointed down, where knee-high boots with staggeringly high heels had been placed. More carefully this time, she slid a foot into the stiff material, feeling the high arch keeping her feet pointed, barely in contact with the ground. She did the same with the other foot, trying to keep her balance on the heels. Within the shoes, her feet were all-but-vertical, making it hard to keep her balance as she teetered. Her owner knelt in front of her, buckling the shoes in place. As he did so, she kept her arms passively at her side, face impassive.

Once done, he stepped back and looked at her, a crazed excitement crossing his face. 'Yes, excellent, excellent!'

She dared a look around the room – books are stacked up in the corners and along the walls, shelves heaped with the things, thrown into untidy piles, no order or sense she can perceive. A dressmaker's doll is in one corner, an elaborate dress of white ruffles and lace looking incongruous amongst the dark, dusty wood. It's beautiful, managing to sparkle even in the dirty sunlight, and then she notices the straps and metal rings integrated into the pattern, designed to bind and control the occupant, forcing their body into shape, limiting their movements and senses. Just as out of place is a table full of cosmetics, with pots of powder, rouge, lipstick and everything else. Then she dropped her eyes, fearful of angering him again.

His rough hands roam over her body, pulling and tugging her flesh, seemingly with approval as he runs a hand over her stomach, pinching at her tuft of pubic hair. He pulls her arms from their bindings, letting it drop to the floor. Then he grabs her shoulders from behind and pulls them together, more leather slipping over her arms and binding them together, straps buckling over her shoulders. She tries moving them, only able to shift slightly, her hands now useless, arms still trapped. Then a collar and leash are snapped around her neck, and used to tug her

forward. Her steps were slow and faltering, trying to keep her balance as he pulled her forward, not helped by having to avoid stray books covering the floor. She's never worn anything like this, and with her arms bound, it's a fight for balance, standing as straight as possible to try and make it easier.

She managed to keep her balance as she was pulled into the next room. This was clearly divided into two sections, the half they were in strewn with more books, the other filled with strange artefacts, odd carvings and things of worn stone or faded metal. From somewhere amidst it all came the sound of someone being fucked.

As they moved further into the room she could see that there was a girl spread out on a table, ankles and wrists chained to the table legs, so that she was completely open and exposed. Her hands were enclosed in metal spheres, looking like they'd been welded in place and made impossible to remove. Another man was fucking her, pumping and grinding away at her, ignoring her cries of pain. Some metal device was locked onto her head, like a cage, but with a prong inserted into her mouth, warping her cries into mute garbles. The metal slammed against the wood, scratching and denting the surface until the man came, ejaculate spluttering out of the girl's anus. All she was wearing was a ripped and torn shift, barely covering her body.

He looked up at them. 'Reyner! So, this is your latest attempt to prove me wrong? I doubt she'll turn out any better than the last. All your talk of dolls is nonsense. Metal, that's what you want. Just unlock the bits you need as you need them! Speaking of which, it's time to get this locked away again.' He picked up a chastity belt, but this one was differently designed than the others she had seen – rather than simple metal plates over the genitals, it had two brutally spiked prongs on the inside. He shoved them into his slave, plugging the woman's anus and vagina then locked it in place. From her grunts as they slid into her, the prongs were as painful as they looked.

Then he sat down, cock still out, eating his breakfast. He chewed a mouthful of bacon, mouth open, before leaning over the girl's face and spitting. The half-chewed chunks fell into the metal prong, then flowed into her mouth. She was fighting her bonds, chains scratching against the wood, but seemed to have no hope of escape. He smacked her on the twat with his dirty knife, until she went limp and silent.

As the metal-caged girl gagged on the meat, her own owner moved forward, pulling her behind himself. Amongst the books and antiques there was a kitchen, a neat and tidy neutral zone between the clashing halves. She stood, trying to be as still and silent as possible, not wishing to draw attention to herself. He grabbed her hair and pulled it down, pulling her head back, placing a metal funnel into her mouth. She stayed in the position she was put into, recognising the smell of gruel but unable to see anything other than the ceiling. He poured it down the funnel and she swallowed as fast as she could, trying to avoid drowning, but thankful for any food. Then he prepared his own meal, a full breakfast. Bacon, eggs and sausages – she couldn't stop her mouth watering from the scents.

As he ate, he occasionally touched her, running a hand along her belly, tugging at her pubic hair with dissatisfaction, sliding fingers into her. If it hadn't been for the funnel in her mouth, she would have grunted in pain, but mercifully it ate any sound she made. As he ate, he bickered with the other man, what seemed to be a long-running argument about the best way to break slaves down, if it was easier to simply lock them into metal and use them, or more carefully shape them. Despite the fire burning in her calves and ankles, she was thankful not to be locked into metal, especially metal that didn't look as though it could be removed.

‘The training will begin today, until the doll is complete.’ He jabbed a finger into her, twisting it around as he violated her again. The funnel forced her to keep her head tilted back, looking at the ceiling, seeing the ropes of cobwebs that had been created, as the sounds of fucking started again, the other man taking his pleasure from his own slave.

Back in her master’s room, she was pulled towards the centre. As they moved back in, she had her first proper look at the thing that had contained her – a wooden sarcophagus, raised off the floor by wooden frames, suspended on metal bars. A bell on the end of the bar was what had rung every time she had failed, rolling over when the occupant couldn’t keep their balance. The general shape was that of a woman, but the inside was filled with leather pads and anchoring for straps and bands, to shape her body whenever she was within it.

He slapped her across the belly, then pulled her over to the cosmetics. ‘Kneel.’ It was hard to do so in the heels, but she managed without falling over. Then he took her chin in his hand, tilting her face. ‘Yes, a fine structure. A doll should be pretty and petite.’ She let her jaw hang slack and passive, kept her eyes vague and unfocused. ‘Eyes shut.’

She obeyed, fearful as to what he might do, but more fearful of the consequences for disobeying. Light, soft brushes touched against her cheeks, lips and eyes, making her shiver in uncertainty, but she followed the order she had been given. Occasionally, he adjusted the angle of her face, and then the brushes returned. Eventually, he was done. ‘Eyes open.’

He was holding up a mirror now. It took her a moment to recognise herself, her features transformed. Her features were now the fine pale shades of a noblewoman kept away from the sun, lips brushed with red, eyelids tinted with gold. She couldn’t restrain herself from making a shocked gasp, his expression immediately shifting to anger.

‘A doll should be beautiful and smooth. And SILENT!’ He pushed her over and she fell onto all fours, before he grabbed her from behind and spread her buttocks wide. Warm spit fell onto her buttocks, a finger pushing it into her anus, before his cock shoved into her, stretching out her tight hole. She stayed as silent as she could, through the pain and degradation, his shaft hammering and stretching her out, the first time anyone had penetrated her there. She felt his seed pump into her, hot and painful, before he withdrew.

‘Stay. A doll stays where it is put.’

She remained in the position she had been put, down on the ground like a dog, leashed and collared. He fetched a steel shape, a curve of shining metal with a sphere at one end, looping around to a ring at the other, like a capital ‘J’. He spread her cheeks wide again then pushed it into her anus, the metal cold inside of her, painful inside of her. Then he grabbed her hair, yanked it back and tied it around the ring, forcing her to keep her head back. Every time she moved her head, the motion was transmitted along her hair, tugging painfully on the ball buried inside of her.

‘A doll stays silent, and does what it is told.’ He slapped her, hard, on the buttocks, although she had the presence of mind to stay silent, even when he blindfolded her and gagged her, something sliding over her ears to deaden her hearing. He left her there, going about his business. She could feel his seed inside of her, along with the metal ball, as she let herself drift into the darkness of being a doll, a mute vessel, sweet and silent. If she was a proper doll, then she wouldn’t feel cold, or hunger, or pain. She would have to try harder, to be more like the doll her master wished her to be.

Chapter Three: The Material is Gone; Only a Doll Remains

She was let out from her casket, immediately falling into the deferential position that Master liked – arms behind her back, mouth slightly open, eyes down. She had stepped into the ballet heels, not wanting to hurt herself again by trying to place her feet flat against the ground. There are more items on the table now, things of white leather along with the shining steel. The more passive she is, the happier Master is – she tries to show no reaction at all as her makeup is done. Then a collar is bound around her neck, wrists pulled up and lashed to her back and her elbows drawn in, forcing her to thrust her chest forward. She stumbles and totters, heels clacking loudly against the floor.

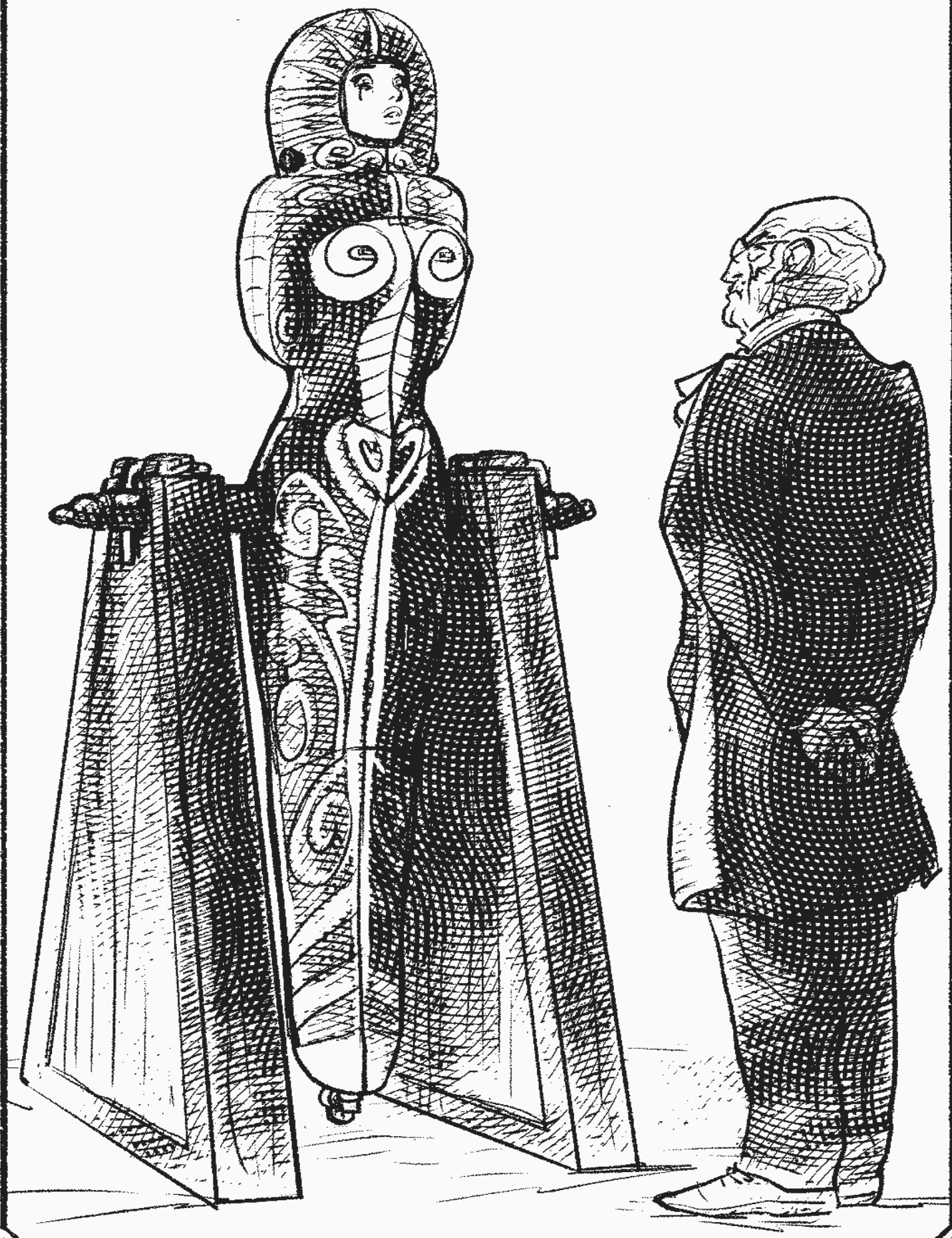
Fear surges through her – Master doesn't like her to stumble, or make any noise – but instead he grabs her shoulder, keeping her upright. He's even kind enough to spit on the metal ball this time before shoving it into her anus, looser now than it used to be from the abuse she's suffered, taking her hair and tying it around the other end. He draws it tightly enough that she is forced to tilt her head up and look at the ceiling, barely able to see in front of herself. A corset goes around her waist, pushing her figure in, and clamps are attached, shining metal on her nipples, matching the ring on her collar. He tugs on them, stretching her breasts, but she doesn't make any sounds. He nods to himself, satisfied. 'A good doll is silent. A good doll has perfect posture.'

Then plugs are put into her ears, the world going silent. He hasn't gagged her, but she has learnt that speaking, even exclaiming, will lead to sudden violence and pain. A skirt is tied around her waist, enough of the material missing that it doesn't snag on the anal hook. Despite hanging to her ankles, there's a high slit in the front, allowing free access to her pussy if Master wishes to take his pleasure upon his doll.

With the clothing she's wearing, she has little choice but to comply. Her time within the casket has shaped her body, her feet now warped and unable to walk without the boots, her shoulders hurting unless her arms are held in front of or behind her, body shaped into a perfect hourglass form. He dusts her skin with powder before attaching the leash, leading her outside, although her captivity had made her skin pale and soft, just like a real noblewoman's.

Every step makes her acutely aware of the metal lodged inside her, warping and stretching her body further. She tries to walk as smoothly as possible, making sure her heels don't click too loudly against the floor. She is led along the street, unable to see the ground in front of herself, the world just buildings and the tops of people's heads.

Everything was bright and dazzling, far too vivid, overwhelming and stinging her eyes after so long within the casket. Even the slight wind feels rough and harsh against her skin, the stimulation overpowering. Master is carrying a wooden box under one arm, as he pulls on her leash with the other. Mercifully, it's a short walk to the park, where her heels start to sink into the grass with every step. From a pocket he pulls out a dildo, a short and stubby thing of black leather. He reaches up and taps it against her lips, prompting her to open her mouth, allowing him to push it into the void. She stopped using her voice a long time ago; now her mouth is simply a hole to give her master pleasure.



- The Doctor and His Doll -

‘A good doll can keep her posture, and won’t let anything drop.’ It’s hard to hear through the earplugs, but she can just about make out the words. Almost playfully, he slaps her on the rear, making her start and putting more pressure on the anal hook through her hair. The dildo is only held loosely in her mouth, and she has to be careful not to choke on it, keeping her head tilted back. A longer leash is attached to a stake in the ground, and then he opens the box, assembling an artist’s easel.

She moves to where he indicates, and then he pushes and pulls her into position. Her mind goes blank as he does so, letting herself become even more dumb and empty, a little bit closer to the perfect doll he wishes her to be. She tries to keep her head up, keeping the dildo in place, the thing sliding around in her mouth. Then he starts painting her.

The position is contorted, putting her off balance, all the strain on one leg. Even with her mind blank, she can feel pain and tiredness creeping up on her. One leg starts to twitch, muscles pushed past their limit, before it crumples underneath her, and she collapses. The dildo falls from her mouth, rolling over the grass.

Master comes over, his face furious, as he pulls her up by dragging on the leash. Her face is pulled up as he lowers his trousers, ramming his cock down her throat. Despite the harsh intrusion into her throat, she doesn’t gag or choke, accepting her punishment even as she feels something tear inside her when her head is jerked forward, pulling on the anal hook. She mutely accepts his treatment, going limp and passive until he climaxes, bitter cum filling her mouth. Her only reaction is to swallow, eyes staring into the vague distance. The earplugs mean she can’t hear him, making her feel distanced from her own body as he rants and raves. The skirt is torn off and he straddles her, hard again already, pushing into her.

She stays where she has fallen, not moving as he ravishes her. Then he climbed off her, still cursing. She doesn’t react, staring into empty space, not moving, not reacting, his semen in her mouth, in her pussy. It takes him a moment to catch his breath, and then he hauls her to her feet. The hook is still in place, restricting her movement, as he gives her a push. She lets herself fall, as a doll would, an ungainly sprawling.

A blindfold covers her eyes, and the world vanishes. Even then, she doesn’t tense, simply accepts her place, that of a doll that can do nothing but be pushed, pulled and shaped by its master.

She was back in her casket again. The faceplate was currently off, allowing her to see, although not to move anything other than her eyes and tongue. She had managed to learn to keep her balance within the casket, able to stay upright for hours sometimes, before falling over and being punished. The upper segment of the casket was off, revealing her breasts, stomach, and crotch, as Master pulled out a pot of honey and a brush. The ring-gag in her mouth made it impossible to speak, but any thought of such had been destroyed some time ago, words lost from her mind, replaced with simple mute obedience and passivity.

He takes the brush, dips it into the honey and then starts painting it onto her body. Across her lips, over her nipples, into her navel, and then into her pussy. Any liquid there felt like bliss, after he had taken her so often without any attempt to loosen her up, simply shoving into her, dry and rough. On the table, an ant farm seethed with life, red flecks moving through dirt.

His voice was tender, but that was when he was most dangerous, capable of switching moods in an instant. ‘A real doll never shows any reaction.’ Fear stirred within her, but she knew better than to react, ring-gag keeping her mouth open and vulnerable, and her entire body constrained and sealed, the casket her prison and protection both.

He dabs more honey onto her body, then places the top panel back into place. This has recently been modified, the leather pads altered to have channels between them, allowing for something to be introduced at one end and then flow through to the other. She was fully made-up again, her face made to look smooth and clear, mascara black around her eyes. Then he took the ant farm, pouring some of them into the top of the casket, through a hole above her head. She can feel them in her hair, moving down over her face, then crawling over her body. She can't wriggle or move at all, do anything other than try to twitch her face. Master shook his head. 'A doll doesn't show an expression.' She could feel one move over her cheek, just beneath her eye as she tried not to cry or show any emotion.

He removes the pins that lock the casket into position, and she reflexively assumes the correct position to not immediately fall forward. Several crawl over her nipples, drawn by the honey, following the sweet scent to the sensitive parts of her body. Master gently brushes a finger across her lips, parting them, and inserting a wooden rod with a bell attached. Now she is denied even the ability to try and blow at them, without dropping the wood, the bell making a noise. She keeps her entire body rigid and tense, trying not to move at all.

Then they moved down her body, starting to brush inside of her, into her most sensitive place. She twitches, immediately tilting, the world spinning upside down. As she was pulled back up again, Master looks upset. She keeps her features calm and placid, even when he pinched her cheek. 'Again! Or it's back into the darkness, for a week this time.'

She quails at that threat, of being sealed away into the careening, tilting darkness, severed from the world - enough to bring even a doll to fear. But the ants were moving more and more now, and she was powerless to remove them as they moved inside of her. Then one of them bites her, a dart of fire inside her pussy. She yelps, Master letting go and sending her spinning.

This time when she was pulled back upright, a different plate than normal was sealed over her face. This didn't have the mouth-tube, instead it just had a small grille to allow air through, and padding around the edge to restrict the airflow. And so she is sealed into the hot, sticky darkness. She feels something else, soft and wet, pouring in from above, as more honey is added.

More and more of them started to bite, until it felt like her breasts and twat were on fire. The airflow is restricted, the world gone, her mind fracturing. Each time she fails, each time the box tilts due to her behaviour, she can hear angry cursing from outside. A doll wouldn't flinch or fear. A doll would stay in her casket until someone wanted to play, without making a sound. A doll would be perfect and silent and uncomplaining. A doll would have perfect features and do whatever Master wishes...

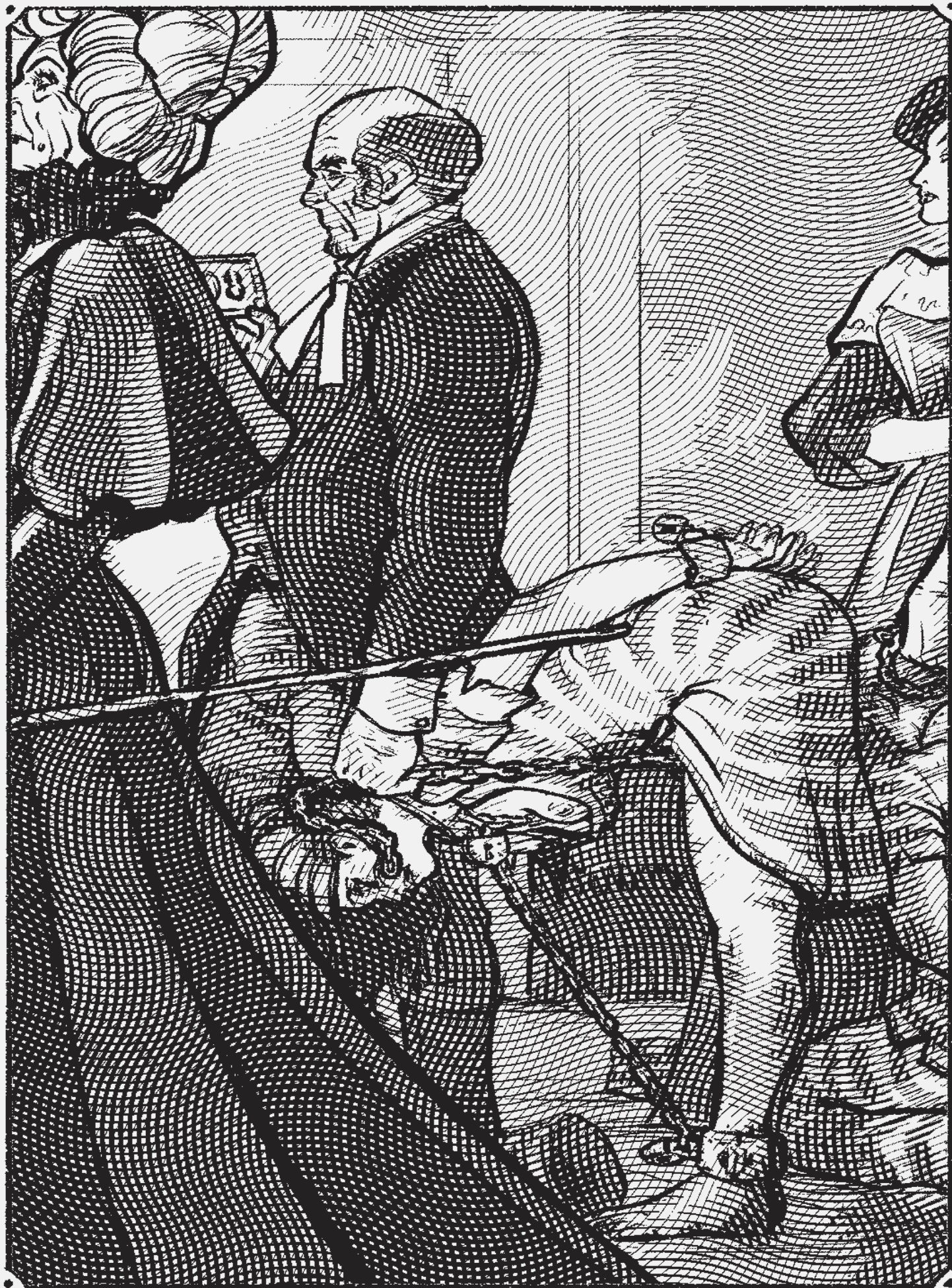
The park was bright and green, filled with promenading couples, their servants trailing close behind. The doll takes an elegant step forward, her legs taut from being raised onto tip-toes by the shoes locked onto her legs. Her arms are bound into a white leather armbinder, entirely useless in her new life. Her breasts are pushed forward, tight corset binding her waist, pushing her breasts together. Her lips are a vivid red "O", a metal ring strapped in place behind her teeth, should anyone wish to make use of her mouth. A lace dress falls to her ankles, elegantly ruffled material shifting with every step, shaping around her taut legs, slit to show stockings with every step. Her hair runs in a simple trailing ribbon down from her head, tied to a metal shaft coming out of her clothing, tethered inside her body. This pulls her head up and back, maintaining her posture. Around her neck is a tall, stiff collar, preventing her turning her head even if she

wanted to, a leash being pulled on by her master. Her eyes are large and beautiful, rimmed with carefully applied makeup.

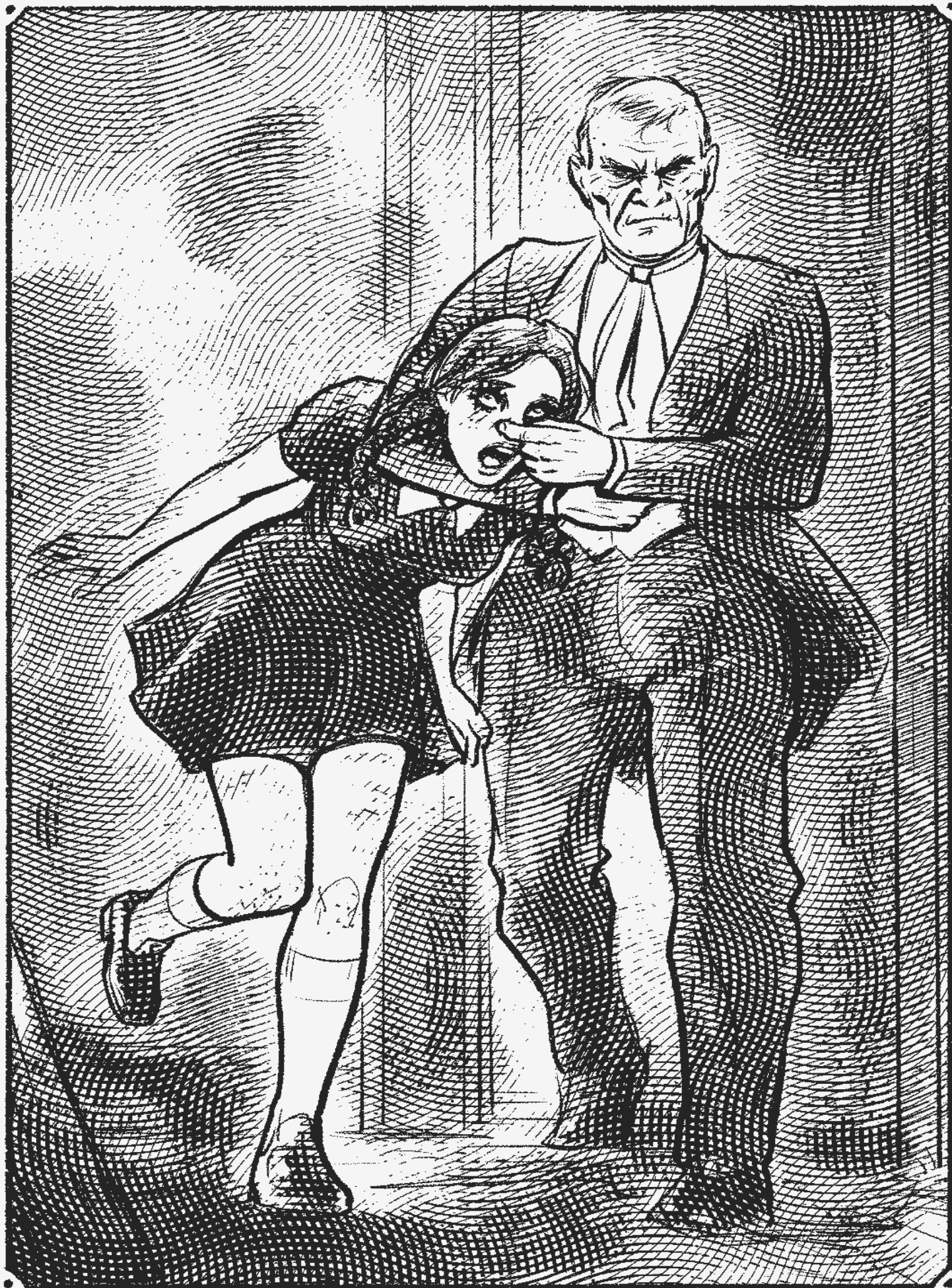
And not a single thought goes through the doll's mind. She is a doll, after her, made to serve, made to be beautiful, made to be used, and then discarded once she has served her purpose. Her thoughts are empty, as she awaits a command, or to be used. Her master, her owner, looks at her – this one has lasted longer than the others, but maybe it's time for a new one soon?

Other Art

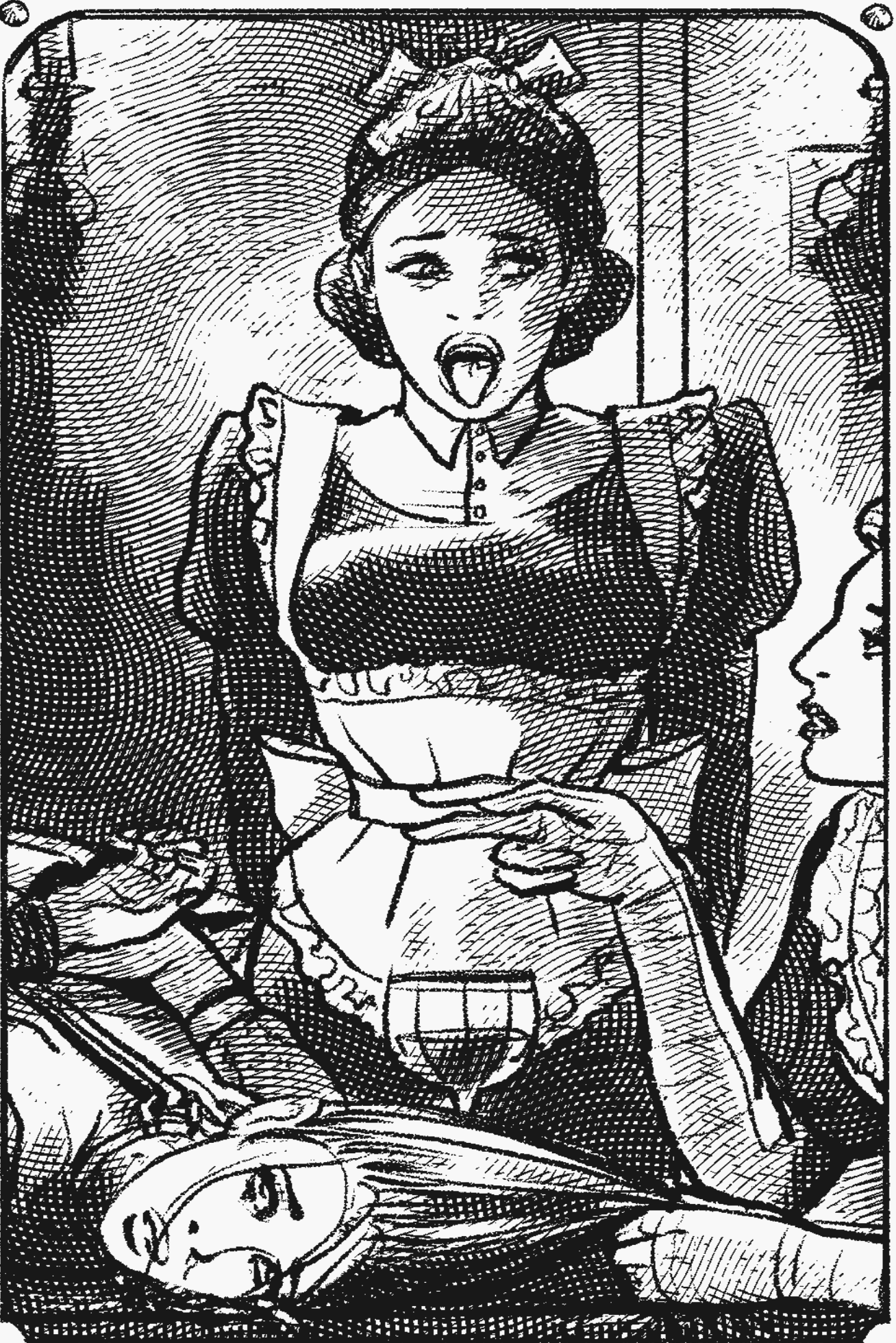
One of the great delights of this, as a project, has been seeing the artwork Formant created (and, indeed, the whole project was inspired by me writing about one of his pieces; “The Trial”). Following is an number of other pieces Formant has done, in a period-appropriate style.



- Getting Used to the New Position-



- Lessons are on the Way -



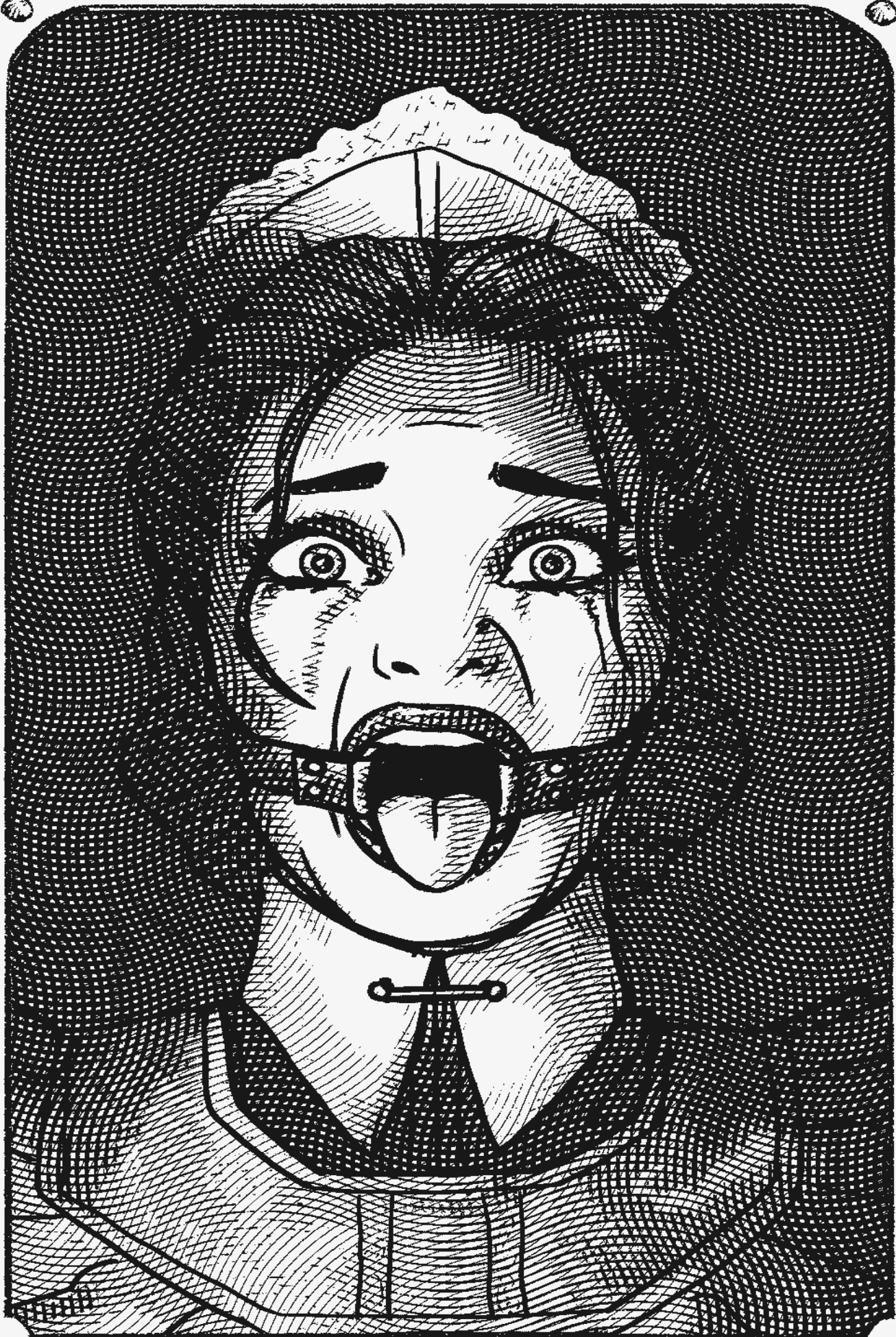
-The Obedient Maid -



- His New Home -



The Resentful Lady



• - A Maid Should Keep Her Tongue in Check - •

A Passing of the Whip

Chapter One: Visiting the Rookery

Eva raised her hand and waved, trying not to get pushed aside on the bustling street. She could see Cora, leaning against a wall, looking tough enough not to get bothered by the beggars and mumpers, even the ponces leaving her alone. It must be nice being able to drive people off with just a glare!

She pushed forward, as though she were walking into a heavy breeze, fighting her way through the throng. Bloody nobles, acting all high and mighty, like they owned the place! Even though they probably did but being shoved around by fancied-up high-bloods made it a right pain to get anywhere. She fixed one, a bright young chit of a thing, with her most fearsome gaze, imagining her pale, white skin getting lashed bloody, that pretty mouth sealed with metal, unable to even beg for mercy. It seemed to work, the girl freezing in place, giving Eva enough time to advance through the crowd, into the bubble of space next to Cora.

She was dressed like normal, in her leather trousers and sleeveless top, showing off the carefully-inked tattoos that spiraled over her arms and across her chest. Eva poked her beneath the ribs, drawing a grunt from the larger woman, a fist coming around in response until she recognized Eva and smiled, relaxing her gloved hand.

‘You made it! Your master let you have some time off then?’

‘I managed to convince him.’ Eva ran her tongue over her lips and smiled. ‘Think he’s going soft on me!’

‘Master Aberforth, going soft on his property? Never thought I’d see the day, he was a right bastard to me. What’s with the get up?’ Cora plucked at Eva’s skirt, long and loose, falling to her knees, a far cry from the short strip of cloth she was normally permitted.

‘Says he doesn’t want me getting troubled, forced me to wear it. And I’m belted as well.’ She shivered and bit her lip – he’d taken great delight in teasing her with that, bringing her to the edge, again and again, before locking the metal (chilled in an icebox) around her crotch. ‘I wanted to show me legs off, but he wouldn’t let me.’ Although the skirts were still divided, letting her pull them to the side to show off the chastity belt beneath.

‘Damn, if it’s an Aberforth original, I can’t get it off for you.’ Cora wrapped an arm around the younger girl’s shoulders. ‘I’m sure you can persuade him to do it for you. New collar as well? Old man must be getting soft!’

Eva stroked the bright red metal, new enough that she could still feel it, engraved with the address of where to return her to. ‘He’s still hard in all the right ways.’ She could feel her back and butt burning from her caning still, Aberforth having used her as a practice target to demonstrate his wares. She squirmed happily, feeling herself getting aroused at the memory. ‘But I want to see this place you told me about. Sounds like a fun visit.’

‘Heard about it from a customer. My master wants me to check it out as well.’ She shifted her arm, hooking it through Eva’s. Eva was glad of her heels, raising her high enough that she was almost as tall as Cora, rather than her true height, almost half a head shorter.

She let herself be led from the bustling street into the back-alleys and side-streets, where the other people around went from being nobles and merchants to being roughly-dressed commoners

and workers. She had to remember to hold her own skirt up high, to keep it out of the mud, feeling her glossy boots squish and squelch – she would have to get one of the other slaves to clean them on her return. Master Aberforth liked her neat and tidy and clean!

They tracked through several rookeries, Eva trying to ignore the smell, the inhabitants eying them suspiciously. Then they came to a metal grille with a slot open, beady eyes watching them approach. Cora whispered to her. ‘The owner here likes a bit of a show, so just play along.’

She knocked her hand against the metal in a swift pattern, beating out a tune, then repeating it. Metal rattled and the grille opened, jaunty music spilling out, a fiddle sawing away. A burly-looking street tough nodded at them, gesturing at them to enter, staring at Cora with obvious appreciation. She returned his gaze with interest, before Eva pulled on her arm, wanting to see.

They moved through the darkened passageway, Eva hanging tightly onto Cora’s arm. She must be getting soft herself, too much time with the fancy that shopped at Master Aberforth’s place! The music got louder, and the sounds of fucking could be heard, meat slapping together, gagged cries of mostly-pleasure. She started walking faster, now pulling Cora along, as they emerged into a courtyard, surrounded by tall, narrow houses.

Eva gasped in delight. It was a meat market! But nothing like the tidy and polished auctions of the wealthy, with property chained up, half-broken already and marked for sale. This was rough and raw, cages sat in mud, occupants snarling at anyone that got too close. Wooden stakes had been pounded into the earth, several people spreadeagled between them, all bearing the marks of lash and whip, some still protesting.

Most of the crowd were lower-class, here to rent rather than buy, a line of stocks containing squealing fuck-meat, well-used, by the looks of it. Pasted on the wooden boards above the wriggling legs and backsides were postcards and theatre posters, showing leading actresses and overt pornography. As if they would ever be caught dead in a place like this! Although a few of the legs were shod in silk stockings – could be some of the fancy slumming it, wanting a bit of rough.

There was a loud yelp from one side – Eva turned to see a young woman, her corset torn asunder, a barrel rolled beneath her back, her limbs pull taut by ropes pegged to the ground. Metal clamps were applied to her nipples, stretching them out as a long needle penetrated the flesh. Not as smoothly as Cora would have done it, of course, but it was exciting to see. The girl didn’t seem very happy about it, but with a thick wad of rags in her mouth, she was in no position to complain.

Two showgirls, their clothing sparkling and clean and standing out, had a dandy pushed up against the wall, his breeches around his ankles. One held him by the throat, slapping him across the face whenever he tried to speak. The other was kneeling, gently licking the tip of his cock while tightly squeezing his balls, threatening to crush them if he came without permission, her other hand rummaging through his wallet. Well, if he could afford to dress like that, then he clearly had too much money.

‘It’s wonderful! How did you find out about this place?’

‘Noticed a few regulars showing up with shitty piercings. Had to ask a few questions but found this place.’

‘Your master lets you out? That’s not fair, Master Aberforth barely ever lets me out! I had to do all sorts of things to be allowed here today.’ She pouted.

‘How many of those things did you suggest to him?’

‘Well... most of them, but that’s not the point! Are you even belted?’

Cora shifted her hips, tweaking her trousers to reveal a band of metal, well-worn, the area around the lock scraped and scratched. 'Yes, but he's not figured out I can crack the lock yet. He's been spending most of his time with some new fancy piece he got a while bac, and the new shop, so I figure fair's fair. If he's not going to spend any time with me, I'm going to make my own fun.'

A whip cracked the air, the familiar sound of leather striking flesh, a cry muffled by a gag.

'You really have to teach me lockpicking. Some of the meat that came in, mmm, lovely, but I can't do anything fun with them other than get all het up. Hey, what's that?' She moved towards a barrel suspended in the air, with several holes cut in it, a tough keeping a watchful eye on her. Leather straps had been attached to the outside as handholds – as she watched a man tossed a penny to the guard, then got his cock out and thrust it into a hole, grinding away until he came. When he withdrew, his cock was coated in slobber – someone must be locked inside. Then she counted the holes. *Several* someone's, meaning it must be pretty damn cozy in there!

A gap opened in the crowd, the shoppers making way for a female figure clad in a fine dress, probably worth as much as the entire building. Behind her was a servant, head bound in leather, eyes and mouth both sealed away, kept close behind their mistress by a leash. She saw them and approached, her servant getting dragged along behind.

Eva curtsied, bowing her head, Cora pausing before following suit, her trousers rather less suited to the motion. 'Lady Brimton, how unexpected.'

'Aberforth's girl? And you're Laurence's, are you not?' The servant didn't realize that she had stopped moving and bumped into her, Lady Brimton half-turning and slapping her across the face. 'Convey my respects to your masters.'

'Of course, Lady Brimton.' Eva paused before speaking, hoping it wouldn't be taken amiss. 'Is there anything we may help with?'

She smiled, the mood relaxing slightly. 'Oh, this is mostly for pleasure, not business. I have a new piece and was seeking some appropriate clothing for them. Something once proud, but now rather... well-used. And I have been hearing stories of this place for quite some time. And I thought to get a gift for dear George as well. Something of our own culture for once! It is intriguing to see how the lower orders comport themselves, there is a certain charm in the brutality. It was at a place such as this that I first acquired Alicia.' She tugged on the leash slightly, the hooded maid sufficiently used to her mistress' movements that she didn't step forward. 'I do hope you have Jacinda in hand? She really is quite troublesome, or so I hear.'

'I, um...' Eva stumbled over her words, not sure if Lady Brimton was trying to get her in trouble. Jacinda had made her intentions quite clear – as soon as Master died, then Eva would be sold to whomever wanted to, preferably a long way away. It seemed safer to be cautious, just in case. 'Master's daughter has been absent recently.'

Lady Brimton sniffed. 'Hmmm. She is rather a disgrace to her father. I was hoping that a husband-to-be would take her to task and teach her some respect for what her father has created.' She glared at Eva. 'But it seems that may be too much to ask for. Nevertheless, I have business to be about.' She grimaced. 'And this place really could do with better drainage. Quite toxic, I think.' Eva glanced down – Lady Brimton's fine leather boots were splattered with mud. 'I shall have to have them cleaned.'

She stepped away, pulling her servant away behind her. Despite being blindfolded and hobbled, the servant's hands were free, carrying a large and heavy-looking sack, as Lady Brimton moved towards the shoeshine girl. She was collared and chained to a heavy wooden

box, manacles and chains binding her wrists and her ankles, the chain so short she wouldn't be able to stand. The area around the box was itself rank with clinging grey mud.

Behind the girl was her owner, making sure no-one used her improperly, at least without permission. She was dressed in slightly worn hand-downs – compared to a true noble, she looked shabby, but relative to the rogues and vagabonds, she was almost royalty. Lady Brimton, surprisingly, paid in advance, then placed a heeled boot firmly upon the box. The owner slapped a cane across her backside, well-marked from previous strikes, and she crawled forward. From the tears in her eyes, she must be new to her position, but too terrified to resist.

Her tongue crept out of her mouth, licking at the fine black leather, scraping away the mud. At least it was relatively fresh, still wet and easy to get off without having to moisten it first. Between licks, she turned her head, spitting out the mud onto the ground, having to crawl through her own spit every time she moved. All she was allowed to wear was the remains of a sack, tied around her waist with a belt, showing her body to the crowd. She had a good body – watching her dance on a spiked board with a noose around her neck, those large breasts jiggling under a cane, would be entertaining. From her clear skin, she must have been a merchant's girl or something, rather than working the shallows or a common street judy.

That probably explained her lack of fight – if Eva were in that position, she'd be scratching and fighting. At least then you could draw some attention and maybe get a better position rather than being a mud-spattered tool, not even a person. The girl probably wouldn't last long – even being adopted by a noble as harsh as Lady Brimton would be healthier for her in the long run.

More tears ran down her face as she continued to lick and kiss Lady Brimton's shoe, desperate to get it clean. When the leather was as shiny as spit allowed, it was wiped against the girl's cheek to get the spit off, before being replaced with the other shoe, that getting tended next.

Eva turned away from the licking and slobbering, moving towards another display, of battered outfits and restraints, trickled down from the finer houses. Most were in need of a clean and some stitching, making her thankful that Master always dressed her nicely. The short skirts were much more convenient than these silly ankle-length things! And she liked showing her legs off anyway, not hiding them away behind reams of fabric.

Was there anything here that Master might find interesting? Amongst the belts (both metal and leather) there were a few nicely made pins, the pointed at one end, with nicely-crafted metal patterns on the other, or holes to allow other attachments. She imagined them stuck into her breasts, the weights shifting with every moment, Master taking a knotted cord to her, arms bound around her head. She shivered in delight, the belt suddenly seeming very tight, pressing against her sex, as she negotiated with the stall owner. From the pattern on the pins, they were foreign, some fancy foreign crest painted on and mostly faded.

She managed to get a good price, carefully testing one on her finger. Master would surely enjoy them, and she could already feel them, sliding into her flesh! She shivered again, a smile coming to her face. Cora was looking at her with a grin.

'You've really got it bad for him, huh? I don't mind my owner, at least he gets distracted easily.'

'Master Aberforth is...' She squirmed her thighs together, getting hot and wet just thinking about it. '*Wonderful*. The things he does to me, and lets me do to others... And he lets me warm his bed at night.'

'Heh, sounds like you've got a good place. And he even lets you out and about with some pocket money! Just Jacinda to worry about. She's got it in for you.'

‘Master keeps trying to marry her off, but she’s not having it. I want her with someone nice and strict, so Master can hand me over as well. But she’s too busy going to parties and stuff like that.’

‘I hope for your sakes Master Aberforth finds her a husband soon. Sounds like she could be a problem.’

Silence suddenly bloomed, as Lady Brimton appeared behind them, shoes now clean, her expression carefully controlled. A messenger boy stood close by, as Lady Brimton reached out and grasped her shoulder. ‘Aberforth’s girl, come with me. *Now.*’

She didn’t explain further, simply walking away, leaving Eva no choice but to follow, Cora giving her a concerned look. They exited through a rather less dank exit, Lady Brimton simply sweeping past guards and bouncers, who didn’t dare ask for an explanation. Her servant managed to keep up, although the sounds from behind the leather gag were getting louder as they tried to breath enough, their corset wickedly tight and limiting their breath.

In the street outside, she raised a hand, a coach coming to a stop, everyone getting in.

Chapter Two: An Unexpected Passing

Lady Brimton spoke to the driver and the coach started to roll with the crack of a whip. Eva shifted uncomfortably in her seat – she had travelled by coach before, but normally either in the luggage in the roof, or entertaining the other passengers. Being sat in a passenger seat felt odd and made her nervous. What had happened? Had Master sold her to Lady Brimton? He wouldn't do that without at least telling her though, would he? He was old, but not going dotty, and still wanted someone to keep his cock warm in the night, or to test his devices on.

Lady Brimton gave her a tight smile before speaking. 'I regret to be the one telling you this, but Master Aberforth has been taken badly sick. It seems he had been concealing the extent of his illness for quite some time, from me at least. You may have to care for him, and pray he endures. Otherwise all that he built may be wasted away in short time.' She fixed Eva with a hard look. 'He is a dear friend to me, and speaks highly of you, especially for one of your low birth. His heir, on the other hand, well... Long past time she was taken in hand, in my opinion. You should, perhaps, try and... adjust factors in your favor, should the opportunity present itself.'

Eva tried to think of a response, her mind going blank. Master had been less frisky lately, but, well, he was old, despite the firmness of his hands and the hardness of his cock. But sick? He had been spending more time on his own, but he couldn't be *dying*, could he? Lady Brimton was still looking at her, that strange, polite smile on her face as they travelled through the town.

'I would strongly advise that you give some thought to your own future. You are talented at your craft, and I would hate to see such obvious passion go to waste. You are far more his heir than Jacinda is. Ah, we have arrived. Kindly convey my best wishes to your master and think upon my words. I would not care to intrude upon such a private moment, but I do hope to see you again.'

She opened the carriage door for Eva, allowing her to get out. Her heart skittered in her chest as she went to the rear door, up the stairs – Master liked to live above the shop, so he could always be close to what was important to him. The front room was cluttered with bits and pieces of his craft, heavy wooden chairs with spikes and prongs attached, cuffs and chains hanging from the ceiling. As she moved to his bedroom, the door opened in her face, knocking her backwards. She caught a glimpse of a crowded bedroom, several serious-looking men standing around the bed, before Jacinda slammed the door shut behind herself.

She was already dressed as though for mourning, in a long black dress, a low-cut corset shaping her breasts and showing off her hour-glass figure, a veil ready at her waist. As soon as she saw Eva, she grinned wickedly, then reached out and grabbed Eva by the hair, fingers digging in tightly, wrenching her back and forth a few times.

Eva bit back her pain, still unsure what was happening. 'Mistress Jacin...'

Jacinda ignored her protests, dragging her to an open chest on the far side of the room. 'I'll deal with you later, slut.' She yanked at Eva's hair again, making her step into the chest, then shoving her downwards.

‘What’s... what’s going on?’ That earned her a slap, hard fingers smacking across her cheek.

‘You don’t need to know. Down.’ She pushed, hard, her other hand slapping Eva in the stomach, knocking the wind from Eva. Still in shock and surprise, she bent at the knees, letting herself be put into the trunk, which was then closed over her and locked, sealing her into the darkness.

What was going on? Master had seemed healthy enough this morning, at least for an old man, and quite frisky. But was she Jacinda’s now? If so, she was probably going to be sold off to some fat, stinking merchant, spread out in his guestroom or worse, shackled into a rookery for use by anyone. And Jacinda had no skill at the business – all of Master’s work, all his devices and craft, gone. Too late, she recovered some sense of her herself, slamming her fists against the lid of the trunk, finding it securely locked.

Something slammed against it from the outside, probably Jacinda kicking it. And then the trunk shifted, getting moved somewhere. When the movement had stopped, she cautiously pushed again – it was still locked. And well-made enough that breaking out from the inside was impossible. At least the airways were clear though, even if not large enough to see out of. She hadn’t been taken out of the house, but if Master had died... At least let her pay respects! Bitch! She kicked out, slamming a foot against the wood. All she could do was wait, trapped in the darkness.

A loud “click” woke her from her light doze as the trunk was unlocked. How long had it been? It was impossible to tell, but she didn’t think long. The lid creaked open, the space dark except for a low light from gas lanterns. There was the scent of metal, leather and fuck-sweat – she must have been moved into one of the demonstration rooms. The familiar scent made her relax; there was nothing little in here that she feared or hadn’t had used on her before. Or used on herself, much to Master’s delight!

‘Get up, slut.’ Jacinda’s voice was slurred, from tiredness or drinking, Eva couldn’t tell. ‘Let’s get a look at you, see what I’m selling.’

There was no choice but to obey. Eva pushed the lid of the trunk open and stood up, glancing around to see where she was. Yes, it was the largest demonstration room, still set up for a show, with a few comfortable chairs for guests, the centerpiece a large metal circle, designed to hold someone in the center by their limbs, while still allowing access to their front and back. There was a large basin beneath it that could be filled with water, so they could be dunked at need. In one corner was a caged piece, probably forgotten in the chaos, staying very still and hoping not to be noticed.

Jacinda was still in her grieving clothes, next to a table of whips and lashes and canes. Her gait was staggering and uneven – there was an open bottle of wine on the table as well, she was clearly drunk.

‘Come here. You belong to me now, at least I until I can find someone to buy you. Shouldn’t take long, you’re quite fetching and well-trained. And take that ridiculous skirt off.’

That was an order Eva was happy to obey, stripping it off so she was wearing just her corset, collar and belt, taking some comfort in the familiar restraints. Jacinda picked up a cane and moved it through the air, swinging from the shoulder rather than the wrist so it made little noise.

Eva moved closer as Jacinda swung the cane again, only barely better this time. She poked Eva with the cane, prodding it into meaty part of her thigh. ‘Useless slut. Why my father liked you so much I don’t know.’ She moved closer, scent of wine heavy on her breath, digging her

nails into Eva's breasts. 'These aren't that good.' The cane cracked against Eva's hand. 'I'm sure you'll make a good fucktoy for someone. Hopefully a long way away. And then I can sell the rest of this place. Tomorrow I'll sign all this over, get rid of everything.'

She knocked against the table, wine spilling over a leather whip, making Eva wince. Then Jacinda moved to grab her by the throat. Eva slapped the hand out of the way and grabbed at Jacinda's dress, the ruffles easy to get purchase on, shoving back.

'Hey! Obey me, you dumb slut!' She slapped Eva across the face, Eva ignoring the strike and grabbing Jacinda by the throat. Her neck was bare, making it easy to squeeze, limiting her mistress' breath. Jacinda's face went red, not expecting any retaliation, trying to strike Eva again. Eva was faster, punching her squarely in the stomach. Even though her corset took most of the impact, it still dazed her for a moment, giving long enough for Eva to shove her backwards, grabbing a wrist and pushing it against the metal wheel, clicking a cuff around it.

'Hey!' Jacinda tried to move away, the wheel rotating slightly, shifting her off-balance as Eva grabbed her other wrist and bound it in place. 'Let me go you bi..mmmppggghhh!' Her words were cut off as Eva plucked a gag from the table, a thick lump of leather, and shoved it into Jacinda's mouth. As she did so, she made sure to stay close, using her own body to limit the movement of Jacinda's legs before tying the gag in place, long practice making it easy.

It was easy to spin the wheel, throwing Jacinda off balance, snapping an ankle into a restraint, leaving her with just one leg flailing free. With a delirious giggle, Eva spun the wheel all the way so Jacinda was now upside-down, angrily grunting from behind her gag as her dress fell, long enough to cover her head. Underneath, she was wearing stockings, but nothing else, her crotch bare.

Eva took a deep breath then picked up a leather paddle and cracked it against the exposed pussy, the grunts changing from anger to pain, the leg still flailing around until Eva managed to pinion it in place against the lack shackle, spreadeagling Jacinda on the wheel. Then she stepped back, heart pounding, the paddle dropping from her hand to the floor. *Shit, shit, shit, shit.* What the fuck had she done? If she was caught, then... She would probably be sentenced to get shackled, spread wide and open in a prison before being executed. Scarcely a worse fate than what Jacinda had intended for her, to be honest. Now she had started, she would have to see it through.

Jacinda's skirts were still flapping, her head moving beneath the heavy fabric, trying to break free. She would probably be panicking, short of breath. How quickly could she break Jacinda to her will? She had said that contracts or something would be tomorrow. So she had the night, and nothing more. It was the only way to keep the shop open, and to keep what was left of Master's legacy alive. She grabbed Jacinda's thigh, digging her nails in, hard enough to mark the flesh.

She turned the tap on, water starting to fill the basin. There was no time for subtlety or escalation – Jacinda needed to be *broken*, made utterly submissive, as quickly as possible. Eva had never shown much aptitude for this, outside of taking the money, so she would have no idea what was coming. Eva slapped her hand against the naked twat, grabbing hand of some curled hair and yanking, hard enough to pull the hairs out.

Jacinda's muffled grunting was changing, from anger and hate to fear. That was a good start – hopefully it would soon be pleading and a desire to please. The water would be rising, soaking into her dress, making it harder and harder to breath. Eva took a deep breath, trying to get her pounding heart and sweating body under control. She had done this countless times before, taking stubborn meat and breaking it down, into something obedient and useful. Only never to

Master's daughter! The skirts shook, starting to get even darker as water wicked upwards, getting absorbed by the material. She'd have to breathe through her nose with that gag in place, making it even harder.

As the water started to fill the basin, Eva took the chance to get changed. She always kept a change of clothes hidden away in the demonstration rooms, just in case of stains. She stripped off, changing back into her short skirt, tight blouse and leather cuffs on her wrists and ankles, making her feel much more comfortable.

By the time she was done, Jacinda's grunting was louder and more urgent, her booted feet shaking and twisting around. With the shackles on her ankles, unfortunately there was no way to take those off to punish Jacinda's feet, but Eva would have to work with what she had. Eva took another deep breath, then took hold of the wheel and rotated it. The water was a few inches deep by now, maybe enough to cover her nose but not yet her mouth, enough that she would be starting to worry about drowning.

Eva rocked the wheel back and forth, splashing Jacinda's head through the water, before leaning forward and kissing her victim's pussy. She'd have to shave it if she got more time! Eva teased her tongue into the dry slit, kissing it gently, feeling the response. Then she tilted the wheel downward, holding it there as the basin filled, ignoring the frantic twisting of feet and hands. Without being able to see Jacinda's head, it was a bit of a guess, but with her face pushed against the bitch's warm slit, it was easy to sense her gasping for breath. Eva silently counted, and then rotated the wheel around, bringing Jacinda to the upright position.

The dress fell down with a wet slap, the material thoroughly drenched. Jacinda's nostrils flared as she struggled to breathe, her dark hair drenched and sticking to her face. Eva pinched her nose, grinning as Jacinda tensed and tried to break free, desperate for air, but wasn't strong enough.

'You belong to me now. I'm going to break you, do you understand? You are going to be mine. You don't deserve this place, so...'

Jacinda's eyelids started to flutter, her grip on consciousness fading. Eva let go, just long enough for Jacinda to take in a few deep breaths before Eva pinched her nostrils shut again. She grabbed Jacinda's hair, forcing their eyes to meet.

'You should have learned from your father, and you could have had me. But now you're going to be *mine*.' When she let go this time, the fear was bright and powerful in Jacinda's eyes, her hands desperately twitching against the restraints. 'First, let's get you out of those clothes.' She could feel herself getting hot behind her belt, wanting to finger herself, to be fucked to satisfaction. Where the hell was the key?

With Jacinda bound to the wheel, it would take too long to undress her properly. Instead, Eva picked up a knife and stepped around behind the wheel. Jacinda moaned and groaned, trying to twist her head enough to keep Eva in sight, but not able to do so, already starting to sob with fear. That was a good sign – she was weakening already, hopefully she would break easily!

Eva cut through the clothing, quickly stripping off the outer layers – they were probably expensive, but there was no time to be more careful. Beneath was her corset, stiff-boned and tough, but Eva sawed through the cords, feeling Jacinda tense in fear. It didn't take long to strip the thing off, and then the shift beneath, pulling it all off and leaving Jacinda naked.

How to start? She had to leave Jacinda intact enough that others wouldn't suspect, and with no visible injuries. Fortunately, she normally wore heavy skirts and full corsets, so injuries should be easy to hide. From behind, she twisted the wheel, dunking Jacinda again, grinning as she heard her try to scream through her gag.

While she was upside down, Eva took the time to study her – she had nice breasts, and could do with some corset and figure training, but had a nice figure, trim and firm, not yet running to fat. She would make fine material to work on, at least if she could be made obedient. She moved around in front again and started to finger her, spreading her wide and kissing her pussy again. As the naked body spasmed, Eva tipped the wheel, just enough to let her take a few breaths before dunking her again. The cunt was warming up, starting to respond to Eva's tongue and fingers, slowly loosening and slicking, until Eva could slide a finger inside, feeling Jacinda's warmth tighten around her.

Another turn of the wheel, and Jacinda was upright again, barely conscious. Eva kept fingering her, two fingers now, sliding deeper and wider. She grabbed at Jacinda's hair, forcing her to look at her as she used her other hand to pinch at Jacinda's breasts, pinching a nipple as hard as she could, forcing Jacinda to stay conscious. Air whimpered through her nose, every time she tried to close her eyes or look away Eva hurt her. That was the trick – make them need you. Not want you, or like you, but need to know where you were, what you were doing, keep them ever fearful.

She was fully wet now, Eva's fingers teasing and twisting her towards a peak. She shifted her hand, gripping Jacinda's neck and starting to squeeze. She moved closer in, making sure she was all that Jacinda could see. She didn't speak, simply forced Jacinda to look into her eyes as an orgasm was forced upon her, as the last of her breath was taking from her in a wrenching, hacking gasp. Jacinda's head sagged down, body going limp as she passed out.

Chapter Three: Broken on the Wheel

Jacinda's eyes were wide in terror, tears trickling from her eyes as Eva cracked the whip. A red line seared itself across Jacinda's tummy, her chest panting and heaving. The gag was still in place, making it impossible for her to do more than plead with her eyes, as Eva whipped her again. The wounds would sting when bound under a corset, but wouldn't show, which was the main thing.

Eva raised her hand as though to whip again, Jacinda reflexively flinching, closing her eyes and looking away. Instead, Eva stepped forward, gently taking Jacinda's chin and twisting it, forcing Jacinda to look at her. She kissed her "mistress" on the cheek. 'You don't want me to hurt you, do you?' Her grip was strong enough that Jacinda couldn't move her head to signal agreement, but Eva could feel her neck tense. 'Good girl.' She gave her a kiss. 'I'm going to remove that gag so we can talk properly. But if you start to scream, then I'll spin you around and hold you there, do you understand?'

A pathetic mewling agreement came from behind the leather padding. Eva reached around and untied the gag, her other hand gripping the wheel and shifting it slightly, making Jacinda react in fear of being dunked and half-drowned again. Eva removed the gag and put it aside, before gently brushing wet hair from Jacinda's face, then kissing her, thrusting her tongue into her captive's mouth. Jacinda was shivering, cold from being repeatedly dunked into the chilly water, and she pushed her head forward, reflexively seeking out any warmth.

Eva started to finger her victim again, feeling the body respond, heat quickly building, before withdrawing her fingers and spinning the wheel, swiftly submerging Jacinda. When she spun around again, she was shivering, refusing to meet Eva's eyes. Eva slapped her across the face. 'You are *mine*. When I am training you, you are to look at me and only me. Is this understood?'

Jacinda nodded, Eva slapping her again, feeling her own pussy start to slick, wanting a good fucking herself, but she was still locked into her belt, and there were more important things to do right now. 'When I speak, you will answer. You are to address me as "Mistress" when safe to do so. Is this understood?'

Jacinda's voice was croaky from the repeated submersions, but she managed to choke out an answer. 'Yes, Mistress, please...'

Eva cut off whatever she was saying with another slap, harder than she intended. She'd have to ease off, as the marks were starting to show on Jacinda's face now. 'You have no right to ask for anything. You are here to obey, and nothing more. Is this understood?' Jacinda nodded her head frantically, as Eva grabbed her throat and started to squeeze. 'Say it. *Is this understood?*'

'Yes, Mistress!'

'Good.' Eva moved close in, giving her another kiss. She could feel Jacinda's heart hammering away, fully possessed by terror. That should make it easier to break her; this was going better than expected. Eva rocked the wheel, making Jacinda whimper out a strangled,

begging ‘no...’ before her face vanished beneath the water. Eva held her there, slowly counting to 20 before dragging her back up.

‘You spoke without permission. Obey me, and you will not be hurt.’

‘Yes, Mistress!’

Eva moved to shift the wheel again, Jacinda clamping her mouth shut this time.

‘I did not give you permission to speak, did I? You must obey, or you will be hurt.’

Jacinda sobbed as she nodded, her pupils massive, body in the grip of terror.

‘Good girl, good girl. Bad girls are punished, good girls are rewarded. Now tell me what a good girl will do.’ She moved her hand as though to slap, before slowing and stroking Eva’s face instead, making her twitch in confusion.

‘I will obey! Please, mistress, don’t hurt me.’

Eva started squeezing the neck again, keeping the pressure on, feeling blood pulsing through veins. She needed the idea to come from Jacinda, make her think it was her own idea, that it was what she truly wanted. ‘Not good enough. What are you going to do to show you’re a good girl?’

‘I... I... I won’t sell this place!’

‘Good girl.’ Eva kissed her, long and hard, robbing her breath just as effectively as choking her, but less painfully. When she relented and stepped back, Jacinda’s eyes were glassy and distant, a spark of life only returning when Eva pitched the wheel, threatening to dunk her again.

‘You’re going to be a good girl now, aren’t you? And obey your mistress?’

‘Ye...’ She must have seen the look on Eva’s face, as she stopped talking and just nodded.

‘Good.’

Eva attached a heavy leather collar around Jacinda’s neck before starting to release her limbs. Ankles first, a leather cuff around each joined with a hobble chain, as the water drained and gurgled from the basin, and then her wrists, cuffed behind her back. Between the cold of the water and the shocks she was enduring, Eva was shivering – excellent, that should make her easy to persuade further. Fortunately, long dresses would hide any marks on her knees and thighs, so she pushed Jacinda over, onto her knees.

‘Crawl. Get used to it, you’re going to be spending a lot of time on your knees. Forward. Unless you want to go back on the wheel?’

Jacinda made a fearful whine but obeyed, crawling forward, leaving damp marks behind herself as she moved, still dripping. Now what to do with her? A flash of pale skin drew her attention – the piece in the cage. He could be useful. Eva used the paddle again, smacking it against Jacinda’s backside, just in case she had any thoughts of rebellion. Keep the pain coming, ensure they couldn’t think or seize control for themselves.

Eva moved her next to the cage, the occupant only dimly visible in the low light. He flinched back as Eva made comforting noises at him, giving Jacinda a particularly hard blow before opening up the cage. Hopefully they would help her, or at least not try to free Jacinda! He was tall and lanky, and looked strong enough to be a problem if he wanted to get rowdy. But he looked thoroughly cowed as he crawled out, standing in an awkward stoop, not meeting her eyes. His elbows were cuffed behind his back, limiting his reach.

Eva stroked his cock, already half-hard, before whispering an order to him. ‘Take her. Hard.’ She pressed her foot against Jacinda’s back, making her bend over. ‘Say “thank you, mistress”, for what you are about to get.’

‘Thank you, mistress.’

Eva moved around her, placing a heeled foot against her head and pushing it against the floor, as the man grasped her hips and slid into her. She was still wet from Eva's finger-fucking, offering no resistance as the man fucked her, rough and hard, probably the first release he had been allowed in weeks. His crotch knocked against her thighs and backside with a slapping sound as he came, some cum oozing out of her pussy.

'Thank him, slut.'

She was sobbing as he ground against her, Eva pushing down harder against her neck, pushing down with her heel.

'Thank... thank you for... fucking me.'

'Good girl. See, it isn't so hard if you just obey, is it?' Where would she put Jacinda for the night? She couldn't let her rest but didn't have the stamina to punish her all night. Even a cage might let her recover some of her strength and willpower. The barrel, that should do the trick. 'You, slave. Fuck her again. Whichever hole you want.'

Jacinda squeaked as the slave withdrew, spread her buttocks wide with his hands and spat between them, then started easing himself into her back passage. She'd probably never been taken there, or didn't like it, to judge by her pained squeals.

That should keep both of them busy long enough – where was the barrel? It was normally in here in case any slave needed a reminder of their place. She'd only been locked into it once, finding the discomfort throbbing and dull, feeling half-dead for afterwards. It was useful for softening up stubborn meat, though. Fortunately, it was on wheels, easy to move out and open.

It was a wooden barrel on a suspended frame, the inside large enough for a person. But the interior wasn't smooth, every surface covered with wooden pyramids, to poke and prod the occupant. And it was on an oiled axel – the slightest movement of someone inside would make it spin out of control. It was impossible to sleep, or get any meaningful rest, while locked inside, any motion punished by shifting balance and uncomfortable pressure.

The slap-slap-slap of meat continued, the slave taking his pleasure as Eva moved it into place. Any unsteadiness on Jacinda's place would hopefully be mistaken for grief. Eva watched Jacinda as she was fucked, body shaking and juddering in time with the meat's thrusts, tears trickling down her face. He had some vigor, lasting some time before he juddered and gasped, hands still tight around Jacinda's thighs. Eva tapped him on the nose, just lightly, with a paddle.

'Good boy. Now, back in your cage.' He tensed, Eva raising the paddle to strike in case he rebelled, but he crawled back in, letting Eva lock him away. Then she grabbed at Jacinda's hair, pulling her along. There was cum oozing from her pussy and butthole – well, that should remind her of her place. She was so dazed it was easy to shove her into the barrel and lock the hatch, before giving it a spin. Jacinda's weight made it move in uneven fits and starts as she shifted inside it, trying to achieve the impossible task of making herself comfortable.

Chapter Four: A Change of Owners

Her own sleep was fitful, curled up on a chair, trying not to scrape herself against the hard metal cuffs on the arms. Each time she woke, she padded over to the barrel, giving it another spin, hearing the thud of Jacinda's body inside it, falling against the sides.

As dawn broke, Eva roused herself, trying to prepare for the grueling day ahead. She probably had another few hours before the prospective buyer was due to show up, but she would have to make sure Jacinda was coherent enough to turn them down, without anyone suspecting. She gave the barrel another spin, before slapping it to a stop and opening it up.

Jacinda flinched away from the sudden light, still gagged, fearful. And, from the smell, she had soiled herself. Normally, property with such slack bowels would be harshly punished, beaten red-raw and forced to drink castor oil. But right now, there wasn't time! Instead, she tilted the barrel so that Jacinda fell to the floor, tainted with her own filth.

Eva grabbed her by the hair and dragged her along, not giving her a chance to resist. 'Move! Dirty bitch.' Fortunately, the basin wasn't far, and it was quick to set the tap running, cold water filling it up. 'In. Wash.'

The short, simple commands seemed to reach Jacinda through her daze, although she winced at having to endure the cold water. Well, there would be far worse than this in her future. Eva splashed water over her, wiping off sweat and filth, making sure it swirled away down the plughole. She scrubbed at her captive, hard enough to leave marks in her pale skin. 'Do you want to go back on the wheel?'

That got a frantic shake of the head.

'Then be a good, obedient slut, and I won't have to put you there. Do you understand?'

Emphatic nodding. Eva grabbed her head and shoved it under the tap, the water streaming over her gagged mouth, some of it trickling inside to judge by how she coughed and spluttered.

So when the buyer comes, you are going to refuse them. You are going to tell them that you've changed your mind.'

She untied the gag, giving it a quick wash underneath the tap.

'What are you going to tell them?'

There was a spark of resistance, quelled by a slap – not hard enough to mark the skin, but hopefully enough to destroy any hope she might still be harboring.

'What are you going to tell them?'

Jacinda's jaw flexed and tensed, obviously unused to being gagged for so long, or probably at all. Eva moved her hand as though to slap her again, watching her flinch away. 'That... I will not be selling to them.'

Eva moved her hand, the slap becoming a stroke. 'Good girl. You see? Simply obey, and you won't get hurt. What happens if you disobey?' She moved her hand down, feeling Jacinda's pert breast, currently goosebumped from the cold water.

'I... get hurt.'

Eva pinched the nipple – not hard, but enough to show intent. 'Good girl. Just do what I tell you, and you won't get hurt.'

Jacinda shivered but didn't fight back as Eva finished washing her off. Then she gave herself a quick wipe, getting the grime off her face and hands. Jacinda was still cowed, sat in the basin, shivering in the water. Once formed, obedience was a hard pattern to break, so this was a good sign. She raked her nails down Jacinda's back, skin sensitive from the cold water, enjoying watching her squirm under the pain.

'Now, you're going to be a good little grieving daughter, aren't you? Veiled and hidden away. I don't think you'll be seeing your friends for a while, don't you agree?'

Jacinda didn't say anything, until Eva pinched her skin again, prompting a response and another quiver of fear. 'Yes.' Eva pinched harder. 'We are safe here, what are you supposed to call me?'

'Yes, mistress.'

'Don't get it wrong again. Now, time for you to get dressed.' Master didn't keep any other permanent staff that weren't currently caged. She would have to talk to them; they would probably be happy with the change of management. But there was no time, she had to prepare Jacinda.

She pulled Jacinda up, checking that the cuffs and hobble chain were still firmly in place, then blindfolded Jacinda and started to move her. She shuffled along, the chain snapping taut with every tiny step, she took, still dripping wet and freezing.

Jacinda's chambers were mostly a storeroom for her clothing, the only other furnishings a bed and a makeup table, surrounded by mirrors. Eva pushed faster, forcing Jacinda to awkwardly hop and scuttle otherwise she would lose balance, then gave her another shove, so she fell onto the bed. Please let her have something in black!

She dug through the clothing – how Jacinda managed, without even a lady's maid, was almost impressive. It took a few moments to move Jacinda back onto her feet, and then began to dress her. She didn't have much experience with the full layers of a wealthy woman, behind sometimes having to crawl underneath a skirt and eat them out, while trying to breathe enough to not pass out, but she should be able to manage. She couldn't find a chemise, so the corset would have to sit against the skin.

She cracked a hand against Jacinda's buttocks, enjoying the sound and the yelp of pain, before starting to wrap the stiff material around her body. There was a glass of water, and she poured some over the laces, before tightening them as much as she could. Fortunately, Jacinda had a good figure to start with, the corset falling naturally into place, at least to start with. Without anything beneath it, pressing directly against the skin, it would be uncomfortable, but it was easier than dressing her directly.

Jacinda grunted in discomfort as the corset tightened around her, pushing her breasts up in an appealing way. As the ties dried, it tightened further, and should serve to restrict her movement further. Before she loaded Jacinda down with petticoats, she fetched a buttplug, a tapered cylinder of metal. She pushed it against Jacinda's mouth. 'Open. And lick, or this will hurt more.'

Jacinda's tongue uncertainly probed around the metal, clearly not knowing what it was. When she had dribbled on it enough, Eva withdrew it, before slapping Jacinda's butt again, then separating the buttocks and starting to push it in. She resisted, trying to move away before Eva shoved her onto the bed and sat on her.

The woman was so tight! Had she really never been fucked in the ass before last night? Well, that would need training. Eva began probing with the buttplug, wriggling it back and forth, slowly expanding Jacinda's anus.

‘Please! Please, Mistress, not... not there.’

Eva pushed harder, the plug moving past the tipping point and the rest getting swallowed into Jacinda’s body. She gave it a few tweaks and tugs, watching as Jacinda’s sphincter was spread wide and then shrank again, the metal disappearing from sight.

‘You don’t get a say in the matter anymore. Now, roll over.’ She moved off the woman and was glad to be obeyed, pulling at Jacinda until her legs were dangling off the bed. That pubic hair really did need a trim! Stockings though – she quickly found a pair and started easing them up Jacinda’s legs, in between starting to play with that exposed pussy. She was soft and eager, despite the gentle pleading coming from her lips. Eva pinched her outer lips. ‘You are mine, you cannot refuse. What do you say?’

There was a pause, long enough that Eva almost slapped her, because she answered. ‘I am yours, Mistress. Please don’t hurt me, Mistress.’

Eva finished with the stockings, snapping them onto a suspender belt, before leaning in and starting to kiss and tongue between Jacinda’s legs. From how hot and wet she was, you’d never know her position! Her body seemed to enjoy the abuse, even if she didn’t. She drew Jacinda to a peak, before stopping, pinching the exposed clit and drawing out a long squeal of pain. Maybe she could get Cora to put a piercing there? With a long skirt, she could be chained to the floor, and no-one would ever know!

But there was work to be done first.

‘If you’re a good girl, then I’ll finish you off afterwards. Without hurting you. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?’

Jacinda shifted on her back, uncertain how to respond, before Eva pinched the inside of her thigh, making her squeal in response. ‘Yes Mistress! Yes!’

‘I expect an answer when I address you.’

‘Yes, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress.’

Jacinda seemed to be adjusting impressively fast, which was good. Next were petticoats – she found a relatively restrained set, pulling them onto her victim, hiding the plug from view. Although if she truly had no anal experience, then having an intruder in her backside would be a good reminder of her place, and it wasn’t as though she would be able to take it out with a heavy skirt in the way. Shoes next... Some high-heeled boots, pushing Jacinda higher, the hobble chain snapping around the leather-wrapped ankles. And then the dress – a heavy thing, falling to the ground, somber and dark, but low cut at the chest, a generous amount of breast pushed up by the corset. Combined with the tight corset, she was an appealing sight, and her drawn look could be taken as grieving.

A posture collar, high and tight, would complete the look, but would be too obvious, so that long, slender neck would have to be bare. For now, at least. Jacinda was going to have to adjust to a very different station in life from now on.

Chapter Five: Sealing the Deal

Eva spent the rest of the time she had abusing Jacinda further, blindfolding and gagging her, then raking nails over the woman's concealed flesh, clawing and pinching. It was important for Jacinda to know her position, that she could be hurt at any time, whenever her mistress wanted to, even if it was just for fun. *Especially* if it was just for fun – she was a thing that existed for Eva's pleasure, no longer truly a person, whatever the legalities might be. And Eva had to be as certain as possible that Jacinda would be obedient and follow the orders she had been given. Plus, the pain was making Jacinda cry, adding realism to the grieving clothes she was wearing.

The sound of a bell chimed from downstairs. Eva gave Jacinda a few more cruel pinches, before using a cloth to wipe away the worst of the tears. 'What are you going to tell them?' She raised a hand as though to slap Jacinda, watching as the woman flinched away, terror in her eyes. The habit of obedience was forming already, the woman's body tense with terror, without anywhere to run to. Some slaves had it in them to resist, to kick and scream until forced to submit, but Jacinda wasn't one of them, it seemed, her spirit almost crushed already. Eva repeated the question, Jacinda flinching away as Eva moved her hand backwards, the words rushing out.

'I will tell him that the arrangement is off, and this place isn't going to be sold!'

Eva grabbed her by the hair and twisted, feeling some strands wrenching from her skull. 'You are to refer to me as "Mistress". But only when in private.' She twisted her hand, ragging the woman's head about, ignoring her tears.

'I'm sorry, Mistress! Please don't hurt me!'

Eva let go, watching as Jacinda shrunk in on herself, wanting to vanish, be anywhere but here. It took an effort of will not to put the collar onto her and leash her, drag her downstairs to be displayed like a breeding bitch, but that would cause for more problems. Instead, she put a collar around her own neck, buckling it on and then giving Jacinda the leash. As long as Jacinda's spirit stayed broken for just long enough, and then she could make the situation more permanent later, as long as she wasn't sold right now!

The bell rang again, louder this time, sound clamoring for attention. Eva had to push and shove Jacinda into taking the lead, the woman so broken already she needed instruction for virtually everything. Walking behind her was a challenge, Jacinda's steps faltering and uneven as the bell continued to ring.

When they got downstairs, Eva moved in front towards the door, trying to play the role of a dutiful servant. As soon as she unlocked it, it got shoved open, almost smashing her in the face. A man barged in, his cane tapping impatiently on the ground, flicking against her to move her out of the way, the stiff wood painful against her lower legs.

'Out of the way, wench. I'm here for your owner, not you. Filthy slut.' He slapped at her with the cane again, hard enough that it would leave bruising. She kept her eyes downcast, stepping away, letting him in. He was tall and powerful, quickly shedding his overcoat and handing it to her, revealing that he was wearing a well-cut waistcoat beneath, highlighting his

broad shoulders and narrow waist, the silver buttons bright in the dark hallway, a fob watch dangling from a chain.

Jacinda visibly flinched at all the noise, still fearful as Eva dropped back, giving the woman a shove forward, hoping she would remember her position. Another man stepped in behind him – clearly a bodyguard, a shaven-headed and hulking slab of muscle and meat, tattoos on his neck and knuckles, nose flattened from being broken repeatedly, almost certainly armed. Her mouth dried – if this went south and things got bloody, there was nothing she could do. She would have to hope Jacinda played her part!

The thug leered at her, although it seemed more out of form than any genuine desire. She curtsied, lifting her skirt enough to show the chastity belt she was wearing, not needing to fake too much to show fear, moving close behind Jacinda, lightly touching her backside, knowing her sore and sensitive that skin was as she tapped her hand against it.

The man, clearly a lord or wealthy merchant, looked at her with interest. ‘Hmm, this would be the piece you want disposed of? She seems fetching enough, but I suppose if you have tired of her, then someone else can make use of her.’ Without asking for permission, he approached, groping at her breast through the thin material of her top. ‘She is well-formed, at least.’

Eva bit her tongue, not wanting to draw any attention – she’d endured far worse before and kept her head down, not making a sound even as he squeezed a nipple hard enough to crush the flesh.

‘Hmm, she seems to take pain well. Perhaps she even enjoys it?’ He slapped her across the cheeks, and she felt a heat rising within her, and couldn’t entirely hide the flush that was spreading across her face. He saw it and chuckled. ‘Dirty little pain Slut. Maybe someone should weld a metal ring over your mouth, make you nothing but a fuck-hole. Anyway, Miss Jacinda, the study? Then we can get this dealt with.’

As soon as he let go of Eva’s nipple, she darted behind Jacinda as though scared, whispering into her ear. ‘Make him leave, or I’ll weld you onto the wheel and set it spinning.’ She whimpered, starting to cry again before Eva pinched her. ‘Go. Now!’ She stood back, hoping Eva would suddenly develop a spine.

As he walked past, the man grabbed her by the chin, pushing two gloved fingers into her mouth. She could taste the leather, warm and slightly bitter as he pushed hard, down into her throat, making her splutter slightly. He held them there, watching her reaction, his other hand grabbing the back of her neck, making it impossible for her to break away. She only coughed once, glad that Master had been thorough in training out her gag reflex.

He withdrew his fingers, then wiped them on her clothing, leaving spittle trailing across her top. ‘You seem to have been well-trained. Very good. Look after my man.’ Then he followed after Jacinda.

The bodyguard smiled at her, clearly leering now he had been granted permission. She looked at him and suppressed a sigh. ‘So, you want it long and sweet, or hard and fast?’

He looked taken aback.

‘Hey, they’re going to be a while, so may as well make it fun for you. Your guvnor probably doesn’t let you relax much, I bet whenever you have to fuck it’s to make a point, punish someone or whatever, right? Fuck her, fuck her, never a chance to enjoy yourself properly, right, or a thought of what it’s like for you? I don’t want to brag, but I’m pretty good with my mouth. So, would you like a nice and long and sweet one, rather than just grabbing my head and shoving it in? It’ll be a lot nicer.’

He looked uncertain. 'How do I know you won't bite me? Had that happen once, ugly little thing, still got the fuckin' scar!'

'If I bite you, you're going to beat the shit out of me, and I don't really want that.' She approached, dropping to her knees in front of him, glad that there was a rug on the stone floor, smiling up at him as she rubbed a hand on his crotch, feeling him quicken even through his trousers. He placed a hand on her head, his fingers calloused and rough, but only resting it there, but not yet gripping.

'I've heard you fancy girls can make it real slow and sweet.'

She kept stroking him through his trousers – he had an impressive length, at least, it always seemed a shame to spend the effort on some pecker barely the length of a finger!

'Awww, you think I'm fancy? That's sweet. I'm up from the rookeries myself, ran with the Black Bobbies before ending up here.'

She undid his trousers, his cock falling free and smacking her across her face, still growing. Now it was free, she tickled a finger across the underside, then gently kissed the tip, running her tongue around the end. It was slightly crooked, the skin marred by an uneven curve of faded-white scars, probably left from when he had been bitten. At least he had washed recently, from the smell.

'You were one of those bastards? Fuck me, I was with the Dead Rabbits, we probably fought a few times. Little cowardly bastards, the lot of you!'

She flicked her tongue around the crown a few more times. 'Yeah, but you never chased us into the dockyards, did you? Not after what happened to Thruppence Jimmy.'

His hand stayed on her head, just relaxed, not gripping or hurting. His cock was large enough that she wasn't sure she'd be able to take the full length, but hopefully he wouldn't force it down her throat. She shifted her head, flicking hair from her eyes as she kissed the side of the shaft, using her hands to gently knead his balls, brushing through his dense pubic hair.

'Fuck, that wasn't you was it?' The hand tightened on her head. 'Had his bloody prick cut off and shoved in his mouth.'

She continued to speak as she kissed and licked his shaft, until it was fully erect, hard and hot in front of her face. 'Nah, not me. But with where he'd been sticking it, he deserved it! I should tend to your needs first.' She looked up at him and smiled as she cupped his testicles – she'd sucked off enough guys to be damn good at it! She peeled back his foreskin, running her tongue along the now fully-exposed crown, smiling as he shivered, the hand relaxing on her head again.

Then she took his cock into her mouth, holding it there and sucking her cheeks in, getting the whole shaft nice and slick. She was starting to get hot herself, although the belt locked around her crotch meant there was no hope for any release until she bullied the key out of Jacinda, assuming she wasn't being sold away right now. She banished the thought, trying to focus instead on the cock in front of her – she had enough pride in her skills that she wanted to make it a good blowjob, and it was nice to have a decent length to play with.

She started to tease him, going fast and then slow, listening to his breathing, keeping him on the edge of release but never quite there. She gave the tip another sloppy kiss, a chain of spittle linking it to her mouth before falling to the floor, speaking in between sliding the shaft into her mouth. 'Bet you've... never had... one this... good, right?'

'Mmmm, never would've thought you were from the streets. Thought you'd be a maid from one of the big houses!'

Eva snorted, sending a shiver through the man's body as he reacted to the puff of air. Maids tended to be pretty, fluttery things, always crying before they broke, shattering into submission. Well, except for Lady Brimton's piece, Alicia, who was as tough as old leather, for all her shows of tears and woe. She had a nice position, looking after a trainer like Lady Brimton, getting to play with all of the pieces and break them in. And a session with Lady Brimton... She shivered, twisting her head around to envelop the cock fully, remembering the sensation of the lady's crop against her body, expertly targeting Eva's weakest parts, using rope and clamps to break her down.

She accelerated her efforts, holding as much of his length inside her mouth and throat as she could, before the meat twitched and spasmed, a jet of cum shooting into her mouth. She tightened her lips, sucking out every droplet and swallowing it. As she withdrew, the cock already shrinking away, she treated it tenderly, laying more kisses against it as it faded away to flaccid sagginess. He was panting and looked slightly dazed.

'Whoa, you really are good! That was... wow.'

She kissed his cock again – it was strangely cute how they went from being large and powerful to ridiculous-looking shrunken *things* once they were done. While she liked the taste of cum, it was nice to use a dildo or strap-on sometimes, for a cock that didn't fade away. 'Thank you, I've had a lot of practice. Should hope I'm a lot better than a one-penny back alley trull!'

'Damn, you really are. See why the boss keeps going to those fancy brothels, if they're anything like you!'

She poked his cock with a finger, giggling at the way it dangled. 'Oh, I'm better than most. Had a lot more practice! And you've got a nice taste. Sweaty, but not too dirty. If I don't get sold off, then come back again. I'm hoping to get some stock in, a nice big cock like yours is good for training them.'

'Hah, sounds pretty good! Boss wants this place though, and your mistress wants to get rid of you. Way she speaks of you, *really* wants you gone.'

Eva took a cloth and used it to wipe the last of her dribble from his now-shrunken cock, standing up and buttoning his trousers up for him.

'I'm hoping she might have reconsidered.' The study was sound-proofed, so there was no way of knowing what was happening, other than to wait.

'Well, no hard feelings, but if you're being sold, then don't act up. Be a shame to have to break or scar a pretty thing like you.'

They waited, in a mutually awkward silence, not sure what to talk about, and not knowing how long until their masters would emerge, he didn't want to risk being in the middle of another blowjob.

The door slammed open, Eva relaxing slightly. If he was angry, then that was probably a good sign for her. Footsteps sounded, hard and heavy, along with the cane tapping, almost striking, the floor.

He stepped into the room, looking furious, Eva trying not to show any sign of happiness, dropping her shoulders and fading into the background, not wanting to risk drawing any abuse. He didn't even seem to see her, the bodyguard taking his coat and settling it over his shoulders, the man striding for the door. The guard looked at Eva and shrugged – life in service consisted of obeying, no matter how irritating it could be. She smiled and shrugged back – it didn't seem she would be getting sold off now, so maybe he would come back? Hopefully without his master!

As soon as the door slammed shut behind them, Eva locked it, then ran up to the office. Jacinda was sprawled on the floor, crying again, sobbing even more when she saw Eva.

‘I... I did it, mistress. I didn’t... didn’t sell. Although he wasn’t happy...’ She trailed off, clearly uncertain of what would happen next.

Eva knelt next to her, stroking her head – she didn’t have any more obvious injuries, and he probably wouldn’t have been rash enough to strike her. ‘Good girl. You did what your mistress ordered. Good girl.’

Her sniffing slowed a little, although tears continued to trickle down her face. ‘Thank you.’

Eva kissed her on the lips, knowing that the taste of the guard’s cum was still strong on her own lips and tongue. Well, Jacinda would have to get used to that, she was going to be eating a lot more of the stuff. Eva smiled at her, before opening of the drawers of the desk, knowing where Master kept his tools, pulling out a training hood. Before Jacinda could recover herself, she pulled it over the woman’s head and locked it into place, then grabbed Jacinda’s wrists and cuffed them behind the back. She had bought herself some time, hopefully enough to render Jacinda fully obedient!

Chapter Six: Bossing Around the Boss

Jacinda cowered, stripped naked, her soft, pale skin now well marked with welts and bruises. Eva was sat on the bed – technically Jacinda's bed, but a place that Eva had made very clear that Jacinda would not be allowed to use, unless it were to pleasure and service someone else. She raised her hand, readying a cane to strike, taking pleasure in the way that Jacinda flinched backwards, fearful of another strike.

At the moment, she was entirely naked, not even wearing cuffs or a collar as she groveled on the floor. Eva had been careful to only rarely allow her out of the house, making sure she was heavily bound into grieving garb whenever that happened, tightly corseted and gagged beneath her veil, her friends imagining her struck dumb with grief. But Eva needed to make sure the woman was permanently under her control.

'On your back.'

Jacinda obeyed, laying back, arms and legs spread wide, entirely defenseless as Eva pushed her booted foot onto her, leaving a dirty footprint on her pale belly, before pressing her pointed toe against the woman's naked crotch. She hadn't broken entirely, often needing forceful encouragement to get wet, having not yet learned to be wet and yielding when needed, and how much less painful it was to be fucked wet rather than dry. A few more sessions with the spiked dildos would teach her that, unless she wanted to be truly fucked bloody and raw.

Eva pushed her foot forward, easing herself into the woman, ignoring the grunts of pain as Jacinda's pussy was spread wide as Eva forced her way in, a painful intrusion.

'What to do with you? Another session in the training room? It's quite impressive how long you can hold your breath for.' That got a pained whimper and a slight shake of the head. 'Oh? You don't like the water? And the sounds you make are so delightful. Those gasping breaths of yours as you surface are fun. Do you prefer the whip or the cane?'

Jacinda had been taught, quite forcefully, to always answer when given a question, even if she didn't want to. 'The... the cane, mistress.' She didn't beg or plead not to be struck, that also having been beaten out of her early on.

'Hmm. I think we need to take a trip. There are a few things I don't have here. Stand, and then we can get you dressed.'

Slowly and fearfully, Jacinda obeyed, not fighting back or resisting, even as she was strapped and buckled into a punishingly tight corset, a long black dress hiding heels high enough that she struggled to stand unaided, leather straps fed through the dress to restrain her arms as well, her gloves sewn together so that she couldn't use her hands either, fingers stitched together. She shuddered and flinched every time Eva touched her, afraid of some further punishment. But she was obedient enough that she let Eva strap a heavy belt around her head to force her mouth shut, hidden behind a heavy black veil.

Her own clothing was easier to arrange – a short skirt, stockings and heels, along with her usual blouse, were all she needed. Oh, and her collar and cuffs, to show she was owned, even if her owner was currently just short of crying and sobbing.

It was only a short carriage ride back to the rookery. Jacinda's veil was thick enough that she was virtually blind as well, giving Eva an excuse to lead her around, playing the part of a dutiful servant. Even in a place like this, someone dressed as a widow drew attention, the street rats and costermongers looking at them strangely. 'Come along mistress, let's get you tended to.'

She pulled Jacinda along, the heels giving the woman an impressive height but crippling her movement, every step requiring support.

In the enclosed square, the shoeshine girl was still working, her tongue flicking over mud-caked leather. Eva walked over to her owner, the faded-looking noble sat close by, her expression cold.

'I need the marking room.'

'Oh?' She looked between them. 'Your mistress got a taste for the hard stuff?'

'Something like that. This enough?' Jacinda tossed over a shiny coin. The woman took it, then bit it to check it for purity, before nodding. 'No screaming, whatever you're doing, make sure whoever it's being done to is properly bloody gagged. Don't want the filth showing up again! Through there, second left.'

She pointed into a dank-looking alleyway, or possibly the hallway of a building. Eva followed the directions, feeling Jacinda shaking in fear and uncertainty, able to hear, but probably with no idea what was going to happen to her.

The marking room was hot, air fuggy with heat coming from an open bank of coals, a bare-chested man wearing a thick leather apron keeping it fed. Jacinda froze, not sure what was going on, making an uncertain noise. Eva stepped forward, removing her support and letting Jacinda stagger forwards before grabbing her by the neck and pushing down, forcing her to her knees. There was a sturdy metal frame with leather bands hanging from it, designed to hold someone suspended from the ground, facing away from the fire.

She grabbed at Jacinda's hands, ripping off the binding gloves and then taking her arm, wrenching it over towards the frame. A leather band clipped around Jacinda's lower arm, a chain going tight and pulling it up, before Eva repeated the action with the other arm. Although she could still move her arms slightly, it spread them high and open, giving Eva the access she would need later.

Then it was time to strip her naked. She took a knife and started to cut away the woman's clothing, pale skin appearing from beneath black clothing. A sudden burst of panic overcame Jacinda, legs kicking out. Eva grabbed one, holding it close against her, unlacing the boot and sliding it off, before cuffing a strap around the thigh, a strap connecting her to the frame. With only one leg free, Jacinda could barely move, her bound leg suspended off the ground, other kicking impotently until Eva grabbed it and bound it as well. Jacinda was now fully spread out and suspended off the ground, her arms and legs splayed. Sweat, from both the heat and the fear, was beginning to make her skin shine. She kept struggling, twisting and twitching her body, powerless to break free, or even touch the ground, shaking her head in fear.

'Hush now, mistress.' Eva stepped around her, moving out of her sight then slapped her on the backside, glad of her own skimpy clothing – a full, heavy dress would be torturous in this heat! Jacinda's gasps were muffled by the leather strap still in place, changing slightly in tone as Eva reached between her victim's thighs and started to play with the woman's pussy. She gently started to tease and stroke it with her fingers, tickling them around the edge. 'Don't be worried. All you need to do is obey me, and nothing else. I own you now, and you're going to be a good

little mistress-slut, aren't you? You're going to do everything I say, or I'm going to strap you on the wheel and spin you around again.'

Jacinda whimpered in fear, shaking her head in desperate pleading as Eva released the belt from around her head. 'What do you need to say?'

'Yes, Mistress Eva. Anything you say! But... please not the water again! Please...'

She trailed off, probably crying again already. Eva took the belt and slapped it against the woman's backside – with her arms and legs spread, her body was taut and tight, quite the appealing sight. She would have to find a suitor for Jacinda at some point, but that shouldn't be too hard, the woman was attractive enough, and starting to respond more to being hurt. She slid a finger into her, having to push and twist, Jacinda's folds barely moist.

'You should try harder. When being touched, a slut should always try and be receptive. Now, let me get some tools ready, and then I'll work on your some more.' As she kissed Jacinda's backside, the woman's body stiffened in fear, unsure what was going to happen. Eva went to the banked coals and picked up an iron, placing it into the coals. 'You need just a few permanent modifications. To make sure that you always know your place. Because you're not a mistress anymore, are you?'

She had to pinch Eva to prompt a response, getting a fearful 'Yes, Mistress' as an answer.

'Good girl. I did think of welding a chastity belt onto you, but I think your pussy needs rather more attention. So instead, I'm making sure you're always going to know your place.' She looked at the man, who bumped bellows, increasing the heat of the fire. There was a stack of metal bands in all sizes, cuffs and collars, and even chastity belts and metal corsets, spiked on the inside.

Jacinda took a metal ankle-cuff and clipped it into place.

'Mistress, please, no! I'll be good! Please don't hurt me!'

Eva stood up and stroked the woman's body, enjoying the way it trembled, breath coming in fear-stricken pants. She put her arm around Jacinda's waist, teasing and stroking her crotch again, feeling the wetness starting to rise there. 'Oh, this won't hurt. Now, where is the key to my chastity belt?' Jacinda clamped her jaw tightly shut, not wanting to cede her final secret. 'Oh, is Mistress being stubborn? There are far worse things I can do to you, you know.'

She slapped the belt against the woman's backside again, her curves now gleaming with sweat. Stacked in a corner were more implements – Eva spotted a large metal plug, dirty and stained from past use. She picked it up and held it in front of Jacinda's face. 'If this goes in, it's probably not coming out for a while. Is that what you want?'

Jacinda whimpered again, kicking and twisting but unable to break free. 'No, Mistress, please!'

'Then tell me where the key is.' She'd searched everywhere she could think of but hadn't been able to find it. She took the plug and placed it against Jacinda's anus and started to push – without any lubrication, it would be a brutal ravaging, stretching out the narrow pucker. Even as the tip pushed into her, she started to grunt in pain. 'Tell me, and I won't force it all into you.'

It slid a little further in, the metal scraping and pulling against tender flesh. 'The portrait! It's hidden behind the portrait in the study! Please don't push it in!'

Eva relented, drawing back the plug. 'Good girl. See how much easier it is to be obedient? Now, time for your nice new jewelry.' She clipped a padlock through the ankle-band, clicking it shut, before doing the same on the other leg. The wrists were next, another cuff going on each, heavy metal, too sturdy to break out of once locked shut.

On top of the banked coals was a heavy pot full of silvery liquid. Eva nodded at the man, who picked it up with heavy tongs, carefully moving it over. Eva reached out and grabbed at Jacinda's hair, forcing her head upwards. A little of the solder was poured into the keyhole of each padlock, sealing it forever. A droplet splashed and hit Jacinda's leg, burning the skin, prompting a twitching yelp of pain.

'Don't worry, Mistress. Soon you won't have to worry ever again, just obey.'

Jacinda's head twisted around as she tried to see what was going on, not knowing what had just burned her. More solder was poured into the locks of her wrist-cuffs, sealing them locked.

'Very good, Mistress! Now you're always going to be marked as property. Unless you can get a blacksmith to remove them, and that might just cost you the limb.'

'Eva, please! No! Get them off, get them off!' She shook in her restraints again, fear lending her strength again, but to no avail.

Eva slid three fingers into her, feeling the woman's body trying to resist her, only barely wet. 'You are mine now, until I decide to sell you. You are meat. And now you're going to be marked. But I am kind enough to give you a choice – would you like to be marked here, or here?' She ran her fingers first along the woman's back, just above her arse, then on her belly, beneath her navel. 'Or both, if you refuse to choose.'

'Noooo! Please! I'll be good! Just not that!'

'Both, then.' Eva nodded at the man, and he went to fetch the branding iron, now sufficiently hot.

'Nooooo! The back! Just one, please Mistress!'

Eva stepped away, making sure to keep safe distance from the hot metal, Jacinda's cries getting more desperate. She couldn't move enough to get away, the twisted curve of the iron getting pressed against her skin, just beneath her navel. She screamed, high and piercing, the smell of burning meat turning Eva's stomach.

Jacinda sagged, her screaming having taken all her energy, sagging again, reduced to messy, degraded blubbering. Eva checked the mark – it was red-raw, and a little blurred from her wriggling, but showed a circular chain, trimmed with savage spikes. 'And her back as well.'

'No...ooo... please...'

Eva ignored her, watching as the iron was heated again, pushed into the small of Jacinda's back, skin scorching and sizzling. She tensed and screamed again, at least as much as she could with the energy she had left, her head sinking, barely conscious.

She kept sniveling, making Eva wish she had left the gag in. But with shackles welded on, and a brand marking her body, there was no doubt that Jacinda was meat now, even if she was technically the owner. 'Have her put into a cage, and then delivered to me. She'll be a good girl, I'm sure. Isn't that right, meat?'

Jacinda shuddered, making a motion that might have been a nod, as Eva buckled the gag-strap back into place.

'I'll be having a look around, have some fun with her if you want.'

Jacinda whimpered, juddering in her bonds again, unable to break free. The worker smiled at her with a nod of respect, tugging off his heavy gloves. It would do Jacinda good to get some more experience. Eva went outside, glad of the cooler air, ignoring Jacinda's desperate grunts, and the soft slapping of skin on skin.

Chapter Seven: Under New Management

‘We have some of the new equipment and material through here, my lord. If you would kindly follow me.’ Eva bowed, before leading Lord Dutherington and his wife into the showroom. It had been refurbished, a new coat of paint making everything looking cleaner, doing something to shift the ingrained funk of fuck-scent and fear-sweat that had soaked into the walls. She curtsied, lifting her skirt high enough to reveal her bare crotch, nothing the sparks of interest that arose in both their eyes. Well, they had been married a few years already, and probably wanted something to occupy themselves with.

She led them in, being sure to sway her hips, enjoying the click of her heels against the stone flooring. ‘Are there any particular items you wish, my lord?’

‘Well, Emmeline was wanting a new lady’s maid. It’s our fifth anniversary, you see.’

‘Congratulations.’

The door shut behind them, a loud “click” sealing the room. ‘Will you be doing the training yourself?’

The woman spoke, sounding as though she had just woken up, tones smoky and languorous. She was slightly mussed looking, her dress not quite properly worn, her makeup a little sloppy. ‘Maybe a little, but I would rather have most of the work done. I’d prefer not to have to deal with any rebellious tendencies, and we hear that you supply the best. Lady Melissa was *most* complimentary.’

Eva rapped her hand against a cage, the meat inside flinching backwards with a whimper as she smiled. ‘Thank you, Lady Emmeline. We do aim to provide the best service we can. I have assembled a few pieces that may interest you, as well as some equipment. Lady Brimton is a frequent patron, yes, and we are proud to supply her with her tools.’

‘Damn shame what happened to the old man, but it’s good to see the place up and running.’

‘Master is sorely missed. But his work continues. Now, this is Jane. She used to serve at the Featherlane’s, until their oldest daughter tired of her.’

Eva curtsied again and gestured at the first of the example pieces – a young and slender woman, wearing a maid’s outfit of gauze, the translucent mesh doing little to hide her skin, a tiny white apron barely hiding their crotch, a ring-gag holding her mouth open, dribble staining her breasts. A three-inch metal collar was locked around her neck, a chain running towards the ceiling, while her hands were shackled to her belt. Several welts could be seen on her belly, red slashes bright on her pale skin.

‘She had a few objections to the sudden change of position, but it otherwise obedient. Isn’t that right, Jane?’

They kept their eyes down, not daring to look up at Eva, as they curtsied. They lifted the apron, revealing a steel chastity belt, new and shiny. Her tongue waggled, as she tried to grunt out a greeting, her precise enunciation crippled by the gag.

‘I was going to stud her tongue, as she has been trained in both cock and cunt. She is eager to receive, and trained in everything you require, Lady Emmeline. She would be sure to

complement you at a party, her dark hair would show your own to advantage. Although she is perhaps a little short.'

The man stepped forward, grabbing at one of her breasts, ignoring another strangled grunt. 'Hmmm, these are certainly pleasant.' The woman circled around, feeling Jane's thighs, pinching her buttocks and listening for the reaction.

'She does appear well toned. And from the Featherlane's? I have heard their eldest was a little wild. Doubtless this one has been thoroughly debauched.'

'Of course, my lady. I have prepared a few other pieces as well.' She gestured at the next – a short girl, her heels pushing her into the air, pale yellow hair flicking about as she tossed her head about, eyes glaring from a proud and pretty face. She was impaled on a dildo, unable to dismount, her arms in a leather armbinder, with a rope tightly cinched about her breasts, which were starting to discolor themselves. Her mouth was also held open by a ring-gag, although hers was plugged.

'This is Ana. Something of a wild one, she has taken to the cane well. If one of you care to use this?'

She handed over a wooden cane to the man, the girl's thrashing intensifying, as Ana tried to shake her head. He flicked his wrist and slashed the cane against a breast, made sensitive by the squeezing pressure of the ropes, and she squealed in pain, hair flicking about even more.

'She would likely need restraining – perhaps a ball and chain, or secured in your dressing chambers? But she is growing to appreciate the cane. At least in preference to the clamps.'

The cane flicked again, the tone of the answering squeal changing, from indignation to desire, as Ana started to thrust against the impaling pole, features flushing. Another few strikes, and she was clearly aroused, her eyes going dazed and glassy.

'She would take some work to finish, but I think would be worth breaking in. And, of course, she wouldn't take any attention from yourself.'

The woman approached, the girl so lost in lust that she didn't seem to notice, until a gloved hand stroked down her belly, then tickled the edge of her cunt, before feeling the slick warmth, slipping another finger in, spreading the slit even wider. That made Ana gasp, dribble starting to well up even around the plug.

Eva glanced at Lord Dutherington – from the way his trousers were tenting, he was clearly enjoying this one. He stepped to the side to avoid accidentally striking his wife, before bringing the cane down on the breasts again. Ana wasn't far off peaking now – Eva hadn't let her have relief for almost a month now, to make her nice and receptive. Although if they didn't buy her, then hopefully he would go easy with the cane! Selling on marked goods was always harder.

The woman managed to squeeze another finger in, Ana's body shifting and shaking as she was forced into a juddering orgasm, another vicious strike to her breasts snapping her eyes open.

'She certainly is a fine piece. But rebellious, you say?'

'More... prone to attention seeking. Treat her roughly, and she will be obedient, but she will try and escape – she desires punishment, and so may seek it out. It would be best to keep her closely watched, otherwise she may be problematic to have to re-capture. She's a fast runner and has impressive stamina.' She reached out and pulled on the rope harness, twisting it tighter until a hint of focus had returned to those glazed eyes. 'It took a few lessons to make her appreciate quite how much worse her situation could be made. She has a rather intense fear of being enclosed, so if you wish to instill discipline, then sealing her into a small chest is quite effective. Isn't that right, Ana?'

The girl gulped and a few tears trickled from her eyes, before she gasped as the woman spread her even wider, slipping another finger in, before withdrawing. The scent of the girl's lust was strong, as she continued to shake on her pole, juices trickling out.

'She is certainly eager. I imagine she should be kept belted?' The woman wiped her fingers on Ana's stomach, before pinching a breast, the skin slowly turning purple.

'Oh yes, absolutely. She is a lusty thing – if you don't tend to her regularly, then she will attempt to take matters into her own hands, and probably won't get much done. But if you are willing to put in the work, then she has great potential.' Eva reached around and twisted the ropes to release the knotwork slightly, not wanting to risk permanent damage, at least until an offer was put in.

'And then the third that might be suitable is this one. Something of an unusual specimen, but you may be interested.'

The last one was bound with her one foot on top of a narrow wooden post, the top spiked, forcing her to shift her balance constantly to relieve the pressure. The other was bent gracefully upwards, a rope running between her ankle and her neck, forcing her to keep that leg tense or choke herself. Adding to her torment was a crotch-rope, bumping against her shaved and unprotected slit with every shift of movement. More ropes were bound about her wrists, forcing her arms to stretch above her and making her body tense and taut. A river of gleaming black hair fell down her back, small gasps of pain coming from her gagged lips.

'She would be an excellent companion – trained in music, dance and other such accomplishments, she is exceptionally limber. She was initially proud, but has since been broken of that vice, and is now eager to please. Isn't that right?'

She clicked her fingers, drawing the meat's attention from their torment. The girl shifted their balance, their punished feet shifting on the spikes, eyes focusing through the pain.

'Yepphhh... Miph...treph...' Her leg was wavering, strain building up.

'She was some merchant's daughter, but unfortunately for her, a few trade deals went poorly. Soft and tender, and eager to avoid pain. Isn't that right?'

'Pleeaphh!'

'I have not yet named her, so if you were to buy her, then you would have the privilege. She may be a little shamed if displayed in public, so you may wish to keep her hooded, at least until she has been fully broken in. Her mouth has been trained somewhat, but she is too gentle to bite. If you were to have children, she may also serve as a tutor, if she is not utterly broken by then.'

'Yeph, pleeaphh, pleeaphh...' The girl's gasps were cut off as her leg relaxed and she had to fight not to choke.

'All three look quite exquisite! What do you think, my dear?'

Lady Emmeline seemed more at home with this than her husband, feeling the last one's legs and stomach, plucking at the crotch-rope. 'Yes, I can see why people prefer to shop here. Un-named, you say? That may make things easier, a fresh start. And the poor thing certainly seems keen.' More gasped begging came from above – the girl probably didn't have much left, she was too soft to take proper training, too desperate to avoid pain and degradation that even the other slaves could bully and mistreat her. 'I think this one. Can we get her?'

'Would you like to sample her first?' Eva ran fingers up the bare leg, delighting in the whimpering gasp this drew out – the thing had been sweet to break, but far too soft. She would struggle even as a display piece, without the stamina or endurance needed. 'And a chance for her to prove her eagerness. Isn't that right?'

'Pleeaphh, pleeaphh, pleeaphh!'

Eva untied the ankle rope, carefully taking the leg and supporting it downwards, before letting the girl down from her perch, using the rope to tie her hands behind her back. She sank to her knees, legs strained from the position she had been in, but already crawling towards the couple, still begging and pleading. Eva grabbed her around the neck, then gestured at some chairs. 'If you would care to sit?' Then she whispered into the girl's ear. 'Be good to them, and they might take you with them. And you'd like that, wouldn't you?'

The girl nodded, making noises of desperation.

'Then show them what I've taught you.'

Dutherington was sat with his legs spread, his wife stroking him through the material until he was fully hard. Eva let the girl crawl forward, as his trousers were pulled down, cock emerging into sight. Still ring-gagged, her tongue probed outwards, lapping against the pick meat, before she rose up on her knees, taking the shaft into her mouth. Her head bobbed up and down, hair tossing about. It only took a few movements before his length was buried in her throat.

Rough gurgles sounded out, the wife looking on. Eva handed her a cane. The first blow was a gentle tap, a lean buttock getting marked with a red welt, the cock so deep in her throat she couldn't even gasp in pain. 'She is probably unsuited to anything rough, at least without destroying her. She is quite tough physically but lacks much mental stamina. But for a fine display piece, she is more than adequate, and her form is quite fetching.'

'Yes, she is quite a pretty thing, isn't she? And a singer as well?' The wife had to raise her voice over the gulping, choking slurps of the blowjob.

'Yes. She would probably need a little time to brush up on the most recent songs, and that sort of behavior may hamper her voice. But she is adequate as a pianist.'

'I think we'll take her. How is her mouth?'

Dutherington let out a loud grunt of his own as he came, the girl pushing her head down to catch every drop. 'Exquisitely... soft. Yes, I... think she'll... do.' He patted her on the head, making her slowly withdraw, kissing his shrinking cock until Eva pulled her head back.

'You've got a new owner. Aren't you a lucky girl?'

'Yeph! Phank ou!' The thing looked almost delirious with happiness – Eva hadn't been *that* rough with her, surely? But it had only taken a little suffering to make her beg and grovel, her spirit simply unable to take much punishment.

'If you would come with me? There are some legalities to deal with. And this one can be boxed up. And you're going to be a good girl, aren't you, or you're going to end up back here. And you don't want that, do you?'

Sudden terror rose in her eyes, and she shook her head, tongue flapping, unable to form words.

'Then be a good girl, or you'll come back.' She shook her head, hair flicking around in desperate urgency. 'Go to the crate room and let them prepare you.' Eva turned back to the couple, the man now more focused. 'Your purchase will be prepared for you, please follow me.'

The girl was already crawling away, not making any attempt to free herself, desperate for even the escape of becoming someone else's property. Eva let Dutherington towards the office, pushing the door open without knocking.

Jacinda was sat behind the desk, still in her grieving black, waist compressed to its utmost limit, her eyes behind a veil so thick she could barely see and sat in a heavy wooden chair. Impossible to see where the restraints – both her ankles where fettered in place, and ropes ran up

her long sleeves from her wrists, limiting how much she could move. A lever could make spikes protrude from the chair as well, to make Jacinda's seat even less comfortable.

'Mistress, Lord Dutherington wishes to make a purchase. The unnamed girl. Would you like me to get the paperwork?'

Her voice was quiet and low. 'Yes. Thank you.'

'Of course, mistress.' As Eva moved to the filing cabinets behind Jacinda, she could see the woman shaking in terror, although at least she wasn't openly sobbing this time. That had been awkward to explain! 'Now, would you like any equipment? Although she is well trained, I would recommend keeping her collared and chained until she is used to her new home – maybe set her up in a small room of her own? Some cuffs may be useful as well, or a hood. She is a good girl, but there may be some crying, until she is used to the change. A hood will help keep her calm. We also have some clothing for her, used to display her.'

Dutherington looked like he was about to object, before his wife elbowed him and spoke. 'Of course, yes. She must look suitable. Would it be possible to have a few canes and whips?'

Eva scribbled on the paper, adding in the extras. 'Of course. And some heels as well – she has good posture, but its best to ensure she isn't allowed to relax or get too comfortable. Would you like it sent to your townhouse?'

'Oh, we're only here for a few days. I think if you could have it sent to the estate? I'll send word to Wilkins to set everything up.'

'Of course, Lady Dutherington. I will have it sent by express coach; she will be waiting for you before you get back. Should you have any concerns, please do contact me. But she is biddable already – she takes well to orders.' She moved close to Jacinda, resting a hand on her shoulder, trying to look as though she were comforting her, gently brushing her "mistresses" hair. 'Mistress, if you would sign there?'

The restraints were just about long enough to let Jacinda reach out and sign the paper, lace gloves hiding marks from cane and whip. Eva kept her hand on Jacinda's shoulder, glad that at least Jacinda was able to move her hands without them shaking now, although her signature had degenerated into a simple scrawl. As soon as the papers were signed, Eva plucked them away.

'Thank you, mistress.' It was tempting, as always, to pinch at the exposed flesh, but that would have to wait for later, when they were alone. She settled for running her hand through Jacinda's hair, savoring the barely-perceptible shaking running through Jacinda's body.

She turned to look at Lady Dutherington, who seemed to be in charge. 'She will be a good girl. If you do decide on a name, then inscribing it on a collar would likely be a good gift and hooding her a punishment. She dislikes physical punishment – a few flicks of the whip should be sufficient to keep her in line. She is fetching, but a little fragile.'

'If she behaves, then it shouldn't be a problem.' From the look on the woman's face, she might be a little too eager with the whip. Well, as long as she didn't blame Eva for her enthusiasm!

'Of course. Please do enjoy her.'

She elbowed her husband again, prompting him into speech. 'Yes, of course. I'm sure we will. And someone to keep my wife company, as well.' From the way he was looking at her, eyes hovering just below her short skirt, he was quite desirous of company himself. Well, he wasn't bad looking, although could do with being a bit rougher. 'Now, is there anything else? I have some friends to meet at my club.'

'Yes dear, of course, go and meet your friends. I might have a look around here. With your permission, Miss Aberforth?'

Jacinda gave a slackjawed nod, making a mumbling sound, probably barely aware that she had even been asked a question, simply responding in fear of pain.

‘Excellent. Your girl here can show me around.’

Eva shot a glare at Jacinda, who whimpered and shrank into her chair. She would need another session! Maybe some more piercings, or perhaps take her to the rookery again? But for now, she had to tend to this woman and show her around. Although if she wished to learn how to command, then she was quite attractive, and there were a few new pieces that could be marked up without anyone minding. She made herself smile at the woman while curtsying. ‘Of course, Lady Dutherington. Please, follow me, and I will show you some of the display pieces.’ It might be pleasurable –the woman might enjoy some experimentation, and it would be nice to have a little rough treatment herself.

Chapter Eight: A Ring is Given

Jacinda crawled along the floor, her legs bound, ankle to thigh, by heavy leather binders, forcing her to walk on padded knees, breasts swinging as she did so. Her arms were similarly bound, her hands flapping uselessly against her shoulders. Eva leaned back against the desk, holding her booted foot out for Jacinda to tend to – she was now well trained enough that she approached without needing a command, dropping her head to lick at the muddy leather, buffing it with her tongue.

Cora poured herself some brandy. ‘Wow, she really did break, didn’t she?’

‘Almost too much! I can barely get her to respond now, everyone thinks she needs to retire to the countryside or something, but I need her here to sign stuff.’ She rubbed her foot against Jacinda’s face, leaving a trail of mud against the cheek and ignoring her faint whine. ‘I can just about get her to stand up and walk around, but even then, getting her to move without a leash is a pain.’

‘I think you might have gone a bit hard, maybe? Some people take it that way, they just go dark inside. You have to snap ‘em out of it.’

‘I was hoping that you could help with that. I’ve got your tools here, and she could do with some decorations at least. And stop drinking that, it’s expensive stuff!’

Cora sniffed it, then took a sip. ‘Reckon it’s a third expensive stuff, *maybe* half at most? Seems pretty well-watered.’

‘It helps the customers relax! And they’re too polite or daft to say anything.’ She put her foot down, Jacinda’s head following it, tongue still lapping away, buffing the leather to a fine shine, as Cora poured another measure of the drink and handed it over to Eva. ‘How’s business for you?’

‘As long as I can keep this daft slut able to sign stuff, its working, but she’s just about broken. I suppose I dunked her one time to many, if I don’t dress her in tight and stiff clothing, she falls over. She’s honestly better like this.’ It was at least somewhat satisfying looking down on Jacinda’s head, her hair in a ponytail, flicking about with each bob of her head. On the desk there was a stack of letters, all addressed to Jacinda, that Eva hadn’t had the time to open – running a business was time-consuming! Small wonder Master had spent most of his time in his office! ‘I can’t send her away, but it’s going a bit beyond what grief might explain. And at least some of her friends seem to care about her, and I can’t make them all disappear!’

‘Tempting thought though! So what do you want me to do?’

‘Well, let’s get her set up first. She’s enough of a lump it won’t be hard. How’s your master? Seen him recently?’

‘No, he’s still busy with the new shop. Dropped by to check the last month’s takings, rodgered me over the desk, which was nice. He tried, bless him, but I think his new staff are dopey shits, so he’s got his hands full with them. Had to threaten to bite his cock off if he took the lad away, I need him to hold down the wrigglers, and he’s the only help I’ve got! I can’t do everything by myself.’

‘You’re not going to be missed?’

‘Hah! He’s probably not going to be back until next month. I’ll give myself a spanking if anyone raises it. Maybe get the lad to do it, he’s starting to get some meat on him now. Had a couple of noble lasses come in, they’re starting to eye him up, now he’s not all skin and bone. A few of them looking to be strapped down and inked, and if they get poked somewhere soft, well, that’s what gags are for. Lady Brimton’s been talking about tongue studs for a while, seems to be taking off. Had her niece in the other day. Nice lass, bit dim, but her boy was a sweet piece.’

They left the study, Eva pulling Jacinda’s leash to make her move. She spent almost as much time on all fours as on two legs, and had learned how to move fairly well, even being able to tackle stairs without too much of a problem. When she moved at all though – left to her own devices, she would simply do nothing, except stare into space. Even getting her to eat was a challenge, food having to be virtually forced down her throat!

Eva flipped the sign to “closed” as she passed the front door, pulling Jacinda through into one of the preparation rooms – small, tiled and thick-walled enough to be mostly soundproof, with glass-fronted cabinets that held bright steel tools, centred around a well-worn wooden table, stained with blood and sweat. Thick leather bands stood ready to hold someone in place, as Jacinda gave an uncertain whimper.

Cora hauled her up onto the table, her hands squeezing at breasts, feeling Jacinda’s thighs and stomach. ‘Well, she’s not wasting away just yet, still got decent tone. I reckon she should be able to endure most things, at least physically. What do you want me to do to her?’

‘Can you try and shock her awake?’

‘You mean with one of those American zap-things?’

‘No, some piercings. I’ve tried shocking her, she just cries. It’s not even fun, just a bit pathetic! But the shock of the pain might wake her up a bit? She’s broken enough she’s going to be obedient, but I need her actually awake and aware, not dead and broken’

Cora squeezed the tits again. ‘I guess I can try, at least? Seems a long shot.’

‘Well, it’s that or find a slave that looks like her, switch them, and then hope no-one notices, which is even worse! I just need her able to feed herself, and maybe talk to customers. I’ll keep her chained up or boxed most of the time, but like this she’s useless. And it’s no fun even hurting her, it’s like punching a side of beef. She just *takes it*, without even trying to fight back. Hurts me more than it does her.’

Eva moved Jacinda onto her back, and then started unstrapping an arm, shifting it from the binder to a shackle, as Jacinda shivered, although without protesting. It didn’t take long to spreadeagle her mistress on the wood. Despite her dazed state, it was still a pleasure to run hands over that lovely firm body, feeling the warmth of the skin, leaving cruel little pinch-marks, not that Jacinda reacted.

‘I think tits first, then tongue and pussy? I saw a piece that had rings all down her back, with ribbon between them, maybe that if nothing else?’

‘You don’t ask much, do you? At least give me another drink first. *Unwatered* for a change! You must have something for the fancy clients. I hear you’re going upmarket, had a duke or something a few days ago.’

‘Horny old goat! Although seeing his wife, I’m not surprised he wants something less leathery. Wouldn’t even pay straight cash either, it’s all “on account” and I have to see “his man”. Invited me, or Jacinda at least, up to his estate to check the meat over. Can’t really say no, but I’m probably going to get fucked raw by his footmen or something. Might have to belt up and pretend the key’s been “lost”.’

‘Really? Not like you to turn down a good fucking!’ Cora went to a cabinet and began preparing the tools, then pulled on some leather gloves.

‘I want a master doing it, not some random bunch of guys! I can’t whip myself, and I don’t trust anyone else here to do it. Hey, you couldn’t, could you?’ She stepped close to Cora and hugged her, feeling her lean, muscular form. ‘Bend me over a barrel and be good and rough. Please?’ She knew she sounded desperate, but just touching herself wasn’t enough, she needed it rough! She could get some tough from the docks in, but they were normally just crude, without any proficiency.

‘Can do, I guess. I’d rather put some metal in that tongue of yours. You’d look good with some tattoos as well, you’ve got nice pale skin.’ Cora reached out and pinched Eva’s bare arm.

She shivered. ‘I don’t like needles that much! It looks painful. Although a tongue-stud it might improve my blow-jobs.’

‘Yeah, guys like it. Bit of extra stimulation, not that you need the help. So, tits first? You realize if I do her cunt it needs to heal as well?’

‘I’ll stick her in a belt, don’t worry. Some time off might do her good, I’ve been riding her hard lately.’ Eva opened up a hidden cabinet and pulled up a decanter, the color of this one stronger. ‘Don’t think this is watered at all?’ She sniffed it and winced. ‘I really don’t see the appeal but knock yourself out. Once you’ve done her, anyway.’

Jacinda shifted in her bindings, a vapid mewling escaping her lips as she started to pant, at least vaguely aware of her surroundings and what was about to open.

Cora filled her glass more, knocking back a decent slug, before pinching a nipple and stretching the skin out. Jacinda tried to squirm away but lacked any way to move, as a needle stabbed through the nipple, a metal ring going into the hole recently formed in her flesh.

Jacinda grunted and shook her head around, before Eva grabbed her hair and yanked, forcing her to hold still. ‘If you beg her to stop, then you might escape something through your cute little clit.’ Jacinda’s tongue lolled about, lips twisting as she tried to form words. ‘Ah, so there is some sense in you. Very good. Now, can you speak?’

Her body tensed then relaxed as her other nipple was pierced, low and desperate grunts escaping her throat.

‘Right, you’ll need to make sure she doesn’t pick at them or tear them out. Put some bandages on, maybe keep her drunk? So, pussy or tongue next? Or could do here?’ Cora tickled Jacinda’s navel. ‘Although this brand doesn’t look fully healed. You really should have asked me if you wanted her marked, I’d have done a better job. You can see she wasn’t properly locked into place, the outline’s all fuzzy! Sloppy work.’

‘I was in a hurry! And didn’t want to risk anyone else seeing. Although I think that might be when she broke a bit, so maybe something gentler would have been better. Leave her belly for now, do her pussy.’ Eva stroked Jacinda’s hair, looking into her dull eyes, barely focused. ‘Unless you want to beg?’

‘Buuh, buh... Plu... Plu...’ Jacinda was stirring slightly in her bonds.

‘Almost, but not quite. Cora?’

‘Man, this is good stuff! Any idea what it is?’

‘Expensive, it was for the master’s favourites. Tastes like swamp water to me though.’

Cora dribbled a little of it over Jacinda’s slit before stroking it with her fingers, teasing out her target, as Jacinda continued to stutter and moan, not able to properly speak. Her body was damp with fear-sweat, eyes flicking madly about, still mumbling and burbling.

Eva looked away this time, not wanting to see the needle slide in. She enjoyed pain, but not all types of pain! Jacinda shrieked, managing to get enough purchase to rattle her ankles against the wood, the suffering seeming to make some headway against her mental fugue. Once the sobbing had died away, then Eva opened her eyes again. Between Jacinda's legs there was now a gleaming band of metal, a ring large enough to use as a leash or clip. It might need some experimentation to see how tough the skin was. Even Jacinda didn't deserve to have it ripped off!

She reached out a hand to touch it, Cora snatching at her wrist. 'Belt her now! I know what you're like, you'll have her clipped to a pulley and be making her jump up and down. Belt her and give me the key, at least that way she'll have time to heal.'

'But I want to play with her!'

'You can. Just not for a while. She's already damaged, unless you want her utterly broken, then go get a damn belt for her. I know you've got a load of them anyway.'

'Fine. Let me go grab one.' She moved towards the door. It wasn't fair of Cora to lock her own mistress away! Although the temptation to play with that shiny ring was strong, to see if she could mount something on it, maybe, to keep something wedged inside of Jacinda permanently.

As she moved towards the door, it opened, almost hitting her in the face. She took a step back – stood there was a short and skinny young man, wearing a bright red waistcoat under a black suit jacket, a cane in hand, messy black hair in a loose tumble on his head, spilling down his back. He looked about as surprised to see her as she felt to see him – he was somewhat familiar, but Eva couldn't place him. He was holding a bundle of flowers – bright red roses, the long stems still covered with thorns, wrapped with a ribbon.

'Oh, you're Aberforth's girl, aren't you? My condolences. I was in Greece and only recently found out. I did send several letters to Miss Jacinda, but she never responded. Her father was attempting to interest her in an engagement, but she was... cold. Is she available?'

Eva couldn't prevent herself glancing over her shoulder, to where Jacinda was still strapped to the table, softly whimpering and twitching.

'She's, um... indisposed at this moment.' Despite her standing in the way, he pushed past her, moving towards Jacinda. His hands were hidden behind soft leather gloves, as he felt at her flesh.

'Hmmm, good material. Nice breasts, good hips, soft skin. The piercings add a little distinction. Once they've healed, then were you going to switch them for something more fashionable? Gold is always popular and would push her price up more than the gold costs. And of course, you'll want to belt her until this has healed.' He tickled up her thighs, waving fingers at her crotch. Despite the flash of alarm on her face, Cora smirked at Eva and mouthed some words: "told you so".

He put the roses on the side, then reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a pair of incredibly thick glasses, the lenses warping everything through them, making his eyes look warped and distorted when he put them on. His now-massive eyes blinked, and then focused on Jacinda's face.

'Oh my! This is unexpected.'

Jacinda's eyes tried to focus, her mouth trying to form words. Cora slowly reached behind herself, fingers picking up a metal spike as Eva shook her head. He took a rose and pressed it against Jacinda's breast, before dragging it along the skin, thorns pricking the flesh. Jacinda yelped again.

‘She appears rather... broken. Although she always was a little weak-willed. I assume the rumours I heard about wanting to sell up were true then, and you took rather, ah, strong objection, shall we say?’ He pressed the rose against flesh again, harder this time. ‘Although in this state, it must be rather hard for her to perform whatever you need her to. On your knees!’

He barked an order, sheer instinct making her obey and drop to a kneeling position before she could stop herself.

‘Master Aberforth always did say you were more of an heir than Jacinda was. Perhaps we can come to some arrangement?’ He turned to peer at Cora. ‘Oh, I think we’ve met. Laurence’s, aren’t you? My compliments on your craftsmanship, I saw the rose-and-crown design you did for those three footmen, most impressive! Matched sets are always worth more, I found a lovely pair in Italy, although they have yet to be shipped.’ He tapped the cane against Eva’s shoulder, and she felt herself slicken at the impact. ‘Now, you appear to have been a little harsh with your mistress, although she probably deserved it. Given these circumstances, then perhaps a hasty wedding might be in order.’ He brought the cane down harder, Eva wriggling in pleasure at the blow across her shoulder blades.

Cora was looking uncertain, not sure how to react. He wasn’t running for the police, which was a good start but... She was distracted by another blow, stiffening her back as it impacted. It had been far too long since anyone had struck her! She ground her thighs together, his words too hard to focus on, until he prodded her with the cane, snapping her out of it. He spoke, sounding as though he were repeating his words.

‘You seem to be doing a good job, and Master Aberforth always did praise you highly. But a slut like you needs a master, and you’ve broken your mistress already.’ He moved in front of her, using the cane to lift her skirt. ‘Spread your legs and present yourself.’

She obeyed, leaning back to show her breasts, using one hand to lift her skirt and show her crotch, wriggling around. She wanted to finger herself, but that would probably bring the cane flicking down on her hands.

‘Hmmm, you are certainly eager. Now, I was intending to propose to Jacinda despite her previous chilliness, to lend the skills that she clearly lacked to the business. As it seems she is now in no position to refuse, then I think it’s time for Jacinda to wear white. And for you to be put to work. Wouldn’t you agree?’ He struck her again, pleasure welling up in her.

‘Uh, am I needed here?’ Cora was looking uncertain, shifting awkwardly around, unsure if she was in trouble or not.

‘Give my regards to Laurence. And thank you for the work on this one. I might be sending her over for some more work. Her tongue, maybe? Or some tattoos, once her current wounds have healed.’

Eva looked up at Cora, knowing her gaze was already weak, head lolling around, feeling her thighs growing wet. She wanted to be hit, to be *hurt*, to feel blows striking her body. ‘Yeah, I think we can sort... something out. Just toss a belt in on the way out. Please.’

‘Find two.’ The cane tapped against the bottom of her chin, angling her head upwards. ‘I think you should be locked away, don’t you? Otherwise, who knows what you might get up to?’

Despite his mastery of the cane, she still averted her eyes from his overly-thick glasses, the lenses doing unpleasant things to his eyes. ‘Yes, master.’

‘You certainly take to your place quickly. Very good.’

There was a metal crash as a pair of chastity belts were tossed through the door. When had Cora left? Eva felt herself spacing out, wanting to obey, be punished, be *fucked*!

‘Belt your mistress, and then yourself.’

Eva picked up the belts, her hands fumbling over the familiar metal. Jacinda was still mumbling to herself as Eva unstrapped the band over her waist and raised her up, sliding the metal around her crotch. It seemed a shame to seal that crotch away, but it was probably sensible, until it was healed, and Jacinda could be further punished. Then she took the other one and opened it up, before hesitating.

‘Put it on, meat.’ The cane flicked her skirt upwards, pushing against her buttocks. For now, just your mouth will suffice.’

The metal was cold and hard, scraping against her thighs as she moved the metal into place. ‘I would gladly service you, my master.’

It stung to click it shut, the heat of her crotch sealed behind metal, but her brain felt like it was melting, hot and fuzzy. Would he let her come? She opened her mouth wide and flicked her tongue around. Maybe at least he would let her suck him off, she was proud of her oral skills.

He turned away from her towards Jacinda. ‘An engagement notice is first, I think. As long as you can say “yes” at the altar, then everything can progress smoothly.’ He poked the cane against her breasts, the nipples now impaled with metal. She squeaked and mumbled at him. ‘And once we’re married, then I think I will enjoy this piece as well.’

Eva squeaked. It could take *months* to arrange a wedding! ‘Please, Master, let me serve you.’

‘Oh, you will.’ He took his glasses off and carefully folded them into a pocket. ‘Mouth open.’ She spread her mouth wide, sticking her tongue out, shifting forward, sliding onto the cock as soon as it was presented, crossing her hands behind her back. He was a good size, and clean, sliding into her throat. She kissed and tongued his length, bobbing up and down. She couldn’t see his face from down here, but from the sounds he was making, he seemed to be enjoying it.

She partially withdrew, kissing his tip, flicking her tongue over the sensitive flesh, until he came, hot cum splashing over her face. She swilled it around in her mouth, taste making her head spin as she swallowed. Jacinda mewled from her bindings, as Eva tried to stay conscious, wanting nothing more than to come herself, thighs tensing around the chastity belt. This better be a fast wedding!

‘Good girl. You need a master, don’t you?’

‘Yeessss... Please, Master, um...’

‘Oh, of course. I am Richard Hulland. What should I call you? You seem to perform well, so you may keep your name for now.’

‘Eva, Master Hulland.’

‘Excellent. Now, shall we test your pain tolerance?’

She almost swooned. ‘Oh, yes. Please, Master. *Yes.*’

‘Excellent. Then you can show me around and show me what you can take.’

It took an effort of will to stand. The testing room first – he might give her a good beating!

A Winter's Break

Chapter One: Winter Arrangements

The bell chimed as the door opened, a rush of warm air blowing out into the chilly winter air. He shivered, his thin clothing not enough to protect him from the frost, his shoes sodden with slush as his owner tugged on his leash, pulling him inside. He quickly brushed his shoes against the mat, feeling the stiff bristles through his thin soles, not wanting to cause a mess and get punished.

Inside, it looked like a fancy place – a fire roared in the hearth, with several leather armchairs around it. Mistress strode ahead, unwrapping her thick furs from around her neck. She handed them to him without turning around, as he tried to shift his arms to carry them. The shackles from his wrists to the belt around his waist limited his movements, he had to almost juggle them to avoid them dragging on the floor. And they had been bathed in her scent, wrapped close about her neck, touching her flesh – he could feel himself stirring, the curve of his chastity belt painful when it met his growing shaft, and tried to calm himself down.

An internal door opened, an old lady walking in. Her dress was the black of a widow, and one that had been in that state for a long time – not the crisp, fresh black of the newly grieving, but the dull and worn black of one that had been left to their solitude, her steel-grey hair done into a strict bun. She arranged her features into a smile, although that seemed to take quite some effort, as Mistress introduced herself.

Then she pulled him forward by the collar, one hand grabbing him by the scruff of the neck. Her leather glove was cold from the outside air, making him shiver as she grabbed the back of his neck. For all that she was shorter than he was, Mistress had made it quite clear she was in charge, and that any disobedience would be harshly punished. She held him close, her tightly-corsetted body felt through his thin shirt, her breath felt against his face. He was lost for a moment, falling into a memory of her training, that corsetted body pressed against his as the gloved hand brought him to a juddering and forced orgasm, a maid's mouth gaping wide to catch his seed.

‘...business on the continent, so need to leave him with you for a few weeks. He's locked into his chastity, so only needs feeding and walking. I'm told you have the facilities to care for him? A cage by the fire will suffice, I want his skin unmarked.’

The old woman gestured around, at the roaring hearth and comfortable chairs. Arranged near the fireplace were several large cages, with straw on the inside. Her voice was worn and creaking, although her eyes were sharp.

‘Aye, I'll look after your boy. Five shillings a day.’ She prodded him in the ribs, her fingers cold and hard. ‘Better not eat too much or be a trouble to meself. But he can bed down by the fire, all warm and cozy-like.’

Mistress nodded. ‘He is quite obedient. Well, mostly. Still a little prone to excitation, but rebelliousness was beaten out of him.’ She dragged him backwards and down, her face close to his ear. ‘None of your trouble, boy. Understand?’ Then she kissed him on the cheek, sweet and tender, a blush rising up his face, the pained heat in his cock intensifying as the metal refused to

adjust itself to his own shape. ‘Obey Mrs. Tannington, or it’ll end up badly for you. I’ll be back in a few weeks, so be a good boy until then.’ She nipped his neck, teeth marking his skin.

‘Yes, Mistress.’ He felt a gloved hand brush against his back, although the leather of her gloves protected him from her nails.

‘Good. Now, I really must be off, or I shall miss my train. Mrs. Tannington, you may punish him, but I want to display him in mid-January, so refrain from leaving any marks that will persist past then, or I shall see you in the dock for damage to property. And for five shillings a day, I expect him to be well-fed and watered.’ She unclipped the leash and then shoved him forward, grabbing her furs back as she did so. Half from reflex, half from shock, he fell to his knees, hearing the bell jangle again as Mistress left in a flurry of cold air.

The old woman approached, taking a cane from a shelf and whipping it through the air. Her voice was rougher now, not even an attempt to emulate the speech of the nobility. She struck it against his chastity belt, then against his chest. ‘Huh, fine missy you got there. But I’m no soft touch, not like her.’ She spat, musty-smelling spittle striking his face, slowly sliding down his skin. ‘And you get gruel and water. That’s all meat like you needs. Now, let’s get you put away.’ She flicked the cane against his chastity belt again, making him thankful for the metal shell, protecting his privates from the vicious slashes of the supple wood.

She approached and her bony, leathery fingers brushed against his neck, finding the buckle of his collar and swiftly opening it up. He made a soft whine of protest – it had been a gift from Mistress, when he had been allowed to pleasure her personally with his tongue! A hand wrapped itself about his throat and started to squeeze.

‘None of that, boyo. This is my house and my rules. Unless you want me to sell you and tell your fancy mistress you escaped?’ Her other hand felt down his body, cupping a buttock, pinching it hard. ‘Could get a decent price for you, I reckon. Some of the houses around here could do with a pretty thing like you. Might even sell this collar as well.’ She picked at it, feeling the material stitched into the black leather. ‘Looks like silver to me. Better than meat like you deserves. So you be a good boy, or you’ll never your mistress again, understand?’ The hand tightened around his throat, tears starting to form in his eyes.

‘Ye...es.’

‘Address me as “mistress”.’

Bright spots were starting to dance in his vision as he struggled to breath. ‘Yes... yes, mis...tress...’ It felt like a betrayal, calling another woman “mistress”, but it was better than choking. The hand released him, and he gasped in, as something snapped around his neck – a cold and heavy metal collar, slightly too small, compressing his throat.

‘While you’re here, you obey me. Let’s get you locked away, nice and tight.’

She pulled him forward, out of the warm and cozy room with the comfortable cages around the fire, into a dark and cramped room, a broken window letting in cold drizzle, with tall, narrow cages hanging from the ceiling. One was occupied, another slave hanging there, the cage so small the bars pressed against their flesh, their cock hanging free, marked by red and enflamed welts. A hood had been placed over their head, blinding them. They made a small noise, Mrs. Tannington flicking her cane. They tensed themselves protectively, at least as much as the cage allowed, as the cane flicked out again, catching their cock from beneath and making it jump upwards, another strike hitting them squarely in their sack. A whimper came from behind the hood.

‘I’ve told you before, none of your complaining! Or it’ll be a damn sight worse for you than a cane to the balls.’ It sounded like they were sobbing beneath the hood, trying to silence

themselves. ‘In. That one.’ She pointed at one of the cages, suspended above a pit. The cane cracked against his shoulders, pushing him forward.

The bottom of the cage wasn’t solid – it was made of ridged bars, already starting to bite into his feet through his thin shoes. There was a metallic screeching, and it was shut on him, pressing against his own flesh, before she rotated it around, so they were face to face. ‘I don’t want you complaining overnight, so I’ll seal your mouth as well.’

She fetched a cruel-looking curved metal bit, pushing it forward so it protruded into his mouth, then locked it against the cage itself. It forced his mouth open and his tongue down, making it impossible to make any sound other than rough grunts. His hands flailed in protest, before she grabbed them, one at a time, and cuffed them to a cage, reducing his movements to his fingers, and a pained shuffling of the feet, as the ridged bars continued to bite into his skin.

‘I’ll come feed you later. And if you piss yourself, then I’ll make you clean it with your tongue.’

She walked away, a brief wash of heat coming from the door when she returned to her warm room, and then the cold and the pain started to settle in. It was impossible to get any relief from the bars, every position making his feet hurt – even supporting himself by his hands only gave a few minutes of relief before the metal started to bite into his palms instead. And he needed to piss! He could feel it inside of himself, growing ever more urgent. Mistress was harsh sometimes, but never this cruel.

Eventually, as she had promised, the woman came back, with a bowl of grey and greasy porridge. She poured this onto the bit, so it flowed down into his mouth, forcing him to rapidly swallow or drown in the rancid stuff. Then she shoved her fingers through the cage, feeling his body, into his belly, his bladder protesting as it was compressed.

‘Feh. You need to piss, boy?’

He could only barely nod his head, the metal prong locking his head into place.

It seemed to take an agonizing age for her to open up his chastity belt, twisting and wriggling it around to get it through the gaps of the cage, dumping it in a corner. He keened through the bit – he didn’t like it, but Mistress had chosen it out just for him, and put it on herself, stroking him as she did so, her hair rubbing against his chest, as the metal contained and restricted his then-hardening cock. He didn’t want to see it treated like garbage and would probably get in trouble if it was dirty!

The fingers shoved into him again, just beneath the ribs, sending another wave of painful pressure through his bladder. ‘None of that, or I’ll leave you to piss yourself.’

He keened again, trying to sound contrite, as the cage was opened up, letting him step out. The cold stone floor sent more pain through his feet, although it was better than the ridged metal. He looked around – where could he go? Not here, surely?

The woman dragged him by the neck, into the front room. By now his bladder was starting to feel like it was on fire, like a stuffed sausage ready to explode, the sudden heat from the fire making him want to relax, even if it would get him punished. Then she slapped him across the face, pushing down on his shoulder.

‘Hasn’t your mistress taught you anything, boy? Pleasure your owner, then you get something.’

He looked at her old, wrinkled face, a massive difference from Mistress’ own smoothed, powdered and rouged features. But he was fit to burst, so sank to his knees. Her scent was fusty and old, her clothing not properly aired (there was no sign of any maids or other servants), as she lifted her skirts. He tried to make it as fast as possible, her skin crinkled and slightly sweaty.

It was dark and musty beneath her skirts, her hands pushing against his head from outside until he found her cunt. It was dry and cold, taking a lot of work from his tongue until it responded, starting to warm up as he sucked and licked and slurped. He would rather be in Mistress' personal chambers, tied over a table with a ribbon around his cock, as she and her friends took turns teasing him and riding his face, rather than tongue deep in this hag!

As if she could sense his thoughts, the woman's grip tightened through her skirts, pushing him deeper into her. He tried to imagine it was Mistress, but the smell was bitter and sour, unwashed and dank, not something he wanted to taste or probe with his tongue. But at least she was starting to respond, her hips beginning to twist and pump, before she rose to a sudden climax.

He drew back as soon as he could, wishing for something, even the rancid gruel, to wash the taste out of his mouth, the hardening of his cock making him feel as though he were betraying Mistress.

A foot kicked against his gut, almost making him lose control and spray piss everywhere.

'Hmmm. Guess your fancy mistress has taught you something, at least. That's earned you a leak. Stay down, follow me.'

He obeyed, crawling on all fours behind her as she headed towards the door. Outside, the ground was muddy and wet, several days' worth of cold slush having turned the streets into torrid flows of grime. He went to stand, and the cane flicked against his shoulders, hard enough to be felt through his shirt. 'Crawl, boy. Or I'll make you clean the bootscraper with your pretty tongue.'

He slowly obeyed. As soon as he was outside, he could feel the muddy water soaking into his clothing, icy-cold against his knees and hands. He was led a few paces away, to the corner of the building, where the mud had flowed into a deep puddle around a blocked gutter. Then she moved behind him and pulled his trousers down, leaving him bare-arsed, cock and balls quickly shrinking under the assault of the cold.

He watched a passing shopgirl stop and stare, a grin of embarrassed fascination coming to her face as she watched. The old woman caned him across the backside, full-force, the heat of the impact almost welcome. 'Well go on then, boy. Empty yourself.'

He relaxed himself, glad that the cold had made his cock shrink, otherwise his piss would have been splashing close to his face. Even so, he could feel the puddle spreading rapidly beneath him, the liquid steaming as warmth and cold mingled. He tried to push it out as quickly as possible, not wanting to dirty himself further, as the cane continued to assault his backside. The girl was looking on with active interest now, slowly drifting closer to see better. He'd never been abused like this before! Mistress liked to keep him close, and had offered him to her friends, but never abused him in public!

Finally, his bladder was empty, as it started to ooze towards his elbows. As he shuffled forward, a particularly hard strike caught him across the balls and made him yelp. The girl grinned, and he flushed with shame. Why had Mistress left him with this monster?

Mrs. Tannington noticed the onlooker and rounded on her, shaking her cane. 'If you want to watch, you can damn well pay! Filthy slut.'

The girl yelped and darted away, ducking out of striking range.

'And you, back inside. I want to be back by my fire.'

She didn't lead him in the front door, instead leading him around the back, forcing him to crawl through more mud and dirt, back to the cage room. The moisture was wicking away all his

body heat, making him start to shiver, as he was put back into the cage, the bit pushed into his mouth again.

‘I don’t want to hear any crying, or I’ll lower you into the pit!’ She pointed at the darkness below, then jammed a finger beneath his ribs again. ‘Boys should be good and quiet, only one thing their tongues are good for.’

After she returned to her crackling and warm fire, he felt himself shiver and twitch with the cold, mud and piss caking on his hands and knees. He started to sob, the tears a welcome extra warmth as they trickled down his face. Had he offended Mistress somehow? He was a good boy!

Chapter Two: Subletting a Pet

He was awoken from his chilled daze by Mrs. Tannington rattling her cane against his cage. It was lighter now, although the windows were so dirty it was hard to tell.

‘Come on, boy. You’ve business to be about.’

More of the horrible gruel was poured into his mouth, almost drowning him, and then he was released from the cage. His hands were released from their bindings to her waist, before being yanked into a leather armbinder, forcing each of his hands to grip the opposite elbow. A large leather lump was pushed between his teeth and strapped in place. It hurt, stretching his jaw wide, making it hard to swallow, spittle already starting to well up. And then she got a chastity belt. This wasn’t the smooth and polished metal he was used to though, but a strange looking thing of leather straps, with a metal cup on one end.

She grasped his balls and squeezed, spitting on his shrunken shaft. ‘I need to show you off, boy, so get nice and hard. Or this will get a lot worse.’ She squeezed harder, and he tried to think of Mistress, of her soft breasts caressing his cock, the teasing of her hair over his body, the taste of her on his tongue. And it started to work, his cock beginning to grow and engorge itself.

Before it reached full size, Mrs. Tannington started to attach the device – leather straps went between his balls and then over the base of his shaft, getting tightened before he was fully erect. These were attached to a belt-harness, which settled over his hips, a padlock sealing the device onto his body. The metal cap hung in the center of his belly, and the woman yanked his cock into position, extending the device so that it enveloped the head of his cock. The metal was cold against his shaft, but he managed not to make any sound.

Then she twisted a screw, and an inner part dropped down, so half his length was enveloped within the metal. It was quickly warming from his body heat, but was still tighter than was comfortable, the metal hard and harsh against his sensitive parts. Then she adjusted some more screws, and then metal tightened further, sealing his cock into a metal cage.

‘They should keep you nice and hard. Time for your walk, boy.’

At the word “walk”, the other slave, still hooded, perked up, shaking around. Mrs. Tannington slapped her cane against his cage. ‘Not for you. You don’t deserve it.’

A leash was attached to the bottom of the device, where the straps met between his balls. Every twitch or tug of the leash was a clear, unambiguous command, the strap tightening just a little, showing him which way to go. Cuffs clicked around his ankles, limiting the length of his stride to tiny, halting steps, a leather strap between them snapping tight if he ever tried to move faster. And she took his shoes off, forcing him out barefoot.

The mud squelched between his toes, cold and clammy and horrible. Even if he wasn’t being mistreated, then the weather was bad enough to make him snivel miserably, but the tight straps around his cock mean it couldn’t shrink down, the cold weather assaulting it mercilessly. The metal started to chafe and rub as well, the screws sliding and jolting over his cock-head. All he could see, all that he focused on, was the dull black outline of Mrs. Tannington as she walked ahead of him, hoping it wouldn’t be far to go. Every step was agony and suffering, and he quickly lost track of the passage of time.

When warmth came, it was sweet and welcome, as they entered another building. A fire roared in the hearth, but this was surrounded by festive decorations – glass baubles catching the light, making the place seem afire with bright colors, reds and blues and greens.

‘Well, I’ve bought him.’ Mrs. Tannington yanked on the leash, making him grunt in pain as he was forced to step forward, feeling his cocks and balls are aflame with pain.

‘You could have washed him first, Susan. But he is rather handsome, I suppose? Not that I’m any great judge of such things.’ He blinked away tears to look at the speaker – it was another woman, not as old as Mrs. Tannington but not as young as Mistress, wearing a comfortable dress of red, the corset looser than Mistress’, not showing any flesh other than her hands and face, a glass bell bright on her waist, clapper bound with leather.

‘You said you wanted to rent some meat, never said anything about it being clean! Now, where’s my money?’

‘Yes, yes, here you go. Five shillings a day, for four days. Half now, the rest when he performs.’

She reached into a sleeve and pulled out a small bag, then tossed it to Mrs. Tannington who snatched it out of the air and opened it, pouring coins into her hand.

‘Oh, this one’ll perform. From a fine house, no less. And you have to have him back in time, or I’ll say you stole him! And no damage.’

‘Given the conditions in which you keep your charges, he’ll probably be less damaged here.’ She approached him more closely, looking at him with a warm smile, keeping her eyes on his face. Then she glanced down and grimaced. ‘Couldn’t you have covered that *thing*? Scarcely an appealing sight.’

‘I delivered what you asked for. Thought you might finally want a real one!’

The woman shuddered. ‘No thank you! Most distasteful, and I really do not see the appeal. But the girls have been getting antsy, and they were well-behaved this year.’

The interior door opened, just a crack, a face peering around for a moment – long black hair framing a long and pale face, a white mob cap above. The woman raised her voice. ‘I can only hope they are cleaning the gallery as instructed, and not sneaking away to peek on visitors!’ The face vanished.

‘Too soft, you are.’ Mrs. Tannington swiped the cane against his backside, but his flesh was so cold from the walk here he barely noticed.

‘If I want your opinion, I shall be sure to ask. Now, as you have delivered your package, you may go.’ She waved her hand in a clear dismissal, Mrs. Tannington retreating to the door in a cascade of grumbles.

‘Now that she’s gone, then let’s get you set up. Miserable bitch. And keep that thing pointed away from me, if you would be so kind. I’d rather not have it in the house, personally.’ She gestured at his forcibly-erect cock. ‘This way. Or do you need to be forced?’ Despite her words, her tone wasn’t unkind, and the house was warm, scent of food thick in the air. His stomach grumbled and roiled, the gruel barely sustaining him. It smelled like a feast, goose-fat and vegetables and more, flavorsome steam drifting from the kitchens.

He made a sound of assent through his gag and followed the woman from the reception room, through a warm and well-furnished hall, and then through into a bedroom, dominated by a huge and sturdy bed, with a chalk board behind it.

Three names were written on the board – Fran, Collette and Vicky, and each had a list of tasks beneath, some of them crossed off. The furnishings were all comfortable but worn – a rug that was much faded and patched, a wardrobe that had been bashed into quite a lot, with smears

of paint and varnish along its scent, and the unmistakable scent of femininity, soft and sweet and pretty.

‘On the bed. I suppose you should be wrapped up as a gift, but you’re a bit big.’

Although he was still cold and wet, the bed was soft, like Mistress’, although the sheets weren’t as crisply laundered. The woman unclipped his ankles from their cuffs, binding them instead to the bedposts, spreading his legs wide.

‘Hmmm, I should have taken that thing off your arms. Ah well, they won’t mind.’ Behind her, the same face from before appeared at the door, peeking through for a moment, a grin covering her face. As the woman turned around, the face vanished, although the edge of a dress could still be seen. She sighed. ‘They are sweet, really, but Colette has never quite gotten the hang of hiding. Almost like she wants to be punished.’

He tried shifting his hips, the leather straps biting into his waist, dick now feeling sore from being hard for so long without being allowed to shrink. The woman took the bell from her waist and pulled away the padding, then flicked her wrist to make it sound out, the chime echoing around the place.

Bare seconds later, a young woman stepped into the room – she was dressed like a housemaid, in a long, black dress topped with a white apron, the sleeves rolled back, and a white cap on her head. It didn’t take long for two others to join one – a shorter one, with a mass of auburn curls coiling out from beneath her askew cap, and a curvaceous brunette, her saggy dress doing little to hide her figure, her face slightly sweaty, sleeves tied back, her apron marred with a few smears of grease.

All three of them were staring at him with undisguised hunger, making him shift about uncomfortably, wishing he could pull the sheets over himself to hide beneath. Mistress and her friends were always cold and dismissive, even when they teased him until he ejaculated, shedding silver beads over their fine dresses. Even as they punished or teased him, they were always cool and reserved, as ready to hurt as to please, barely regarding him as human. The brunette’s eyes were as wide as saucers, her red lips spread wide, pink tongue wetting them already, sending another surge of blood to his cock.

‘It has been a busy year, and the three of you have been excellent workers. So, as a thank-you for your labors, I have acquired something for you to enjoy yourselves with. From the Durham estate, I’m given to understand, so he’s probably well-trained. I fail to see the appeal myself, frankly, but I suppose this is better than you despoiling yourself with the butcher’s boy.’ She glared at the curly-haired one, who shrank back, then giggled.

‘First though, Colette. Over here.’ The woman, clearly the mistress here, sat down on an old chair. The black-haired girl approached, although her eyes were still on him, that rapacious grin on her face as she bent over her owner’s knee, already lifting her skirts, to reveal well-toned legs sheathed in stockings.

As the woman raised her hand for a spanking, she paused, then reached down and yanked at the girl’s chastity belt, pulling it off with a sigh. ‘And your belt seems to be mysteriously unlocked. *Again*. For the sixth time this year? How many spankings do you think that earns you?’

She wriggled her backside and winked at him. ‘I can’t help it if you keep buying cheap locks, Miss! They keep popping open.’

‘As soon as you pick them, yes. I really should restrain your hands, but you’d probably only teach the others. So, how many spankings do you think you deserve?’

‘Ooo, at least fifty, I think! I’ve been a naughty girl.’ She wriggled her backside.

‘Thirty will suffice, I think. But, as a punishment you might actually feel, the others can have their fun first. He’s a young thing, but he might not have enough stamina left for you.’

She licked her lips while staring into his eyes. ‘I’ll just have to blow a little life into him then, won’t I?’ The mistress’ hand cracked against the buttocks, the girl automatically counting.

‘One. Thank you, Mistress Farnham.’

‘You two may begin. I’ll finish punishing this one, and then leave you to it. I still don’t see the appeal, but I’m given to understand some women have the misfortune to prefer the sensation of live meat, rather than a dildo. Enjoy yourselves, you’ve earned it.’ She slapped her hand against the buttocks of Colette as the other two approached, both looking lust-ridden. They shed their clothes as they approached, dresses hitting the floor in untidy heaps, until they were dressed in just their stockings and chastity belts.

The brunette carefully reached out and tapped his cock, making it bob about. ‘Mmm, you’re a big lad! But Mistress Farnham...’

In between the slapping sounds of her hand against Colette’s arse, the woman – mistress Farnham – tossed something over, metal shining as it spun through the air. The curly-haired one catching the thing out of the air, before using the keys to unlock her own chastity belt. It dropped to the floor with a clunk, the bushy thatch of her cunt appearing.

She crawled onto the bed, the mattress deforming under her weight. She tossed aside her cap and pulled out some hairpins, more hair spilling out that had been tightly bound away. It stroked against his legs as she reached between his legs, sliding a key into the padlock and unbuckling it. She pulled the metal cap off his cock-head, the screws scraping against his glans. He grunted in pain.

‘Oh, I’m sorry. Do you want me to kiss it better?’ She smiled at him, then kissed his cock, soft pink tongue flicking out, rolling around his head. Her hair trickled over his crotch and belly, sweet and gentle and warm. The bed squeaked as the other one crawled on as well, her own belt already unlocked. She moved next to his head.

‘If I take off your gag, will you be nice and quiet?’

She stroked his head, as he twitched, thrusting his hips forward. The woman withdrew, her head hair teasing his penis. ‘Be nice. We could have a lot of fun together.’

He nodded, desperate for release, as the pressure on his jaw faded, the gag getting tossed aside. And then the brunette lowered herself onto his face, her pussy grinding against his face. His pushed his tongue forward into her – her taste was different to Mistress or her friends, a tang of sweat, faint metal undertones amidst the bush, but warm and sweet beneath it all.

His cock was enveloped by sucking wet and warmth, the entire length sliding into a willing mouth, her hair falling over his thighs and belly. He only lasted a few minutes before coming, shooting his load, hearing a coughing and spluttering in between the regular slapping sounds of a spanking, Colette’s sounds of clear pleasure now, her counting abandoned. He continued to pleasure the woman on his face, twisting and twirling his tongue as he had been trained until she came.

She stood up and scribbled something on the board – from the angle, he could see that she was starting a tally, marking a line each beneath “Fran” and “Vicky”.

‘I want to go on his cock next!’ She was stood stop him, one leg on either side of his head, giving him a clear view of her slit, still slicked with his saliva and her own juices.

‘Sure, but I want to go afterwards!’

From the other side of the room came a sound of protest, in-between sounds of spanking, the Mistress talking over the sound. ‘No, Fran and Vicky don’t keep slipping their belts. So they

can have a ride each, and then you can have a go. I've rented him for a few days, so you can have some fun later.' There was the sound of another spank. 'He's young but try not to break him. Oh, and take his arms out of that binder at some point, make him more comfortable. With his legs tied, he can't go anywhere.'

They moved onto each side of him, stroking his body, their touches light and gentle, sliding over his skin, tweaking his nipples, running over his thighs, before a hand slipped between his legs and cupped his balls.

'Oooo, nice and firm and full!' It didn't take long to restore him to hardness, and then Vicky straddled him, holding his cock firmly in one hand, spreading her legs wide, and sliding him into herself.

He almost came immediately, as her walls clamped around him, even tighter than Fran's mouth had been. She smiled down at him, as Fran moved over her face. He put his tongue out obediently, sliding it into her, as he blasted more hot semen into Vicky, her own orgasm not long in coming.

When the sound of the slapping spanks finished, Fran shifted off his face. 'Thank you, Mistress. We'll be sure to enjoy our gift.'

Vicky moved away, her hands no longer stroking and fondling his body. She approached her mistress and gave her a hug. 'Thank you, Mistress! We won't let Colette wear this one out.' Colette barged past, her backside visibly reddened.

'My turn now!' Her gaze was rapacious as she lowered her head between his legs, kissing his cock, rubbing and kneading it with both hands. Despite her hungry expression, she wasn't particularly rough, not as forceful as some of Mistress' friends, letting him take his time to get hard again before settling herself into position, letting him slide into her.

'Hmmm, been a while since I had a real cock.' She began sliding herself up and down, smiling happily. 'Mistress, you could get a footman or something! Tall and handsome, and we could keep him entertained.'

'The three of you are quite enough of a handful! Having some man around is rather distasteful. Make the most of him, it may be a while before I let you have another. And I will be getting you a better belt. But I will leave you to it. Should you need me, I will be in my study. Kindly do not get so distracted that you forget your morning tasks.' She kissed Vicky's forehead then pushed her away. 'Have fun, you three. And please don't make too much noise.' She looked down at him. 'Don't worry, they won't be too rough. Try not to scream too much though, it is very distracting.'

And then she left. His world became a thing of soft flesh, fast gasps of breath, tongues and pussies pressed against his face, his cock sliding into mouths and cunts, spasming and shooting out strands of semen, again and again.

The flesh pressing against him became feverishly hot, covered with sweat, the only relief when one took a quick break to mark up the tally score. Time blurred – there were points where one or another of them left to work, but at least one was always with him, hands pressing against him, mouths kissing every inch of his flesh. Even sleeping, they dozed atop him, sharing body-heat, taking their pleasure as and when they woke, before falling back into a slumber. At some point he was untied, but was too tired and drained to move, allowing himself to be used for pleasure, lost in a haze of flesh and fluids.

Some time later, cold water splashed against him. He was naked and in... a bathtub? Fran back in her uniform, was wiping him down. 'Phew, you're awake! I was a little worried we'd

broken you. A shame we've got to give you back.' She pinched a nipple, sending a stir of desire through him. She chuckled and reached into the water, fingers tickling his cock, before kissing him on the cheek. 'Your mistress is a lucky woman! Although I bet she doesn't let you come often. Mistress Farnham isn't too bad, but she doesn't like men. She means well but having her bend us over a desk and use a dildo just isn't the same. But we'll get you nice and clean and take you back. That means you're going back in your belt. You'll get a nice meal first as well – you must be famished, and there's still leftovers from the goose.'

He was too dazed to answer, letting her scrub him down, glad to be tended to. He drifted in and out of consciousness – food was placed in front of him, hot and filling, and he was happy to eat, the three maids are tending to him, in a flurry of kisses and embraces, even after his chastity belt was locked back on, his cock sealed away.

A cold breeze cut through the warm air of the kitchen, Mrs. Tannington's voice cutting through the hazy peace. Mistress Farnham, still dressed in comfortably loose clothing, appeared from her own quarters, looking annoyed, a book in hand.

'I've come to take the boy back. And for my money.'

'Yes, very well. Now girls, say goodbye to him, and thank him. You've certainly had your fun.'

They approached in turn, each hugging him, planting small, sweet kisses on his lips and cheeks and ears, hands somehow sliding into his clothing. He could feel himself hardening inside his containment, cock straining against the metal and leather again, despite how often he had been used already.

'Thank you, you were fun! Have fun with your real mistress!' Fran's long hair seemed to consume him, somehow wrapping around his face, before Vicky started untangling it, groping his butt. 'Mmmm, you taste good! Although Colette still had you more than us.'

She pushed them aside, then stepped in and kissed him on the mouth, sliding her tongue against his, staring into his eyes. 'You can definitely come back! And I can get him hard faster than you can.'

'Girls, no bickering please.' Mistress Farnham handed over a clinking pouch. 'And I found some boots he can use. It's foul weather out there tonight, and I'm sure Lady Durham wouldn't want her property catching a chill.'

Fran knelt in front of him, sliding his feet into chunky leather boots, her fingers quick and agile. It felt good to have some actual shoes on, rather than soft fabric slippers.

It made the walk back more comfortable, even with the cock-leash attached, his flesh unable to manage full solidity, after his excessive use. Despite the biting cold, he couldn't help but grin, lost in the post-fuck haze. Hopefully Mistress wouldn't notice!

Chapter Three: A Lady's Bet

The fire was behind him, making his back sting from the embers, sweat trickling down his body. But his wrists and ankles were both shackled to metal poles, stretching him out, so all he could move was his hands and feet, and those he tried not to, for fear of making the floorboards creak and drawing attention to himself. The clamps on his nipples were crushing the flesh, the chain between them further irritating his sweat-slicked chest, his mouth forced wide open by a large leather ball.

In front of him, sat on a variety of low chairs, cushions and other servants, was Mistress and several of her friends, centered around an unfortunate maid. She was on all fours, her skirts pulled up to expose her stocking-clad legs, a wooden board balanced on her back. On top of the board were wooden blocks and cylinders, piled up on top of each other. From his position, he could see the soft glistening between the maid's legs and the gentle tuft of her pubic hair. He was already hard, a leather band wound around his cock and balls not letting him soften, as one of the women looked at him and blew him a kiss, pursing her brilliant red lips.

Then she turned to the maid and flicked the cane she was holding. She tapped it against the maid's backside, before drawing her arm all the way back and cracking it against the buttocks of the maid, adding another red line to the welts already there.

The maid squealed in pain and rocked under the assault, the wooden board shifting and several of the wooden pieces rolling towards the edge, but without falling off. Mistress, sat in front of the maid, hooked a slipper under the maid's chin and forced her head upwards, so they were staring into each other's eyes.

'You are a disciplined little thing, aren't you?' The maid squeaked through the gag, unable to form coherent words. 'I wonder how many more you can take? Beatrice, it's your turn.'

The one that had been staring at him stood up and took the cane, taking a position behind the maid. She poked the cane against the glistening slit, the maid shifting uncomfortably at the sensation, board shifting again.

'Your boy seems a bit strange. He's normally more vigorous, is he off his food?'

Mistress used her foot to tilt the maid's head about. 'Oh, ever since he came back he's been a bit off, his stamina seems affected. I think that woman may have mistreated him.'

Another of them rose and approached him, coming in from the side. She was wearing shoulder-length gloves, and slowly ran a finger down his side, before reaching up and tugging on the nipple chain, stretching the flesh further, her scent of violets. 'He's still hard though.' She flicked his cock – it was moist with spit, with a number of bright red rings going down to half-way down his shaft. He groaned, chains clinking as he shifted. Then she leaned in and licked his shoulder, tasting the sweat, and making him shudder again.

'He's normally a bit livelier, but it might be the winter? The dark and cold is always so wearying.'

'It could be, but he seems a little more drained. I'm careful to only allow him releases rarely, but it took more effort to get him to rise.'

The woman reached between his legs and squeezed his sack. 'Hmmm, it does feel less firm. Maybe you should cage him for a bit, make sure he's rested? That woman has a bad reputation though. Lady Brimton was most disparaging about her! And given how harsh she is...'

'Skilled though. Didn't you get one of her cast-offs?'

'Oh yes, little Suli. Such a sweet thing! So thankful, and talented! She's very popular with our guests. And lovely and warm on these winter nights, far superior to a hot brick. You'll have to try her next time you come to visit. If your boy has been well-behaved, then maybe permit him her mouth.' The hands continued to fondle his balls.

The conversation was cut short by a vicious slice of the cane, cracking against the exposed buttocks of the maid with painful force. The maid gasped in shock and rocked forward on her knees, the wooden pieces rolling around, several of them falling to the floor.

Polite jeers ran around the group, as the cane was passed to the next woman. 'Hmm, my turn to add some red then.'

The hands gave his balls a final squeeze before withdrawing. The newcomer had a different scent, something he didn't recognize as she approached him, staring him full in the eyes and licking her bright red lips with a hungry expression. She was shorter than he was, even in her heels, but her gaze transfixed and paralyzed him. She reached out and cupped his balls, her hand warm and dry as she gently squeezed. 'When was the last time you were drained, boy?'

He squeaked, feeling guilty, remembering the three maids using him, again and again, and how tired and drained he had been, earning several punishments since then from Mistress for being unable to rise to her touch as normal. She trailed a nail along his cock, making him whimper again, before she dropped to her knees. The other one continued to stroke his body, the fabric of her glove starting to soak in his sweat.

Mistress' voice sounded out. 'Remember, you're only allowed one go!'

The other woman tapped his cock, where the furthest down of the red rings was, about halfway along his shaft. 'No hands and see if you can get past this. If you don't, then I might take mercy on you. Or I might spank you until you're nice and red.'

The woman's breath on his cock-head was distracting, and then her tongue snaked out, wet and hot, lightly brushing against him. He whimpered and twitched, his cock shaking about and brushing against her hair, another source of agonizing stimulation. He wanted to come, despite knowing it would get him punished, but the leather band was tight enough he didn't think he could.

Below him, she opened her mouth wide, and then bobbed her head forward, enveloping him in the warm cave of her mouth, before her soft lips tightened about him. He could feel her tongue moving around, slicking his cock, as her lips gripped, breath tickling against him. He wanted to come, to let the increasingly urgent tightness in his balls blast out, but the leather strap meant he could. With a wet sloppy kiss, the woman withdrew, leaving another ring of red on his sensitive skin. She kissed the head as she withdrew, making him whimper again, then looked down at her progress.

The ring she had made was before the furthest down. 'Really? It feels a lot larger in your mouth, doesn't it?' She moved her head up, licking his belly, running her tongue into his navel, her long hair sticking to his sweaty skin, brushing against his cock. He whimpered again and tried to move away but could do nothing except shift his hips a little.

Mistress emerged from the shadows, suddenly reaching down and pulling at her woman's skirts and holding them up, bringing her gloved hand forward to crack against her friend's

backside. He felt an explosion of breath against his belly as the first spank cracked in, the stiff shell of her corset-front pushing up against him, rubbing against his cock.

Her face and hair kept shoving against his body, soft and sharp puffs of breath as he twisted in his restraints, the pressure building up within him. He couldn't hold it much longer, even with the band! But the sharp cracks of the spanks kept coming, the woman pressing up far too close to him, before she dipped her head and wrapped those brilliant ruby lips, so soft and wet and warm around his cock again, her tongue flicking against his head before she withdrew.

He shuddered, and felt himself release, a spray of cum splashing onto her, pockmarking the fabric of her corset with silver beads, a few even reaching her once-pristine face. Her tongue flicked out, licking at one and then she swallowed, before a gloved hand yanked on her hair, forcing her head back.

Mistress looked at him, the look making him whimper through his gag, before spanking her friend again. 'The penalty for making him cum was to pleasure *everyone*! I think a naughty piece of meat like you needs to be punished, don't you?'

The rigid edge of the corset pushed into him again, pushing hard against him, the leather straps not letting him shrink much even after release, as the "victim" giggled.

'Oh yes, I've been very naughty! You should punish me!' She slid his cock into her mouth again as the other guests got up from their game, all wanting to watch.

'I think you should entertain him but using your dirty little back-hole.' She was dragged away from him and turned around, her skirts lifted up. He could smell her arousal, as the long dresses and underskirts were pulled up to reveal bare legs.

Hands, soft and feminine, reached back and spread her buttocks wide. Then she was pushed and pulled into place in front of him, letting his cock fall between them before they were released, soft flesh pushing against him. He immediately started to pump his hips, pure reflex making him grind and fuck away. Someone spat onto his shaft, the spit hot and sticky, before a hand pushed him into place, and he felt the resistance of her asshole before sliding in.

Mistress grabbed him by the throat. 'You've come once, do you think you deserve to come again?' He whimpered, as she tightened her grip. 'Was that woman mean to you?'

He nodded his head, the tiny amount he could, still grinding away with his hips, hoping she wouldn't choke him out.

'Maybe I should have found somewhere better. But it was something of a rush. Were you a good boy?'

He nodded his head, sparks starting to form in his eyes, staring into Mistress' cold eyes, until she let go. Air surged into his lungs as he juddered into another climax, the woman's asshole tight around his meat, his cum spurting out.

'I think that if you come again then you might need more training. Am I understood?'

He groaned through his gag, sparks still shining brightly in his eyes. If they would stop tormenting him! But it had felt good to ass-fuck that woman.

They surrounded him, hands pinching and stroking and teasing his flesh, all he could see sharply-smiling faces, dresses and breasts, hands seeming to be everywhere all over him; his back, his ribs, between his legs, his buttocks, his thighs, not giving him any time to relax. He shook and shivered, unable to control his reactions, getting lost in the flesh and cloth. He stared at Mistress, trying to focus on her, to show his devotion and loyalty. He hadn't wanted to be a Christmas gift for those girls, nice though it had been! She kept her hand lightly around his neck, staring back at him.

He managed to contain himself, even as another mouth, slick and tight, licked and kissed his cock. ‘Mmmmppppphhhhh....’ He shook his head, trying to concentrate, whimpering and whining. They were taking turns now, each licking and kissing, trying to tease him over the line, his cock feeling like it was going to explode, so hard it was painful. But he managed to resist, even as a throat enveloped him entirely, virtually to the base. But Mistress’ eyes, cold and dark, burnt into him, and he resisted, focusing on the sweat trickling down his back and the burning embers that occasionally landed on him.

Finally, Mistress clapped her hands. ‘I think he has proven his resolve. Impressive, boy.’ She kissed his neck, almost a bite, hard enough to hurt and leave a mark, before putting his hood on, sealing him into darkness. He could still hear them, but none touched him, leaving him in his restraints, unfulfilled but at least not getting further punished.

A Gentleman Takes His Pleasure

Chapter One: A Night at the Club

The brandy poured into the glass, a refined scent filling the air. Sheffield raised the glass and swirled it around, savoring the scent, and the servant doing the pouring – wearing deliciously tight trousers and a translucent, she had heavy cuffs on her wrists to show her status, along with a thick metal collar engraved with the name she had been given here, “Becca”, along with studs to show the skills the club members had judged her to possess, along with a series of hooks and clips. While he was in town, then Black’s was certainly a fine place to stay!

She curtsied, then returned to her kneeling position by his chair, eyes down. He took a sip from his glass – it was an excellent vintage, strong but not overpowering. From his seat he had an excellent view of the two other women in the room. On one wall was his newest acquisition. Her ankles and wrists were both cuffed to the wall, a bar lodged against the small of her back pushing her hips forward. A metronome device ticked between her legs, a feather on a pole bobbing up and down, brushing against her damp slit. Clamps on a short chain squeezed her nipples, the chain pulling her breasts up and linking to the gag in her mouth. She hadn’t been collared yet – that delight would be for later. Blinkers were around her head, her hair tied to a ring on the wall so she could only see directly ahead of herself. Her soft skin was well-marked with lash and whip marks, and the spikes beneath her heels meant that every time she relaxed, she pricked herself awake.

He took a sip as he admired her body - her skin shone with sweat, reflecting the firelight. Denied both sleep and the release of pleasure despite the teasing ticking of the feather, her eyes were ringed with tiredness. Soon, surely, she would be amenable to breaking!

His other guest was rather more normal – a black-haired beauty, in the torn outfit of a showgirl, her red-rimmed lips forced wide by a ring-gag, straps running securely around her head. Her mascara was already running down her face, tears trickling down her cheeks. She was shackled to the couch, breasts having popped free of her skimpy top already. Heavy cuffs on her wrists were chained to the couch, securely attached to the wooden frame. Her legs were bent back, one heel having fallen off, metal cuffs around her ankles with chains attached that kept them bent back, her fishnet stocks torn and rent.

He patted Becca on the head, then grabbed her hair and pulled, ignoring her gasp of pain, as she was forced upwards, straining her thighs and calves. When he let go, she dropped back into her kneeling position, not even panting from the pain – she had been trained well, but it was a little dull and disappointing when they got used to it. Keeping them in that sweet point, when there were biddable but fearful, that was the ticket. The metronome ticked again, the caress of the feather against the swollen clit drawing out another pained shiver. The blinkers on her head stopped her seeing him, limited her view to the shaking ass-cheeks of the showgirl. But from her reactions, soon she would be willing to beg and degrade herself just for a little more pressure, to get her over the edge.

The showgirl shifted around, chains clinking, the bowtie around her neck shaking, until he reached out and ripped it off, fabric tearing and leaving her utterly exposed now. ‘You are a pretty thing, aren’t you? A shame you’ve been used to much already, but I suppose you’ll do

well spread out in the gaming room to be enjoyed. You'd like that, wouldn't you?' He reached out and tickled her under the chin, her reply mumbled and stifled by the ring-gag.

Becca's voice sounded, from just out of sight, although he could still feel her silky-soft hair under his hand. 'My lord, you have a dining engagement at eight.' His eyes flicked to the clock. Ten minutes. Well, long enough for another fuck then, and the piece's mouth and throat were still soft and yielding.

He stood up and unbuttoned his flies, feeling himself rising already. Becca stirred, but he gestured at her to sit. More tears started to well up in the showgirl's eyes, her makeup running even more, her cheeks now stained with dark streaks and lines. He put the tip of his cock in her mouth, her tongue already sliding forward to lick his crown.

'Good girl. You know what to do, don't you?' She made a sound that might have been agreement, or just a grunt, as she swirled her tongue around his shaft. She really had been wasted as a common dancer! He took a firm grasp of her head and planted one knee on the couch, then shoved her head forward, feeling her tense with resistance as he pushed into her throat. She was tight and hot, the breath from her nose puffing out as he pierced into her throat, taking pleasure in her gurgles and gasps.

He looked up at the piece on the wall, the feather brushing their slit again, drawing out a gasp from them. Although it couldn't be seen, her own gag hid a leather prong, opening up and softening her own throat for future use.

The tongue slipped and slurped around him as he grasped her hair more strongly, pulling it in. Her throat was just yielding enough that he could slid into her, while still tight enough to be pleasurable, her hacking gurgles getting louder as she fought for breath.

She was skilled, even through her tears and gasps, and he didn't want to be late, so he came, shooting his load into her mouth. She swallowed, as best she could with the gag, panting and gasping. He looked up, locking eyes with the piece, their own eyes desperate. Soon, hopefully, she would be keen and eager to perform just as well! He withdrew, leaving the showgirl to her hacking splutters, cum somehow dribbling from her nose as she coughed and spluttered. Becca produced a cloth and wiped him down before buttoning his trousers up.

'Thank you.' He patted her on the head again, making her squirm in pleasure – she really was well-trained! But then, she has been serving at the club for long enough to earn that skill. He reached into a pocket and pulled out a metal token, a metal tab with a hole at one end, and clipped it onto her collar. 'For your services. Go get some food for yourself, I want you nice and rested for later.'

She knelt down and kissed his shoes before rising to her feet in a smooth and elegant motion, her long hair falling to her backside, swaying her hips to emphasize the tightness of her trousers. 'Thank you, my Lord. Shall I wait for you?'

'Yes. I'm feeling quite frisky of late. Something about being back home, I think! Foreign lasses are all well and good, but there's something about the squealing of a good British piece of meat.' He slapped the buttocks of the showgirl, their legs flicking and shifting, clearly used to sucking people off, but not to being hurt, and wheeze gasping from their forcibly-opened mouth.

Then he approached the piece on the wall, her eyes flicking about in doubt, fear and lust. The feather flicked forward, teasing her again, before he tugged on the chain between her breasts. They were just about the right size – large enough to grope and play with, but not so large they sagged and flopped everywhere. The nipples were an angry red, crushed and tormented by the clamps. Her eyes looked at him, large and dark, but she was too far gone to even try and speak. Just a little more then! Her legs were shaking from the strain they were

under, thighs and calves lovely and taut, marked up with marks from where he had applied the belt. Her soles were pockmarked with tiny wounds – keeping pins and spikes beneath someone's feet did force a certain attention, and he liked his pieces to have good posture.

He didn't say anything, simply lowered a leather panel over their eyes. A whimper squeaked through the gag, as he stroked a hand down their body. She should be suitably receptive now – between Melissa's initial training and then this, she should now be malleable. A short, hard snap from her previous life, to show her where she stood, and then allow her to be remade into a more suitable display piece. If she could be made to retain that fire and spark, but without the rebellion, that would be ideal.

Becca was waiting by the door, holding it open. Outside, he could see the plushly-carpeted hallway lit by gas lamps, the sounds of laughter coming from out of sight. He left and locked the room behind him, grabbing Becca and giving her a rough kiss before pushing her away. She smiled, a flush rising up her features as she turned away and opened up one of the servant's passages, part of the way sliding away to reveal a bare brick tunnel.

Now, dinner. He passed through the common room, nodding at a few other men he recognized, the evening papers spread on the table in front of them, some manner of business being conducted. A pair of legs, slender and feminine, poked out from beneath the table, along with a coughing, spluttering noise, pretty red lips doubtlessly slurping up and down a cock, out of sight.

The dining room was quiet, with only a few members currently eating. Was there something occurring elsewhere? He was still a little out of the loop regarding the affairs of the ton – maybe a race somewhere, or a boxing match over on the heath? Either way, it suited him to stay here until his home was refurbished. He took a seat, sinking into the well-padded chair. Moments later, one of the staff appeared – this one was dressed in an expensive silk dress, the cleavage plunging to her navel, a thick leather collar around her neck, dozens of tokens clinking as she moved.

'Good evening, Lord Sheffield. I shall inform Chef you are ready to eat. Do you wish a menu, or any other services?'

'Just food, I think. For now, at least.'

She gave a smooth curtsy and then spun, walking away, the back of her dress cut to bare skin all the way to the top of her buttocks, and making it abundantly clear that her figure owed nothing to corsetry or padding. She was new – maybe he would have to take her for a ride later.

The chair opposite to him creaked, leather padding compressing.

'Thomas! Good to see you again. Back home again after your adventures?'

Sheffield turned to the newcomer and raised his glass in greeting – despite the years that had passed, he seemed little changed, the low light glinting off his overly-large glasses, his suit slightly too large for him, making him look like a boy pretending to be his father. 'Edward! The pleasure is entirely mine. Now that I have finally gotten my inheritance, it seemed timely to settle down a bit. But the place is in need of refurbishment, so I'm staying at the club until that's done. I had forgotten quite how hospitable it could be.'

'You do seem to have a knack for finding the pretty ones and making them go soft on you.' He raised a hand, one of the servants stepping forward with a decanter of whiskey and pouring him a generous measure. This one was a brunette, skin a dusky tone, contrasting with the bright metal of her collar. From the tags she bore, she had admirers of her own as well. 'When I tried little Becca, she was a lot less friendly.'

‘Well, I find a little charm goes a long way.’ He smiled at the server, enjoying how she smiled back, wondering how she would take to the whip. She looked like a screamer – maybe a thick leather pad between her soft red lips? As she stepped around to pour him a drink, he flicked his hand out and slapped her backside, a loud crack echoing around the room. ‘Most like a little pain.’

‘Mmmm... Yes, Lord Sheffield.’ She leaned in close as she poured, hair brushing along his arm, making sure he knew she was there.

‘You see? A little charm fast, and then the lash. Most meat wants to be broken, to be made obedient. Simply give them a little nudge first.’

‘Is that what you were doing? Travelling the continent and uncovering its beauties? Well, you certainly seem to have become skilled. All sorts of rumors are spreading about your newest piece, as well!’

‘Oh yes, she will be quite the magnificent piece, once she’s tempered and trained.’

Another servant appeared, this one wearing little more than a few strips of material about her crotch and breasts, blinkers limiting her vision, a high ponytail of brown hair flicking about. Her collar gave her name as “Jenna”, although she had fewer studs than Becca. She had a plate in each hand, sliding them onto the table. Steak in a rich-looking sauce! He flicked out his napkin as the woman draping herself over Edward like a cat, letting herself be petted.

‘Will she be for the club, or private?’

‘Oh, private. She was quite troublesome to acquire – I had to chase her down after she stole a few items of mine. Feisty thing, but she’ll be worth the breaking. The sweetmeats here are entertaining as far as they go, but too soft.’ Jenna wriggled around on Edward, letting herself be fed. ‘I prefer something with a bit more fire. And had some help with the initial breaking. She still needs work but is a little more obedient now. Soon, I think, she’ll be begging for the collar. And that’s when the real work begins. I want this one as a display-piece, fit for show and properly trained.’

‘Yes, I seem to remember you’ve broken a few in the past, haven’t you? Are you holding yourself back now?’

‘Indeed. Quite the challenge! Although there are ample distractions here.’ He skewered a piece of the steak, soft to perfection, the sauce rich and flavorful, letting the meat melt on his tongue. This should invigorate him for the night’s entertainments! ‘I’m hoping to have her ready for when I depart. Show her off a little before I leave.’

‘Oh? Care to make a bet on that?’ His hand groped one of Jenna’s breasts, making her squirm and wriggle in pleasure. ‘That she be displayed, functional and able to pass for one of the quality. And no getting help from Lady Brimton!’

‘Melissa is otherwise engaged – that business with Madame d’Aubrec. Which I am under strict instructions not to discuss, although I have heard the rumors, of course. Some of them are even close to the truth!’

Edward’s clumsy groping was starting to have an effect, or the girl was an impressive actor, her flush visibly covering her whole body, her thighs tensing. Or perhaps she was simply easy to please? Well, Edward was stubborn and dedicated, if not necessarily proficient, and could afford to keep her in fine style.

‘Ah, so you weren’t simply debauching yourself on the continent? I have yet to meet the mysterious mademoiselle, but she appears to be hiring rather a lot of builders and shipping them up north. I take it that her appetites are not simply for hordes of rough-handed workmen?’

‘She is indeed engaging them in construction, rather than anything more carnal. But the details shall be revealed when the time is right. But a bet could be entertaining. Shall we say two weeks? There is a performance at Covent Garden, that should suffice. Who shall judge?’

‘The old man, of course. He’s got an even better eye for the meat than you do! You should go and see him while he’s in town, actually.’

‘Very well. A hundred pounds, then? That should be enough to keep it interesting.’

Edward’s hand must have tensed on Jenna’s tit, her face contorting in pain for a moment before she was able to hide it. ‘Hah! You’ve not changed, have you, you old rascal. Never anything small with you, is it? Very well, a hundred pounds it is. But if you win, then I want you to invite me to visit, when everything is ready. Be like old times, none of the cares of business.’ His hands were stroking and soothing Jenna again now, as she cut his food for him, conveying it to his mouth. ‘Much easier when we were lads! Now, Jenna, be a good girl and fetch the book. Let’s get this all written down.’

She kissed him on the cheek before rising, tugging her scant clothing back into position as she walked away, quickly returning with a thick, leatherbound tome, fat with notes and tokens inserted between the pages. She opened it up as a smartly-dressed manservant appeared and took the details. When he was done, he presented it to each of them for inspection:

That Lord Thomas Sheffield shall present his newest piece, on a date not later than the 18th of August, at performance at Covent Garden Theatre, to be adjudged by Sir Adrian Welby and Sir Edward Montoray, to pass muster as one of “quality” or one of more common material. Assistance may not be rendered by Lady Melissa Brimton or others of similar repute. Should the piece pass muster, then Sir Montoray shall pay Lord Sheffield the sum of one hundred English pounds. Should she fail, then the reverse payment shall be made. Undersigned...

Wax was dabbled onto the page, as Sheffield his ring and pressed down, stamping his seal onto the thick paper, before Edward signed to the side. He could see several other bets on the same page – there was a section of bets between members all speculating on what d’Aubrec was up to:

Creating a walled garden, that she may recreate Eden upon earth: £10-5s-9d

A theatre, the largest in the country: £3-1s-8d

A mansion to house her dozen bastard children: £7-3s-4d

All quite entertaining, but none particularly accurate. Well, that would all be revealed in good time. Now the bet was made, he settled down to enjoy the food - despite the girl still squirming on Edward’s lap, it was good to be back, and the food was as exquisite as ever.

Chapter Two: Pressing the Flesh

After dinner, it was too early to return to his room, even with thoughts of the piece and the showgirl waiting for him. While it was tempting to peruse the papers, to see what races were on and place some bets, he fancied something a bit more vigorous. If the Old Man was in town, then it would only be polite to see him.

The concierge directed him to one of the lounges, towards the back of the sprawling building. Several other members staggered past him, deep in their cups and being supported back to their rooms by attractively-dressed members of staff. A few gestured politely at him, although others were too drunk, past the point of being able to tend to the girls with them. But it gave him the chance to see how the staff had changed since his last visit – he had perused the menu, but textual descriptions were no comparison for seeing them in the flesh. Long and leggy seemed to be in vogue, a distinct shift from the plumper and curvier staff that had been here before. All were, of course, beautiful to look at, necks all bound beneath collars, their relative ranks easy to judge by the tokens attached there.

He passed by one of the lounges, where a game of billiards was in progress, two girls bound to wooden crosses, hooded and gagged, the players using them as entertainment while waiting for their next shot. Each had weighted clamps attached to their sensitive parts, some form of on-going betting based off the progress of the players. From how their skin was stretched and discolored, they must both be in ill-favor, with several bruises marring their skin, along with whip-marks. Well, they would likely be demoted, kept hooded and anonymous until they were healed and deemed worthy of joining their sisters again.

Down a short flight of stairs, the temperature noticeably increased, the air smokey and close. He could hear low chatter from behind a door, opening it and letting heat wash over himself before advancing.

This had once been a wine cellar, and still betrayed much of its origins, with bare brick walls and a stone floor, although shackles and fetters hung from the ceiling, and several cages had been pushed into cubbies in the walls where the wine had once been stored. A fireplace roared at the far end, putting out a prodigious amount of heat, enough that he could feel sweat starting to prick his skin already. The whole thing was sunk deep enough into the ground that the ceiling was higher than he could reach, even when jumping. And, of course, sounds from down here wouldn't rouse anyone sleeping above. Several other men were sat at a table, idly playing cards, flicking and shuffling between themselves.

A hearty greeting sounded out. 'Well, well, well! If it isn't Tommy Sheffield! And looking quite the gent now!'

He was sat on a raised podium, his chair set to give him a commanding view of the room, almost a throne.

Sheffield smiled and bowed, twisting his wrist in a rather excessive gesture of courtesy. 'Elder of the club, an honor to see you so well! And so hearty as well.'

Crouched at his feet, head on his knees, was a young woman, clad head to toe in white lace, teasing and soft flesh barely visible through the finely-woven material, her arms stitched into a white leather armbinder.

‘Well, it wouldn’t do to let an appetite go unslaked! I may not have many years left on this earth, but, by God, I intend to make the most of each and every one of them.’ He stroked the gold-blond hair of the woman. ‘With a sweet little angel, no less. I’ve said that if she ushers me to my final rest, then she can have my fortune. Makes her nice and eager. But each time she fails, then I make it a little harder.’ He grabbed her head and twisted it around, to show that her mouth was forced open by a ring-gag, a white leather blindfold over her eyes. ‘No more sweet nothings for her, her eyes locked away, her hands are removed. I think it’ll be a chain welded between her ankles next, so she can only take little steps. And then I might have to find another angel and see if she can manage it.’

He coughed and hacked, before turning to the side and spitting, a gob of phlegm hitting the ground with a splat.

‘Wine! Bring me wine!’

Another woman emerged from a passageway – this one was sheathed in black leather, every curve shining in the firelight, her skin entirely sealed away save for her ruby-red lips and her eyes, and a slit between her legs. She approached with a bottle, holding it up for inspection, only opening it up after receiving a nod of permission.

‘And this is my devil. A wicked soul, bound away to serve as penance. If she can go without climax until I die, then she can have enough to live comfortably. But if she comes, then, well, she’s getting welded into a belt. Isn’t that right?’

He reached down and flicked her cunt, making her shiver and jolt, although she managed to keep from spilling the wine.

‘Yes, Master... Welby.’ Even that slight contact had apparently been enough to excite her, to judge by the tint of the leather on her thighs. ‘Please just... die already...’

He laughed, loud and uproarious. ‘She’s a spirited one, isn’t she! Bet I couldn’t break her. Well, I think she’s pretty good and broken now. How long has it been, devil?’

‘Three months, si... six days, Sir.’ She was shivering now, hands tensing and flexing, as he cackled again.

‘Wonder how much longer it’ll be? I’m feeling quite hale and hearty, might be a few years yet!’ The woman whimpered. ‘But I’ve got another game for you. Still think of yourself as a connoisseur of cunts? Come with me.’

He stood up, the angel getting pulled with him, a leash running from her neck to his hand, her high heels clicking against the stone, the devil following close behind. This close to her, the scent of her lust was apparent, her thighs slick, her movements slow and halting, her lust close to boiling point. Her self-control must be strong not to simply touch herself, but Welby probably kept her restrained most of the time.

In the next chamber there was a bar, but also four sets of stocks, all occupied and on a raised wooden platform, the ankles of the occupants caught in the base. Wooden boxes covered their heads, rendering them nothing but anonymous legs, crotches and breasts, spread for easy access. Despite this, they seemed unused, and there was even one of the club guards on watch, a club in hand. Above them was a blackboard, currently wiped clean.

‘Another game of mine – you can be the first to play, if you’d like. One of these lovelies is a woman of quality, of some of the finest blood in the land. The other three are common street sluts, albeit of fetching form. Think you can tell the difference?’

He tugged the angel forward again before tying her leash to the wall, leaving her lashed there, moving uncertainly, dribble flowing from her lips onto her lace clothing.

‘No striking, their hands, feet and heads are all covered. No cockmanship, at least not yet, but you can touch. The lady in question, daughter of a great and noble house, had fallen in with a bad sort. And so I, like the kindly gent I am, rescued her! I like to think of this as training her for her future husband, but, in truth, she is rather shrewish, so a little discipline won’t go amiss. Now, would you like to begin?’

From this angle, all of them looked much the same – one was perhaps a little paler, another a little more toned about the calf or ankle, but aside from their neatly-trimmed snatches being different shades of dark, there was little to tell them apart.

‘An interesting proposition. There is little to tell one cunt from another, and I’ve sampled more than my share. But I’ll take your challenge. Shall we make it interesting?’

‘Oh? I don’t mind taking your money, I suppose, but I’ve enough of the stuff it has little interest.’

‘Hmmm. If I win, then I want to borrow your angel. Just for a little, and I won’t release her, but I think she could be useful to me.’

‘And when I win, then I want you to arrange an invitation for me to Lady Brimton’s garden. I’ve heard of her collection of exotics, but she simply refuses to speak to me! Ever since I refused her admission to this club, she hasn’t even replied to my letter. The rules are clear – a woman cannot be a member, no matter her talents! She can visit the day room, between one and five on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and may, with a suitable chaperone, be allowed to attend certain events. Otherwise, she is simply forbidden entry.’

‘I will do what I can. Although she may be interested in seeing your devil – she has said she wants to see what such privation looks like, in someone normally driven by lust. She has a few pieces she has committed to long-term privation, but most seem to calm down after a while, she says, almost as though neutered.’

He held his hand out, and they shook on it. Then Sheffield went to examine the restraints more carefully – all seemed identical, looking away heads and hands into wooden boxes, feet beneath the floor. None had yet developed scrape marks along their ankles, so they hadn’t been there long, and their holes were clearly unused, at least tonight.

The first (bearing a large “1” on her bony-looking buttocks) had slightly saggy thighs, tensing as he felt them, running his fingers along their flesh. Obvious signs of dissipation there, the flesh marbled with unsightly fat. He felt along their crotch, teasing the edge of their slit, sliding in without resistance. This one had clearly seen a lot of use!

The second was leaner, their legs better toned, thighs satisfyingly hard. Possibly a dancer? A maidservant might have strong legs, but not with this suppleness, while a noble would be unlikely to have either. When he felt their legs, gripping from both sides, they twisted slightly, easing into his grasp, clearly used to being molested and groped. He slipped a finger into their cunt, the passage already slippery with their juices. Most nobles were at least a little more reserved! Although this one had good form – if she were to be given to the club, she might be worth a ride.

The third and fourth were harder to judge. Both had a pleasing fleshiness to them, meaty without being overly plump. Their bellies were similar – a comforting amount of flesh without being fat, both shivering as he tickled their stomachs, their breathing and any exclamations they might have made contained within their boxes. He went to examine their crotches – on 3, he

parted the buttocks, feeling himself stiffen from the examination. All four of them were pleasing to the touch and would likely be good fucks. But one of them was well-bred, apparently.

Their asshole was tight, but unable to resist a probing finger. Their body stiffened, legs tensing and stiffening as he pushed further. Their twat was similarly tight – some use, most likely, but not as abused as the first. 4 was more accepting, shifting in what seemed to be a happier way as they were penetrated. With one finger in their ass, he twisted his hand, sliding another finger into their slit, finding it wet and ready.

He withdrew, then wiped his fingers on a towel provided by another servant. ‘Do you want my opinions now?’

‘Of course! I may not have long left, so better to collect now.’ He coughed again, rather melodramatically this time.

‘Well, the first is rather past her prime. A little faded, although not unfit for slaking an idle lust upon. The second I would be interested in riding some time – she has the feel of a dancer and is likely rather energetic. The third has never been fucked in the ass before – I suspect she may protest the first time she is taken that way. The fourth is in need of a good fucking and is, I suspect, your errant noble. She has the build and flesh for such a station, and is used to being taken in both holes at once. Something that most sluts are unlikely to have experienced, but a noble, with some servants at her command, may have experienced.’

He hoped he was right, otherwise he would have a lot of problematic explaining to do to Melissa! She didn’t like outsiders visiting her collection, especially not outsiders she didn’t like. Welby clapped him on the shoulder.

‘Very good! Excellent work, Thomas. She is indeed used to getting filled fore and aft at the same time. I think she deserves something of a lesson in subservience, to ready her for her future life.’ He reached out and cracked a hand against the exposed backside. ‘The four of them should keep everyone entertained for a while. I wonder how many others will be able to work it out? But I am a man of my word, so you can have my angel for a bit, at your convenience. Although I’ll have her belted, just in case.’

‘Oh, that’s quite fine.’ He smiled at the leather-clad women, who whimpered. ‘Don’t worry, I’ll return her undamaged.’ A bell chimed from somewhere, ringing the hour – 11 ‘o’clock already? He suppressed a yawn, Welby chuckling again. ‘Ah, I suppose you must be tired. Well, come call on me when you need her. And let me know if she causes any problems. Meanwhile, I think my angel is ready for another try at killing me off.’ The “angel” mumbled something through her ring-gag, shifting on her leash.

Sheffield returned to his chambers. The showgirl was still in place, legs bent back and spread, backside gleaming in the firelight. He might be tired, but a backside like that deserved some attention!

First though, he removed the clamps from his piece, grinning as he first heard the sigh of relief, then frantic grunting as the blood rushed back to the tortured flesh and pain started. Her cunt was drenched, the feather needing changing for a new one, having soaked in too much of her juices. Her legs were wavering and weak, feet now even more pockmarked with wounds. That should be enough softening up – tomorrow he could begin refining her.

The showgirl must have heard him, shifting around, chains clinking against the couch, but couldn’t move enough to see him, instead mumbling something through her gag. He approached, then spread her buttocks wide and spat between them, before moving his body between her legs, ignoring her grunt of protest. He rubbed his cock between her ass-cheeks, letting the spit serve to ease his passage, rubbing back and forth between the plump mounds.

The tensing of her backside was tight and erotic, stiffening him even more, before he started to push into her.

A squeal of indignation came her as he mounted her, a hand on each of her shoulders, pushing into her. Had she never been buggered before, or did she simply not care for it? Either way, she was deliciously tight, despite her protests. He shoved into her, feeling her get even tighter, as though she were trying to suck the cum straight out of him! Even the way she wriggled beneath him was a delight, drawing him closer and closer to his own climax, his seed suddenly slick inside of her before he slowly withdrew, her pucker shrinking. If he wasn't busy with other things, then she might be worth training more, but she'd probably be a good donation to the club. As he moved to his bed, the only sounds were the soft whimpering of the showgirl, and the steady flick-flick-flick of the feathered metronome, brushing against the slit of his new piece with every brush.

Chapter Three: The Clothes Make the Woman

Tears were trickling down the piece's face, her head bobbing from sheer exhaustion. How long had it been since he had allowed her true sleep? Long enough that it was starting to tell on her, the glaze in her eyes deeper than just the teasing of the feather would cause. He stroked her cheek and a spark of fear ignited, a mew emitting from the gag obstructing her mouth and throat.

She was only lightly restrained at the moment – stripped naked but for her gag, her hands cuffed in front of her with a long chain, connected to fetters around her ankles, sat on a chair. They were in one of the backrooms of the club, the scent of perfume heavy in the air, surrounded by darkened mirrors and racks of clothing, intended for the use of the staff. One of them was drowsing in the corner, curled up on a bundle of discarded clothing, her visible back marked with wax- and whip-wounds. Another was stood behind him, dressed in a tight but demure walking dress, a riding crop in her gloved hands.

He stroked the piece's cheek, noting her silent shiver with delight. He moved a hand between her legs, and she didn't resist as he felt her eager warmth, hot and ready.

'Would you like that tended to?'

She bobbed her head in something that was probably meant to be a nod, unable to force an answer through her gag.

'Then I need you to do something for me. Can you see all the pretty clothing?' He spoke soothingly and calmly, as though to a skittish horse, stroking her head as she nodded. 'If you can pick out an outfit I find pleasing, then I'll let you come. Would you like that?' She nodded again, sounding more desperate now, especially when he slipped a finger into her. Her walls tensed around him, her hips trying to shift forward to fill herself more urgently. He wrapped a hand around her throat and squeezed, just enough to make her stop moving, settling in her seat with a whine.

He pulled her upwards, her legs still shaking and weak, head shaking from exhaustion, gasping in pain as her weight was transferred to her tortured soles. Then he gave her a shove forwards, towards the clothing. 'Go. Impress me, and you will be rewarded.'

She staggered forward, falling against a rack of clothing, the fine fabrics rustling and brushing together.

'Go with her and tend to her. Without harming her excessively or noticeably. Do not guide her, let her pick out what she feels best.' He gave her a shove on the backside, feeling the curve of her flesh beneath the stiffness of the material. Had he fucked this one? From how she smiled at him, it was entirely possible, but after a while they blurred together. She obeyed though, as his piece stumbled forward again and started to rattle through the neatly-stored clothing, desperately seeking something suitable.

He settled himself in another chair, this one more padded and comfortable, and watched her progress. He had long enough that her current wounds should have healed, at least the ones that might impede her movement, but it would be a problem if she rebelled now and required further punishment. What could be done that wouldn't mar the skin visibly? Although if he were to focus on her breasts, belly and cunt, then those could be concealed behind clothing.

Hidden behind the lines of silks, dresses and corsets, he heard the rustle of fabric, a sharp intake of breath as tormented flesh was further squeezed and contorted into shape. What would she choose? And should she survive her breaking, what should he name her? She deserved a better name than most of the staff here were granted, but something too grandiloquent would be problematic by itself. Maybe something classical?

Eventually, she remerged from the forest of clothing. Her face was still dark from exhaustion, but she was dressed – a tightly-bound black corset that framed her breasts, sleek sleeves to highlight her slender arms, an elegant black choker with a cut of bright red silk running through the center, and an ankle-length dress, that flowed and shaped around her legs with every step. The lines of the material were slightly ruined by the chains of the fetters snaking about, and she was clicking and clanking with every step, but she looked far more suitable for display now than before. She was still barefoot, wincing in pain with every step, but that could be remedied.

Unprompted, she stepped forward, then moved to her knees, in a half-controlled stumble. That would need work, but given her exhaustion, it was a good sign that she was at least trying. He locked eyes with her, then slowly reached forward and unbuckled her gag, drawing out the spit-stained shaft that had been rammed into her throat. Spit splashed to the floor, soaking into the old wood, and she twisted her jaw, as he ran his hands against her lips. Chapped and sore, but nothing a little time wouldn't heal.

Her lips quivered and shook, but she didn't say anything, not wanting to be punished further. She had learned fear – that was a good start. Now she had to learn respect, and her place as his piece. He beckoned towards himself with two fingers, and she crawled forward, chains grating on the floor, before he gripped her by the hair and angled her face upwards, watching her react to the pain, feeling himself grow hard.

'You are mine. Should you behave well, then you will be kept kindly and in style. Should you be poorly behaved, then your world will become very much worse. You may respond.'

Her throat and jaw were still so distended from the gag that it was hard for her to talk, but she nodded, or at least her hand sank in a moment of exhaustion, her lips slowly forming themselves around words, her mind addled by her torments. 'Yes, master. Please let...'

His hand slapped her on the cheek, hard enough to knock her head to the side, but hopefully not leaving a mark. 'You may not. You have not yet earned a place to request anything. Please me, and I may forgive your transgression.'

With sudden speed, she moved her head towards his cock, barely giving him enough time to open his trousers and grant her access. Her chains clinked as her hands twitched towards her crotch, but he hooked a leg around them to keep them back. She wasn't allowed pleasure yet!

Her mouth was drier than was comfortable, another sign of her captivity, but she quickly buried his full length in her mouth and throat, with only a slight grunt as he violated her throat. He didn't have to guide her, she took the initiative of bobbing her head up and down, tongue sliding around, hair flicking and cascading. He was still drained from yesterday, so it took some effort to get him to his climax, but she worked diligently, sucking and slurping away until he came, and she settled back into her kneeling position, mouth open, cum-tinged spit clearly visible in her mouth.

'Swallow.'

She obeyed, consuming his seed, still looking dazed. A look of fear came into her eyes when he extended a hand, but he simply stroked her cheek. 'Excellent. Stand and follow me.' He wanted to leash her, but the black-and-red choker was too striking to cover, especially with

her pale skin. He would have to have a custom collar made for her – simple metal didn't have quite the same charm.

He led her into the next room, standing behind her and pushing her by the shoulders – this was normally used by the girls for when one of their numbers required disciplining, or for internal disputes, but he had commandeered it for today. The angel was spread out on her back, a plank beneath her and her arms in her armbinder, arms at 90 degrees to her body, a chain connecting the end of the binder to the floor. Other than her armbinder, she had been stripped naked, showing her skin in its full glory. Her legs were spread wide, each chained to a post, her slit accessible. She was still blindfolded and ring-gagged, although her white flesh was marked with bright red wax, from candles suspended above her. She shivered every time more droplets fell onto her, unable to know what was happening, tongue flapping around her mouth and groaning in pain.

Despite her protests, her slit was glistening, her body conditioned to enjoy suffering. Various implements were scattered about the place, uncleaned whips and canes, dirty clamps and suchlike, along with cages and crates. He pushed his piece forward, enjoying the feeling of her body, the firmness of her shoulders despite her current exhaustion. Even with the weight of the chains and fetters, she had good posture, her shoulders straight and even. He reached around and pushed his hand between her breasts, feeling her warm skin, and heard her intake of breath, but she didn't react beyond that.

‘Who owns you?’

Her voice was low and tremulous, and he could feel the effort it was costing her, but she managed to breath out the words. ‘You... master.’

‘Good. I have higher plans for you than to simply be a cocksleeve. That fire, that spark you showed when you tried to steal me from that... I want that to ignite, but only at my command. You are to be a fire, ash or aflame, as I desire. You clearly have the graces to move amongst those of quality, now you may do so under more honesty. As I permit you to, at least. Being dressed and paraded as a display piece, for my exclusive use, is far preferable to simply being used by my guests.’ He continued to play with her breasts, feeling the feverish heat of her nipples, still healing from the clamps. But she didn't squeak or complain like most would, instead enduring the pain.

‘This “angel” is all but spent, so I've borrowed her for a little while. I want you to prove your worth. Show me some of that fire.’

She made a strange sound and took a deep breath, her body stiffening beneath him. She wasn't foolish enough to try and throw him off, or even try and shake his hands away.

‘Hurt her, or I hurt you. You may be property, but I think you want to prove yourself as being a cut above regular meat, do you not? Live up to my expectations, and you will be allowed to exist. Otherwise, I will have you hooded, bound and used.’

‘I...’

He squeezed her breasts harder, enjoying their soft warmth.

‘I will.’ Her voice was slowly getting stronger, regaining human tones, rather than a flat and dead tone. The angel was clearly aware and able to hear, shifting and moving the tiny amount she could, trying to garble a protest through her gag.

She suddenly moved forward, dragging him with her and clawing at the angel's foot, leaving angry red furrows in the pale skin. Then she plucked up a leather cock, bumped and ridged, as she moved between their legs and slapped at their twat. They grunted in pain and tried to protest

again, as she shoved the dildo into them, harsh and un-lubed, making them squeal in pain. She then pumped it harshly in and out, then angel's writhing intensifying.

Sheffield lifted her skirts and felt between her legs. She was starting to get wet, reacting with pleasing swiftness to being something other than passive fuckmeat. Although seemed to have no experience in fucking other women, at least pleasurably, to judge by how she was slamming the dildo in and out. He started teasing her with his fingers, teasing them in and out.

'Good girl. Hurt her, make her scream. Hurt her, or I hurt you. Make me happy, or I'll make you scream, or maybe seal your mouth permanently.'

She was starting to sweat now, falling into a fever, his fingers easily sliding in and out of her wet pussy, her body heaving with pants. Her shackle-chains clanked as she moved one hand upwards to grab at the candle, knocking it and sending wax droplets splashing down.

By now, he was pumping his fingers deep into her, all the way in, her pussy accepting them. Between her pants, she was gasping out choked words herself, as she poured wax over her victim's lower belly, dildo still thrusting back and forth. 'Please... Yes... Suffer...' From the sounds the angel was making, it was not particularly pleasurable, but it was getting him hard. He reached down and released his cock, spitting on it, then twisting her skirt up and sliding between her cheeks. As he slid into her arse, she stiffened, but didn't stop in her actions, continuing to violate the angel herself.

'Beg me to come.' He kissed her on the neck, hard enough that he knew it would leave a mark, a shiver rippling down her body, drawing him further into her. 'Will you be my flame, my toy, my show-piece?'

Her whole body was shivering now, as though she had the chills, her flesh clammy and hot, her whole essence drawn thin. Which meant now was the time to break her, and then start building her anew. But *damn* she was tight, even tighter than the showgirl! It was almost a relief to come, his passage getting eased by his own seed. It would be pleasant to break her in further!

He drew her away from the angel, her arms flailing for a moment as the target of her wrath was no longer in reach. He twisted her around so she was looking at him, her eyes wide and barely focused. Then he kissed her on the lips, consuming the taste of her, staring into her eyes, making sure she didn't look away. When he pushed her away, she looked dazed and confused, a sense of worry. Good. She should never be too secure, or she might grow rebellious. Permanent fear and doubt would serve her better.

'Beg me to finish yourself off.'

It took her a moment to respond, her thoughts obviously still addled, before she managed to speak. 'Please... Master, may I...' A blush touched her features, but only for a moment before she continued. 'May I touch myself?'

'You may. Spread yourself wide and let me see.'

Without hesitation she did so, at least as much as the skirt allowed, drawing it fully back to display her crotch. As she started to please herself, she kept looking at him, mouth moving for a moment before she could find the strength to speak again, repeating words like a prayer. 'Please let me touch myself. Please let me touch myself. Please let me touch myself.'

Even as she approached her climax, she didn't stop her begging words, although they grew softer and quieter as she hit her peak, her eyes rolling back in her head as her body slumped over, her breath exhaling in a loud exclamation. He managed to catch her before she hit the ground, her tongue lolling from her mouth, managing to look attractive even through her exhaustion and stupor. As she lapsed into unconsciousness, he carried her to a padded crate and dropped her in,

carefully positioning her so that her limbs were all inside, before closing the lid. It wouldn't do to be *too* nice, after all.

Chapter Four: Promenading a Piece

‘Now remember your role.’ He squeezed her around the neck, feeling the metal collar beneath her velvet choker. From the beatings she had endured over the last few days, her body was covered in welts and bruises, but she still carried herself well, the injuries all hidden beneath a full dress and tight corset, pushing her breasts up and compressing her waist. She had regained enough sense of self that she had been able to pick her own clothing, although had been pleasingly fearful throughout, continually glancing at him for reassurance, as he had kept his expression neutral. In the end, she had shown herself up to the task, picking out clothing that was attractive and enticing, but not so scant as to make her appear slatternly.

Appropriately dressed, she had the appearance of quality, her carriage erect, with attractive curves. She held herself well, her expression alive and aware, unlike the glazed expression most pieces assumed after a few sessions. From the number of times he had taken her, then he would have expected her posture and walking to be affected, but she managed an easy grace, smoother even than some of the actual daughters of high blood currently displaying themselves.

Her smile was, perhaps, a touch brittle, but that could be explained away by her being from the countryside – not, perhaps, the most original of stories, but one that happened often enough that it should pass uncommented. The way she looked at him for reassurance, getting visibly nervous whenever he wasn’t close by, was rather charming as well. And she was starting to show signs of arousal when allowed to punish others, while remaining submissive herself – clearly learning that it was better to be entertaining, than to become meat. Some took far too long to learn that lesson, or never did, even after being bent and broken!

Sheffield wrapped an arm around her waist, feeling her relax against him – she was starting to develop a dependency, a *need* for him and his approval. Music was playing, a few fresh debutantes taking their turns, stepping around the dancefloor, their chaperones looking on with blank-faced disapproval, regardless of the merits of the match. At least he seemed to still have enough marks against his name that the various mothers, aunts and grand dames passed him over, rather than relentlessly trying to match him with their daughters! Fun little screamers and wrigglers, but the brothers and fathers could be troublesome, culminating in that incident, before an extended Grand Tour across the continent.

A muted humming distracted him, a faint vibration coming through her body. She was humming in time with the music! She saw him looking at her and looked down, suddenly quiet. ‘Remember your role, but also your true place. I will display you, but clothing can hide many wounds. Just a quick turn to see if you can pass muster, and then your training can continue. I doubt there is much here to keep my attention.’ Admittedly, it had been at an event like this had had met both Melissa and George, but even then, it hadn’t been long until they had decamped to a more engaging club. One that had allowed women! Melissa had been most displeased at being refused entry, taking her wrath out on some unfortunate meat when they had found somewhere willing to admit her.

‘If you behave well, then I may reward you. I am betting on you being able to convince others that you are of high birth. Failure will be punished.’ She managed to avoid crying, but there was as decided wetness to her shoulders for a moment. ‘Prove yourself.’

An elderly woman shuffled close, cane tapping the ground, a granddaughter or niece trailing along behind. She was a sweet-looking thing, big blue eyes and blonde ringlets, although would probably be a lot more appealing if she were bent over a table, caned and fucked, cum dribbling over her skin.

They exchanged the appropriate courtesies, each bobbing their heads before introductions were made. The woman was Lady Stuysvent, the girl her granddaughter, the parents absent and unexplained. Their dress was several seasons behind the mode, likely showing a lack of funds – maybe an attempt to marry the girl off to gain some extra money. Well, she was fetching enough – doubtless some merchant would be glad enough to slake themselves upon her young and tender flesh.

He introduced the piece as his cousin from the country, skipping over her name. She hadn’t yet proven herself that much, to be allowed a name! But she behaved well, smiling and pretending to be interested, even laughing, albeit in a brittle manner, at some joke or other.

Somehow, he found himself on the dancefloor, taking a turn with the girl – she was light and soft in his hands, and it was hard to resist the urge to squeeze her arms and shoulders, simply to see her react, to make those blue eyes weep. The piece was dancing with some young buck, her back straight, staring the man down, sufficient to deter any wandering hands. Good – he might lend her out, but that would be by *his* choice, not anyone else’s.

When he had finished his turn, the girl stayed close, the grandmother deep in conversation with a bunch of other elderly crones, lost in their memories. He smiled. Well, if he were to be left with such a delightful girl, then he could scarcely be blamed for taking advantage, could he? Someone would have to break the girl in, and it may as well be him. It took only a little persuasion and she was quite happy to accompany him to somewhere more “interesting”, especially after several glasses of wine relaxed her. The piece seethed slightly, already jealous for his attention, but didn’t say anything. He walked close to her, whispering in her ear. ‘You can have a little fun with her. Some practice with something a bit softer than the club girls.’ That got a sharp intake of breath – she was starting to enjoy such things!

Of course, there was somewhere more entertaining not far from the ballroom, discreetly hidden down a narrow stairway, a madame in the anonymous dress of respectable normality exacting her charge in exchange for a room. The girl followed politely behind, taking in the erotic artwork on the walls, the red of her cheeks complimenting her blue eyes. Well, she was in for a rough education!

The room was not the place for a gentle seduction – a few cracked lanterns illuminated a large bed, the mattress well-worn, a number of chains and shackles hanging from the wall, a collar chained to the top of the bed. There were no windows, no escape save through the door, which he bolted shut. A number of cupboards and cabinets likely held some entertaining toys. But first, to restrain her, and to seal those soft lips of hers – he was in no mood for enduring noisy screaming!

His piece approached her and soothingly stroked her hair, making soft sounds, while leading her to the back of the room. She was guided to her knees, dirtying her dress and giggling, as the piece stroked her, pulled her hair back.

He moved to one of the cabinets and opened it, finding everything he needed – despite the seediness of the place, it certainly came well stocked. He heard a rippling, girlish giggle from

behind, and turned to see his piece tickling the girl, one hand covering her eyes, the other teasing along her bare arms.

‘You are ready to play, aren’t you? Away from all the boring adults? Then open your mouth nice and wide, and we’ll have a treat for you.’

She obeyed and stuck her tongue out. Moving carefully so as not to rattle the links, he handed over a pair of leather cuffs linked by a chain.

‘This is a game where you’re not allowed to use your hands.’ The piece’s voice was soft and soothing, keeping the girl relaxed as she allowed her wrists to be linked behind her back. She squirmed around, testing the limits of her movement, the piece keeping her comfortably under control. ‘Mouth open! Nice and wide now.’

He felt himself stiffening, as he tossed another pair of cuffs over – they could restrain the girl’s ankles if she started to struggle. Then he approached and undid his trousers.

‘Tongue out nice and far. There’s a special treat for you. No biting, just the tongue, for now.’

The girl tilted her head forward, the tip of her tongue finding his cock, licking over his head, as she giggled again. ‘I like the taste!’ She licked it again, swirling her tongue around inexpertly. Well, it seemed unlikely that she had practiced much. His piece still had a hand over her eyes, before she kissed an ear. ‘What do I do?’

‘You just need to keep licking it, and keep your mouth open, my pretty. If you bite, then I’ll have to punish you. You’ll know when you’ve won.’ She nibbled on an ear, the girl’s delighted giggling making breath pulse over his cock, hardening him further.

He stroked her hair himself, feeling its softness and strength, before cupping the back of her head. Then he rammed himself in, feeling the tightness of her throat as it tensed under the assault, keeping a steady and firm grip on her head. She grunted, breath washing out through her nostrils, a strangled gasp escaping her throat. Her tongue washed around as she tried to say something, her mouth obstructed by his cock.

‘Gppppphhh!’

The links clicked and clattered as she twisted her arms, twisting around but unable to escape. He thrust in and out, taking pleasure in the hacking coughs and splutters coming from the girl’s throat. It had been a while since he’d been able to ravage a virgin throat! As his piece removed her hand from the girl’s eyes, they went wide, even as tears started to well up. He came, blasting into her mouth, cum dribbling down her chin as he withdrew, wiping himself off on her dress.

Before she could protest, a leather ball was forced into her mouth, a belt sealing it in. ‘Mmmppphhh! Whhhuupphhh!’ He ignored her protests as he patted her on the head again. With her wrists bound behind her back, she couldn’t unbuckle the gag, even without his piece holding them. When she tried to rise to her feet, his piece grabbed her and tossed her to the bed, bending her over the bottom rail.

He approached and tore at her skirt, ripping away the material, revealing her soft flesh, stockings held up by garters and suspended.

‘You want to be a good girl, don’t you?’ He slapped her backside, leaving a brilliant red hand-mark on her plump backside. She made a startled ‘mmmmppphhh’ sound, wriggling around, pushing her backside higher as he used a paddle to slap the other cheek, the flesh rippling under the impact. His piece was watching with a lust-filled expression, one hand idly caressing her own breast.

‘Please Master, can I hurt her?’

It would take him a few minutes to be capable of fucking her again. ‘Restrain her first. Then show me your worth.’

He slapped the paddle against the girl’s backside again, then stepped back, allowing his piece some space to work. The collar clicked around the girl’s neck, the chain short enough that she couldn’t stand. As her feet shuffled around, they were cuffed to the bed, forcing her legs to be spread wide – her legs were covered only by the tattered remnants of her skirt and her stockings, her torso still bound in her corset and cloth.

His piece raked nails down a thigh, leaving red lines down soft flesh, kissing her slit, tongue flicking out, hurting and teasing the girl, strangled gasps coming from behind the gag, chain clinking as she tried to move her head. Her legs shifted around, trying to avoid clawing hands without success, her movements getting more urgent as she was scratched and raked.

Two fingers, then three slid into her, her hips starting to buck in time, before the piece bit her thigh, drawing out another grunt of pain.

‘Put on a show.’

The piece looked about for something to use, settling on a ridged dildo, the leather prong large, at least in relationship to the girl. The piece bit her again, slowly sliding it into her, the chain clicking as her head shifted, as she tried to look around to see what was penetrating her without success. But those blue eyes, filled with tears, were a beautiful sight, tears trickling down, contrasting with the fever-flush on her face!

It slid further in, the girl’s body eagerly accepting it despite her protests, the piece twisting and spinning it, looking at him for guidance. He nodded and slapped the paddle against the piece, although her clothing absorbed the brunt of the strike. He should have had her strip off earlier, instead having to settle for holding her skirt up himself to strike her flesh. She made a moan of pleasure, arcing her back in pleasure as she rammed the dildo further in.

Each slap of the paddle bought another gasp, the thrusting of the dildo bringing its own groans and sighs, anguish turning to pleasure. The piece Shifted around to bring her own rump up, trying to keep her skirt out of the way, leaning into the blows. With the tightness of her own clothing, getting her out without a knife would be a lengthy task, but he could still get to everything he needed without an issue.

He hauled her up, so she was resting on the girl’s back, dildo still pumping away, before grasping her hips and piercing into her slick, tight cunt, feeling the flesh of her hips compress and contort under his grip. Twinned sets of female moans filled the room, one gagged and pained, the other free and yearning, along with the sounds of the paddle on flesh as he struck his piece.

She came first, her body tensing beneath his with a sigh of satisfaction, dildo dropping to the floor from her slack fingers. Even another swat with the paddle did little to elicit a reaction, as the girl beneath her whined, having not yet had her pleasure. He stepped back and let the piece drop to the floor. The dildo was tempting, but he wanted to take the girl himself. Instead, he set to work teasing and hurting her, spreading her pussy wide and fingering her, but withdrawing before she could peak and slapping her butt with the paddle, the flesh now red-raw.

It didn’t take long until he was ready again, spitting between her cheeks, before easing himself into her. Her gasping intensified – she probably hadn’t been expecting to be taken like this! But she couldn’t move enough to escape, as her body accepted his cock, tightening around him. She squealed again when he gripped her hips, using the grip to shove himself in fully, burying his entire length in her tight ass.

‘You are a good girl, aren’t you? Sweet and obedient, I’m sure I know a lot of people that would like to be your friend. Would you like that?’ He slapped her backside again, making the skin even redder, as she grunted something that might have been agreement, or simply an incoherent groan. Her body was hot, sweat now slicking her skin, still shifting around the tiny amount she was able to.

As he came for the third time, he slowly withdrew, cum dribbling out of her puckered asshole. His piece was slowly recovering herself, shedding her clothes as best she could, fumbling with her laces and stays. Well, now he had two playthings for the night!

Chapter Five: A Betting Man

The theatre was crowded, packed to standing room only, the chatter of the groundings loud, a few footmen from opposing households erupting into a brawl before being ejected by other members of the audience. Up in the boxes, it was quieter, as well as giving a better viewpoint. From up here, Sheffield could see all the audience, including the whores tending to their trade, hands shaking up and down as they talked to their friends, or heads thrusting up and down for those that wanted more money, or were more desperate for trade. Edward was in the box as well, hip-flask in hand, staying determinedly quiet.

Beside him, Welby chuckled and pointed down at the crowd. ‘Think that coquette is one of my leavings! Had her back when she was working as a mort at the Crown and Rose.’ In a corner of the theatre, a woman was backed up against the wall, being buggered by a workman. ‘Fine featured, but voice as rough as sandpaper, and she didn’t take kindly to the gag.’

He reached out and slapped the ass of his devil – she was impaled on a dildo-topped pole, cunt already dripping wet, tears leaking from her eyes. The pole was shoved far enough into her that she couldn’t even bend her knees or shake about in the hopes of obtaining a release, while black leather sealed her face except for her eyes, staring out in despair. As before, her body was wrapped in black leather, although now a metal plug shone between her buttocks, catching the low gaslight as Welby gave it a tweak.

‘Think I might need a new devil soon. This one’s no fun anymore. Know anyone that might want her? She’s good-looking, although a bit slack-jawed now.’ He played with the plug, pulling it partially out before letting it get pulled back in again. ‘I suppose she was such a lusty wench before, going without has broken her a little. And my angel isn’t doing much better. Might have to change her for a new one soon as well.’

She was sat on his lap – still sheathed in white lace, but blindfolded and gagged, with her arms locked into her binder, and now her feet were hobbled together with a short chain, locked into high heels to further cripple her steps. Her ears were now muffled with leather plugs, probably rendering deaf as well. She could barely move, so was mostly carried around by another servant. He grabbed her by the throat and kissed her back, sliding his tongue into her mouth, as his hand ran down to her crotch.

‘What will you do with them? Even damaged, you could have gotten a decent price for her.’

‘Oh, some nephew or somesuch. They’ll be happier out in the countryside, barely fit for anything more than being tied over a table and fucked senseless. Those country squires are so used to dull country girls than even half-broken, one of my girls will be the draw of the county. She was a bit raw after you had her though – didn’t think you liked that, did you?’

The angel mewed and shifted awkwardly, blinded face turning around, probably trying to work out where she was.

Sheffield bowed his head with a courteous smile. ‘It does one good to experiment, to try new things.’

‘Hah! I’ve probably tried most of ‘em already! But those continentals are always cooking up some new perversion. That damn d’Aubrec woman wrote me, asked if I knew of any good

spoil I could send her way, offered to fix ‘em up, train ‘em well. Maybe I’ll give her this pair, see if she can tighten them up for me!’ He slapped the devil’s backside again, a stifled grunt coming from above, long hair whipping about. ‘You know anything about that, Thomas?’

‘I have some inkling but am strictly forbidden from speaking of it. It should be an entertaining enterprise though. I daresay you could do worse then send her your castoffs – at the least you may get them back with some semblance of functionality.’

‘Damn frenchies, coming over here and buying up all the meat! Fought them off in the wars, and now they’re everywhere. But do you not have any company yourself? Rare to see you without someone to bury yourself into.’ He stroked the angel, making her wriggle with pleasure as her hand continued to stroke him, a happy mew escaping her gagged lips. ‘Or is it that coz of yours I hear you’ve been escorting? Some country sheep, come to town to find herself a wolf to be devoured by?’

‘She is coming tonight, yes. Along with a few other pieces, for our entertainment. It’s been some time since I’ve been to the theatre, and I hear this show is dreadfully dull. I’ve been educating her in the ways of the city. Quite a natural, I think. I wonder if you could pick her out?’

He clicked his fingers and the angel whined as Welby withdrew his fingers, wet with her fluids. Four women entered, one of them his piece. Now fully cleaned up and with her sense of self at least partially restored, her eyes brightened when she saw him. She seemed to keenly feel any separation, crying in her cage if she thought he might leave. But she posed herself proudly enough now, dressed fashionably but not too ostentatiously, her hair styled, her skirts long but without anything underneath in case access should be needed, her arms covered by long gloves. Trying to make the contest fair by finding women that Welby probably hadn’t fucked had been something of a challenge – while there was no shortage of newcomers to the city, those that were attractive and stylish enough to be worth the time were rare, and he had been forced to fetch some from Bath

Still, they both managed to look somewhat demure yet appealing, clothing tight and loose in the right places, and both willing and able to perform as needed. The fourth entrant was the girl, clad in a simple summer dress, her natural and youthful beauty needing little makeup to accentuate it, eyes downcast in a charming display of humility.

Welby cackled as he saw them, eyes roaming over their bodies. ‘Oh? And one of these is your coz, and the others common sluts?’

‘I wouldn’t say common, Welby. Highly regarded in their field. Or backstreet, at least.’

‘And there’s money riding on this? I hear you and Edward have a bet of some kind.’

‘Ah, I should have expected you to find out! Yes, there is. A hundred pounds, so enough to be felt. Now, kindly make your assessment.’

‘Oh, so I can touch?’ He shoved the angel off himself – with her arms bound, she couldn’t stop herself falling, hitting the ground with a thud. ‘Very well then!’

Of the two courtesans, one was making a token effort to look upset, but not doing a very good job of it. The other appeared more interested in the play – the lead had entered wearing an oversized hat, sufficiently studded with diamonds that it was blinding to look at, making Sheffield wince and look away.

Welby took his time, fondling their breasts, pinching and squeezing hard, to judge by their expressions, even their long practice not enough to entirely hide their discomfort, especially when he reached beneath their skirts. A sudden intake of breath probably marked a finger or two

sliding into them, but they retained distantly polite smiles throughout. He was paying them well enough!

Next was his piece – her eyes were downcast, and she managed not to look at him too often, giving a slight shiver as Welby approached. He took her by the chin and raised her face, forcing her to meet his eyes before slapping her across the face – heard enough to get her attention fully, not hard enough to leave a mark. She shrank backwards, managing to suppress the gleam of delight in her eyes, as he grabbed her jaw, and slid two fingers in. They must have tasted of the juices of both the angel and the first two sluts, but he shoved them in and around, feeling her teeth, ignoring her grunt of violated protest.

‘Heh, this one’s got a bit of spark to her, hasn’t she?’ He pushed his fingers in and out, listening to her choking, hacking sounds. ‘Don’t spew, lass, or I’ll strip you naked and let the crowd have you. Nice tits as well. Nice and firm.’ His other hand was groping a breast, kneading the flesh, his fingers leaving marks on the skin. ‘Hmmm. Bend over, let’s see what you’re hiding under that dress.’

She looked at him as she made a gurgling, choking sound while his fingers probed deeper, before he withdrew and wiped it on her shoulder, staining the dark dress. He nodded, and she slowly obeyed, showing slight signs of reluctance. She really was playing her part well!

She put her hands on the wall and he lifted her skirt, revealing her stocking-clad legs and bare backside. He slapped her there – Sheffield had managed to restrain himself for striking her for a while, to allow her to be fully healed for this. A desultory slap to her backside drew forth a tired squeal, before he started fingering her cunt, getting a drawn-out groan, her legs tightening. ‘She’s a fighter! Heh, I prefer a soft and quiet girl these days, but strapping her down to make her squeal, that would be fun.’ He slapped her backside again, before stepping in and sniffing her twat.

‘Hmmm, she’s seen use. But who hasn’t, these days? A virgin’s rarer than an honest man in Parliament! And now onto the last.’

He turned to the girl, who looked up at him through her long lashes, leaving his piece to shake her hips to bring her skirts back into line, slowly turning around and rejoining the lineup. Beneath them, the crowd were growing restive, jeering at the actors, a few projectiles hurtling through the air.

He slapped her across the face, harder than he had with Sheffield’s piece, enough to make the girl sway to the side. When she looked up, her eyes were shining even more brightly, lips gaping open, between shock and arousal. Unlike the heavy and stiff corsets of the other women, hers was only light, allowing Welby to grope her breasts more easily, mauling at the soft flesh, before he reached around and squeezed her backside.

‘You think a pretty face is enough to fool me!?’ Welby hooked an arm around her waist and kissed her, while still groping her tits with his other hand. ‘Just because she looks like some innocent flower, but this one’s been plucked many a time. What do you have to say, lass?’

‘Sir, I, I think your behavior most rude!’

‘You’ve even got the accent, but haven’t I seen you at Shoreditch, in the Cobblers Arms, getting fucked both ways for a twopenny bit?’ He kissed her again. ‘Still taste sweet though.’

She put up some token resistance, although her blushing smile as he continued to kiss and maul her indicated she was enjoying it, especially when Welby reached under her dress.

‘Still tight and firm, aren’t you? Well, you might have been fucked a lot, but you’re still good to go. Saucy wench!’

‘And so, Sir Welby, your choice?’

He dragged the girl by the waist back to his chair, the angel still on the ground, a boot finding her belly and shunting her forcefully out of the way. The girl was responding herself now, laying soft and delicate kisses on his grizzled neck and cheek, his trousers tightening to show the effect she was having.

‘Well, those first two, well-used. Not unappealing, but I prefer tender lamb to worn mutton. And this one’s seen more cock than a poultryman!’ He ripped at her dress, breasts spilling out, as the audience beneath jeered and heckled the performers, who were still managing to keep going despite the projectiles hurtling towards them. ‘So I suppose it must be that one. Although if she’s a virgin, I’m the queen! Probably tumbled her share of country lads, she’s no stranger to a good poking.’

‘Very good.’ Sheffield held out his hand towards Edward. ‘That would be your loss, I believe.’

Edward took another swig from his hipflask. ‘God damn! That piece of yours is talented, I thought she’d be broken. You’re normally quite rough with them, I thought she’d be barely able to stand. Remember that big-titted sow you found, back at Cambridge? She had to be suspended by ropes, she could barely even walk for days! You’ve not gone soft, have you?’

Sheffield raised his hand, and his piece immediately flinched backwards, as Edward chuckled.

‘Fair enough, I suppose even you might try and keep one intact for a while.’ He sighed and beckoned at the two whores. ‘Well, I suppose I’ll settle for you two. You, the taller one first. On your knees.’

She raised her skirt to avoid dirtying it on the floor, before dropping to her knees and crawling over. ‘Would you like me to keep my gloves on or not?’

‘I prefer a bare hand.’

‘As you wish.’

She peeled her gloves off, before starting to stroke his cock, opening up his trousers to touch his bare cock. The angel was still writhing around on the floor, the devil on her shaft, as Sheffield gestured at his piece. He really would have to think of a name for her, now she was proving herself! She laid her head on his knees, and he stroked her head, before pulling her around so that she could suck his cock.

Beneath them, the play had turned into a brawl, the actors taking personal issue with their critics, a fight happening on stage, the musicians having already removed themselves. Welby was being ridden by the girl, her hips grinding against him, Welby letting her do the work.

Chapter Six: A Promise Kept

Sheffield walked down the street awake, the leash tight in his hand. It ran to the piece's face, a metal harness in place – if it ever got too tight, then a mouthpiece would move and stab her tongue. But she was proving herself again, managing to keep pace even in her heels, as well as keeping her gaze down, so as not to reduce the slack at all. Although he could hear her breath starting to labor, her breathing restricted by the gag-harness and her corset.

The arcade was quiet at this time of the morning, a few idling nobles perusing the wares, members of the lower classes scurrying past, taking swift looks at what they could never afford, before being ushered away by uniformed guards. The shop he was looking for had large bay windows, with models on display – hooded, bound and suspended, their skin was marked with intricate tattoos, lines and wheels depicting all manner of erotic positions and acts, given extra flair by the slight shifting of skin as the subjects breathed.

He entered, a bell tinkling as he did so. Inside it was dark and cool, the light shining off coils of chain and other carefully crafted metals – there was even a metal sarcophagus suspended from the ceiling, the front shaped and painted like a naked woman, dark gaps at the crotch and eyes, heavy padlocks currently sealing it shut. Through an archway he could see several metal chairs, built to restrain the occupants and hinged so that they could be fully moved and positioned for full access.

A woman stepped into sight – dressed in practical clothing, a sleeveless leather vest and tight trousers, her arms covered with a sleeve of tattoos, leather gloves on her hands. From out of sight came a pained gurgle, followed by loud panting.

‘Good morning, my lord. I assume you want some work doing to this one?’

He tugged on the leash and pulled her in front of himself, tightly gripping her shoulders. He could feel her tension and fear, not knowing why she had been bought here, and only in light clothing, easy to remove.

‘Indeed. A seal on her.’

‘Oh, Lord Sheffield? Forgive me, I didn't recognize you. Yes, of course.’ She assayed the piece. ‘She certainly is a looker. If you bring her through then, and we can get her bound. Would you like to watch?’

She tensed again, still fearful of what was going to be done to her but didn't try to escape.

‘Oh yes. She was quite the troublemaker, so now she's been tamed I want to see it.’

He followed the woman through into the backroom – here, the floor and walls were tiled, the air sharp with disinfectant, but even that couldn't entirely cover the scent of blood and fear. One of the chairs was occupied – a female piece was securely strapped in, with metal gleaming on her nipples, skin slick with sweat, shifting as much as her bindings allowed. Her mouth was covered with a thick black leather panel, something inside stifling her moans, a blindfold sealing her eyes.

‘If you could strip her, then settle her yourself? I find they're calmer when their owners do it. And it goes a lot smoother if they're not wriggling around – if you could try and keep her settled?’

She shifted under his grip, as he ripped at her clothing, the thin material tearing easily, exposing her naked flesh beneath, before he pushed her forward. 'In the chair. *Now.*' She was still tense and frightened, but didn't put up a fight, letting herself be shoved into position, her arms and legs settling into grooves in the metal. Thick leather straps buckled her into position, binding her limbs down, another band going over her forehead, as she looked at him with increasing fear. He yanked on the leash, the bridle spiking her tongue in place and making her mewl in pain, before a metallic click sounded out.

The chair rocked back, taking her from upright to on her back, the arm- and leg-rests swinging out so that she was fully exposed. She was starting to pant in fear now, eyes glancing about, desperate to know what was happening.

'Remember this?' He pulled out a ring, the one she had stolen from him. 'I'm giving it to you, as a permanent reminder of your place.' Her eyes widened and she tried to move as a heavy leather strap went over her waist, and he began to finger her, taking pleasure in her fear and uncertainty.

The shopgirl wheeled a cart over, covered with all sorts of brutal-looking implements – shining steel spikes and clamps and needles. 'You'll need to not use her for a month or so, unless you want to risk breaking her entirely. Well, not use her cunt – mouth and arse are fine. She looks a lusty one, so you should keep her belted and restrained, to stop her damaging herself as well. Keep her well washed and clean as well.'

The piece's thighs were quivering, her cunt accepting his fingers. It would be a shame to go without until she was healed, but he could slake himself on her other holes, or find some other meat to use. 'Very well. It seems a convenient place to attach a leash as well.'

'Oh, that's quite popular. Be careful not to yank too hard though! I find a bell works as well. Make sure they can't hide. Stand back.' He resisted the urge to bridle at her, unused to being commanded, as she picked up a heavy metal clamp and attached it to one of the pieces lower lips, using it to pull her pussy spread wide open. Pink, wet flesh gaped at him, exposed and defenseless, and he felt himself harden.

The shopgirl glanced down at his trousers. 'If you want something to distract yourself, I've got a few spoils in the back. Nothing fancy, mostly ones I was going to use for practice, but soft and wet enough. And pretty doesn't matter when they're hooded.'

'The offer is tempting, but I think I'll watch.'

Another clamp snipped into position on the other side, now spreading her completely – she was starting to panic now, chest heaving, but couldn't move at all, as she was pinched and fingered some more. The size of the needle produced made him wince, the piece making soft whining sounds as she realized what was about to happen. It pushed into her most sensitive part, penetrating the skin and making her gasp in pain, tears trickling from her eyes, as he felt himself harden even more. He should have taken the offer of some spoiled goods! The needle passed through, and the shopgirl took the ring. It had been reshaped so it could be opened, and neatly slid through the fresh hole, drawing out more whimpers.

He could see that the piece's eyes were as wide as they could be now, staring at him in resigned terror, although her body showed every sign of arousal otherwise. Her hands and feet were clenched, knuckles paper-white as she tensed herself against the metal.

'It'll take some time before she can be moved, want me to keep an eye on her, then have her crated and sent to you? I'll even throw in a belt for free. Be a while before she's up to walking.'

The pressure in his crotch was intense now, something requiring swift attention. He tried to get himself back under control. 'Yes. I'll be at my club. And look after her.'

One hand was still holding the needle, as the other stroked the piece's face. 'Don't worry. No more harm will come to her, unless you want it. I could do her tits as well? They're nice and firm. Tongue as well, that'll make her mouth a bit more pleasurable. But you won't be able to use her mouth either!'

'I think your current work will be sufficient. I may return her for more additions in future.'

'Of course, Lord Sheffield.' Her eyes went down to his crotch and she grinned, clearly able to see his length straining against his trousers. 'There's a dollyhouse over the street, they'll sort you out. Entrance is under the white dove.'

He shifted himself, smiling at the terror in the piece's eyes. 'Very well. Return her when ready. Oh, and I think maybe her name, now she has earned one, right here.' He reached out and poked her belly, just beneath her navel. 'A reminder of who she truly is.'

'Yes, Lord Sheffield. What is her name?'

'Ferula. Latin for "Cane". A reminder of what awaits her should she be disobedient!'

'Of course.'

He left, as she readied the inks and needles for the tattoo, still feeling the throbbing urgency of his cock. Fortunately, the sign of the dove was easy to spot, a wide stairwell guarded by a burly but polite (once coin had been shown) guard leading to a series of fancy apartments. Lounging on a couch, his clothing in disarray, was Welby. With him was the girl, now dressed as his angel, her eyes not yet hidden behind a blindfold, although her arms were already bound. She was rubbing herself against him, her lace rubbing against Welby.

'Thomas! Where did you find this one? She's insatiable!' He pushed her way, ignoring her disappointed grunt. 'I've just discarded the old pair, so now I'm in the market for a devil. Until then, I'll just have to fuck my new angel. Maybe she'll be the one to send me off?'

She nuzzled against him, trying to hump his leg, kissing him on the cheek.

'She was something of a chance find – if I'd known she was so eager, I might have kept her for myself. Would you recommend any of the girls here?' He was in no mood for conversation,

'With your tastes? Diana is a bit of a tart, she likes it rough. She's through there, I was going to have her next, but this strumpet is demanding all my attention.' He kissed her back, squeezing a tit before pulling her onto himself, letting her rock back and forth.

Sheffield went into the indicated room – ahead of him was a pert and attractive behind, legs tensed, feet on angled blocks, neck and arms locked into wooden stocks. A variety of canes and paddles had been laid out in preparation. He took one and cracked it across the waiting buttocks, smiling at the yelp that produced. He could while away his time here! He flicked his wrist forward to strike the pert buttocks, before lowering his trousers, plunging straight away into their waiting slit.

Miss Katherine and Her Boy: A Training Trip

Chapter One: The New Routine

The early morning sun was bright, shining through the window, illuminating Miss Katherine and her friends, still in bed. Victoria was clamped tightly onto Eliza, her arms strongly wrapped around the smaller girl, despite her theoretically submissive position. The boy was already awake and locked into his frame, couldn't do more than blink, his new cock-cage even tighter around his shaft than the previous one, and spiked on the inside, ensuring every morning was a punishment unless he could quickly calm himself. It had been a hot summer, Katherine sleeping outside of the sheets, naked but for the stockings she hadn't bothered removing before going to bed last night.

The sunlight crept across her body, illuminating her soft, pale skin, the curves of her small breasts, the swell of her hips, the gentle cleft between her legs. He felt himself growing, desperately trying to think of something else, already able to feel the cruel metal painfully pushing back.

She stretched, partially awake, eyes slowly opening, never swift to action. As she pulled herself up, her eyes met his, and she smiled, warm and happy. He would have smiled back, if it wasn't for the gag across his mouth, leather block between his teeth. And then the morning ritual began. Next to his metal frame that kept him contained was a small table, set with a bottle of oil and some long gloves, amongst several other items.

He shivered, both dreading and wanting what he knew would happen, a ritual that was getting crueler and crueler as time went on. The gloves, made of soft white leather, slid over her arms, sheathing them up past the elbow. She tapped the metal frame next to his head to check he was awake, as he blinked and tried to grunt through the gag, showing that he was conscious. As she did so, he could smell the gloves – infused with her scent, the fingers having been inside of her so often. He breathed, as deeply as he could through just his nostrils, as she unlocked his cock-cage.

His cock was already semi-erect and being freed of its cage did nothing to check its growth. He desperately tried to calm himself, as she trickled some of the lotion over her fingers, before kneeling, first checking his sack. Since he had been drained, he hadn't been allowed any form of release, and the pressure within it was getting more and more intense. She cupped him, squeezing his sack, and he was thankful for the gag, otherwise he would be gasping and spluttering.

But the worst was yet to come. With one hand, she stroked his shaft, peeling back his foreskin, running an oiled finger along his crown, checking for any discharge. He was almost panting now, and would have pulled away, clenching his thighs, if he could move at all, but the frame kept him locked in place. It was a searing agony of almost-pleasure, her oiled fingers seeking and probing over his cock, rubbing her palm over his crown as he grew to full size. He was sweating and feverish now, fighting the urge to climax, to release himself and cum, releasing his seed all over Miss Katherine.

He had to keep his eyes open, Miss Katherine having made it clear that he wasn't allowed to look away, meaning that her slender body, soft and naked except for the gloves, filled his view.

Her breath was an extra stimulant, brushing against his exposed and sensitive shaft, as she checked the foreskin was tugged all the way back. *Please* let it be over soon! It was getting harder to harder to resist, the urge to simply let go and give in to his instincts getting stronger and stronger, as his seed built up within him.

She moved her head closer, adding the torment of her hair to his torture, the strands brushing and tickling, her mouth, soft and wet, now barely an inch over from his tip. To have that mouth wrapped around him, her tongue slipping and licking over his length... The thought almost took him over the edge, his cock tensing and bobbing up, almost hitting Katherine on the chin. She took it and squeezed, keeping it under control, the additional pressure sending new signals of desire through him. Keeping her grip tight, she slid her hand down, as he whimpered into the gag.

And then, mercifully, she was done, releasing his cock. She moved back, sitting on the edge of her bed where her friends still slept, looking at him with a smile. 'Good boy!' And then her hands, still wrapped in the gloves, moved between her pale thighs, as she spread her legs and started to touch herself. Her fingers slipped inside of her and she started to tease herself, not noticing his reaction, his cock still hard and erect, unable to look away. Her gentle puffs and pants did nothing to make her less attractive, her eyes fluttering as she pleased herself, falling backwards onto the bed, resting her head on Eliza's legs.

By the time they all awoke, the sun was creeping higher in the sky, and, mercifully, his cock had had sufficient time to shrink. Even this wasn't enough for Eliza, who gave him a nasty look as she de-coupled herself from Victoria, having to peel her limbs off and hastily retreat before she was grabbed again. Despite the heat, she slept in a heavy and dark night-gown, showing off as little of her body as possible.

As Katherine busied herself choosing her clothing for the day, Eliza approached him, flicking his now-flaccid cock with a finger. 'This thing should be locked away.' At least today she didn't dig her nails in or wrench it around to make him rise up despite the discomfort, and then try and cram him into his too-small chastity belt, the spikes and ridges brutal and painful against his penis.

She turned away, speaking to Victoria. 'Wake up. Time to prepare ourselves.' Victoria required, as ever, a little poking and prodding to get up, until Eliza twisted fingers into her collar and pulled her upwards. Victoria's hands slid towards her crotch, nails tapping impotently at her own chastity belt, the key kept secure on a chain dangling between Eliza's small breasts. Eliza had to pinch and tug on a nipple several times before she was able to force Victoria to wakefulness.

With Victoria still half-asleep, Eliza pointed her at her own clothing, neatly arranged and laid out the night before. With another pull on the collar, Victoria moved towards it, picking them up, disappearing along with Eliza into the adjacent dressing room. Despite having been made to eat her out several times, he still hadn't seen Eliza naked, her body always concealed under at least a thick night-gown, even when she was playing with Victoria.

Katherine started unbinding him, first loosening him enough that she could put his chastity belt on for the day, his cock mercifully shrunken enough to fit into the tight metal space, although just her touch putting it in started to make him stir, as he tried to look away, rather than at her mostly-naked body.

With that securely locked in place, she finished releasing the metal bands holding him in place, before pointing at his own clothing – plain trousers and a loose shirt. After he dressed, she

cuffed his ankles and wrists, enough chain between them that he could stand straight and take shuffling steps, but little else.

‘Good boy.’ She favored him with a kiss to the forehead, all warmth and sweetness, her morning scent almost overpowering as her hair brushed his face. Then she padlocked one of the links of his chains to a bracket on the wall, before entering the dressing room to dress and help her friends dress themselves, their corsetry requiring mutual assistance to don.

From the dressing room came the sounds of morning giggles and laughter, Victoria and Katherine teasing Eliza as they helped her into her corset. He wondered what Eliza’s body looked like – small and slender, but, untouched by the sun, her body must be even whiter than Katherine, who was starting to get the slightest touch of color from the sun, her face, arms and ankles slightly browned, much to her mother’s irritation.

There was the sound of a slap, crack of flesh-on-flesh, followed by a pleased sigh from Victoria, Eliza obviously punishing her. As far as he could tell, Victoria spent most of her time locked in her own belt, Eliza treating her as a servant in private, striking her with crops or hands, or experimenting with a number of the other devices, but not allowing Victoria any release.

The sounds of dressing, of corsets being tightened, fabric being draped and pulled into position came from the side-room. It was a lengthy process, even with the three of them helping each other. As they got themselves dressed, the bedroom door opened to admit several maids, one pushing a large trolley of food, wheeling it forward. All ignored him except for Juliana – she was now muzzled and belted herself, a metal contraption locked around her head and her hands cuffed to a wide leather belt around her waist, without enough slack for her to touch herself even without the chastity belt. From the marks on her arms, legs and chest, someone had been punishing her again, unhealed welts visible against her flesh. Still, she looked at him, eyes hungry, fingers twitching, another surge of blood rushing to his crotch.

One of the maids knocked on the dressing room door. ‘Miss Katherine, your breakfast is here. Do you require any assistance?’

There was another slap and a satisfied sigh from Victoria before Katherine answered. ‘Yes! Please.’ The maids looked between themselves, before one of their number stepped forward. As the door opened, he caught a glimpse of partially-dressed flesh, before it was pressed and compressed into clothing, somehow more erotic than complete nudity. Eliza stared back at him, eyes hard, a dress held in front of herself to protect her modesty, and he swallowed and looked away as the door shut, hoping she wouldn’t punish him for it later.

Juliana approached him, poking him in the stomach, about all the teasing she could manage with her hands bound. He tried to shrink away, but the chain didn’t allow any movement. She pushed close against him, breathing on his ear, feeling the metal of his chastity belt, her muzzle mercifully preventing her kissing him or saying anything. Her warmth and softness were still invigorating though, as her breasts pushed against his chest. He could still remember her draining him dry, fucking every hole of hers, her tight warmth draining every droplet of seed from him, until his balls were utterly dry, and even the thought of sex hurt. And now he was denied any release, desperate for a climax, yet dreading it as well.

She pushed against him, body close and warm, soft sounds coming from behind her muzzle. He could already feel the spikes starting to press against him as he grew, and tried to shift away, Juliana simply moving with him, eyes bright with sadistic desire.

Then she was pulled away, the other maid yanking on her collar with enough force that she stumbled, falling onto the bed. The maid lifted Juliana’s skirt and gave her backside several

sharp spansks – from how red her skin was, this was far from the first time she had suffered such a punishment.

‘You have enough work to do without playing around. You’re not a lady’s maid no more, so you need to do some real work. Or shall I tell Miss Charlotte, see what she does to you?’

That got a response, Juliana shaking her head as she slowly rose to her feet, doing what she could to help arrange the food, setting out plates and pouring drinks, a sour look on her face. When this was done, the maid slapped her on the face again, although not hard enough to leave a mark. ‘Good. Maybe you’ll be useful yet.’

It wasn’t much longer until the girls were all dressed, emerging from the dressing room – Eliza was in her usual dark colors, her already trim waist further compressed by her corset, wearing a riding skirt, the only skin visible her hands, top of her neck and face, hair allowed to flow in a dark stream. Compared to her, Victoria and Katherine were both bright, wearing white, Katherine slender and beautiful, her dress lighter and softer, Victoria more full-figured, already large breasts pushed up further by her corset. It took him a moment to realize that all three were wearing travelling clothes, tougher and easier to clean than their usual outfits. Were they going somewhere?

Before settling down to breakfast, Katherine gave orders to the other maid: ‘Prepare Juliana for travelling. There is a spare chest there, I believe she should fit.’ Then she turned to him, smiling and stroking his head. ‘Don’t worry, we’ll get you properly trained now. Then you’ll be a good boy, won’t you? Forever and ever.’ He smiled back, at least as much as he could through the gag, hoping it wouldn’t be too brutal. To the side, he could see Juliana getting punched in the stomach by one of the maids and then shoved into a travelling chest, the lid slamming on her head, locking her into darkness.

There was a muffled thump from inside, the maid opening it just enough to push an arm in and whisper something, before slamming the lid down again. Turning as much as he could, he could just about see out of the window, where a coach was being prepared. Where were they going?

After breakfast, the girls packed, or at least directed the maids to do so, clothing getting packed into travelling chests, piled on top of the one containing Juliana, who was hopefully getting enough air. He wasn’t sure if it was a good or bad sign that none of the training equipment was being packed – were they taking him somewhere that had its own equipment? But he had been good, so maybe Juliana would take the brunt of any punishment?

A few of the maids take the chance to feel him as they bustled around, sharp hands probing his flesh, feeling the chastity belt, cupping his rear, although all were swift and surreptitious, wanting to avoid drawing any notice from Katherine or her friends, as they dawdled around until the work was done, and the servants began moving the chests downstairs. The one containing Juliana was jolted and thrown around more than seemed necessary, the girl having few allies amongst her colleagues, it seemed. Her body could be heard inside, slamming around the chest, not restrained within it.

He was unhitched from the wall, Katherine attaching a leash to his chains, using that to pull him along. He wanted her to use his collar again, her soft presence drawing close to him for that, rather than the chains, where she could be more distant. Still, he let himself be drawn along, down through the house, the girls pretending to ignore the staff moving just ahead of them, shifting the luggage.

They moved outside, the gravel spiking his bare feet, a footman holding the door open. They moved inside first, before a tug on his chains indicated that he should follow. Although

there was space on the seats, he didn't dare sit down, instead kneeling between them. Katherine patted him on the head, removing his gag, then giving him a biscuit. He held it in his mouth, letting his saliva soften it, not wanting to attract punishment for crunching too loudly. Then she pulled out a leather hood, sliding it over his head, pushing down on his head, moving him to all fours.

He obeyed. 'Good boy.' He felt soft pressure on his body as she rested her feet on him, before another, harder spike from elsewhere – that must be Eliza, her heels poking into him, trying to draw a reaction, poking the spikes of her shoes into him, seeking out beneath his ribs and other soft parts of his body.

The carriage set off, the shaking and rumbling making him jolt and shift around, conducting itself through his bones. Still, at least in here, there was some padding – for Juliana, trapped in her box on the roof, it must be worse, probably bouncing off the sides with every divot and dip in the road.

Eliza was the first to break the silence, sounding strangely enthusiastic, almost breathless. 'Are we really going to see Lady Brimton? I've read all her works. I want to be like her when I'm older.'

'Aunt Melissa? Yes, I told her about this one.' There was a prod against him, as Katherine poked him with her shoe. 'And she offered to lend some advice and let me use her equipment. But we're staying in town first, there's a few things I want to pick up, and Lady Victoria has some business to tend to.'

He tried not to shiver, dreading what *things* might entail.

Eliza sounded nervous. 'Are you sure that it won't be any trouble? She must be awfully busy, with all of her works. I've heard she's working on something with that French woman, Madam d'Aubrec, I think. I wouldn't want to cause any trouble.'

Victoria spoke, accompanied by the rustle of fabric, probably pushing herself close against Eliza. 'I'm sure it won't be a problem – she wouldn't have invited us if it were otherwise, would she?'

Eliza again. 'Yes, but...'

Katherine spoke. 'You don't need to worry, Aunt Melissa's quite friendly once you get to know her. And Uncle George is wonderful, although he's somewhere else at the moment, travelling again. She likes discussing training and so forth, so I'm sure you'll be able to learn a lot. Don't worry, I'm sure she'll like you. You've read most of her works, haven't you?'

He twisted slightly, trying to relieve some of the tension in his knees, without dislodging the feet resting on him. He wondered how long the journey was? Maybe, if it was long enough, then Katherine would want to be entertained, and allow him to eat her out again.

'Yes, *On the Training of a Good Servant* is a classic! Although she must have gone through quite a few "Alicia's" while writing it.'

'No, she's only got one. She is very well trained through, and very obedient. I wonder if I can get this one to be as well-behaved.' Another poke with the heel.

'All of that was done to one person? She must be quite robust.'

'I think she's quite handsome, and Aunt Melissa always dresses her well. She's very quiet, but I suppose that's part of her training. If you ask nicely, then Aunt Melissa might be willing to show you a few of her training methods.'

'I wouldn't want to impose! She must have so many other things to do. I've heard that she's compiling another manual as well.'

‘Yes, she’s sent me a few extracts. I can give them to you to read, if you’d like.’

Eliza squawked in shock and delight. ‘But I... I couldn’t read such a thing! What if she’s offended?’

‘She won’t mind. And you’ll understand them more than I would.’

Eliza’s spiked heels were poking into him, probing at ribs then thighs, her nervousness driving her to motion, rather than any malice, although he had to struggle not to make any sound, or move more than absolutely required. As they bumped along, Katherine and Victoria both soothed their friend, reassuring her, Victoria probably stroking her, judging by the sounds of rustling fabric and corsetry.

Chapter Two: Mistress' Mark

He was pulled along the arcade by his leash, the girls taking their time to look at all of the shops. It was busy, the glass-ceilinged arcade thronged with other nobles, a few of which had their own servants in attendance. They had stopped in front of a shop and were staring through the window; Eliza staring with open, wide-eyed interest, Katherine covering her eyes and peeping through. He still had chains running between wrists and ankles, and a heavy leather plug in his mouth, stretching his jaw and ensuring he couldn't even try to talk.

In the window was a variety of equipment, heavy leather or metal, designed to restrict and hurt the occupants – blinkers, heavy collars with spikes on the inside, leather gloves that would bind the arms, hands and fingers, a variety of straps and chains on display. Two figures, one of each gender, were on display, both spread-eagled in circular rings with only a few scraps of cloth to protect their modesties, and hoods on their heads, to make clear they were display-pieces, not to be regarded as people. Their bodies were covered with tattoos, winding lines and patterns and over their stomachs, thighs, arms – every inch of flesh was covered with text, drawings, heraldic symbols and other designs. They also had piercings, metal through their navels, nipples, noses and ears, brightly-shining metal to catch the eye, as well as give more points to restrain them by.

Eliza led the way, bright and curious, the others following along more hesitantly in her wake. He was dragged in afterwards, door almost closing in his face as no-one held it open for him, the bell above the door chiming as they entered.

They were greeted by a young man, dressed in shirt and waistcoat, bowing and smiling at them. Despite his clothing, his bare feet and the thick collar around his neck showed his place. 'Greetings, young mistresses. How may I be of service this day?'

Katherine dithered uncertainly for a moment before answering. 'Yes. I would like this one to have some work done.' She pulled him forward, a sharp tug on the chain propelling him to the front of the group.

He hunched in on himself. What was being done to him now? The attendant perked up. 'Oh, yes, Lady Brimton's niece?' He bowed as deeply as he could, extra respectfully. 'Please accept my utmost apologies. Of course, of course, you have a booking. Please, this way.'

He was pulled into a back room. Here there were several heavy metal chairs, all built to restrain the occupant with heavy leather straps. Fear surged as he remembered his draining, the dreadful dry emptiness he'd felt within his balls, Juliana pounding against him, until he was utterly spent. Was that to be repeated? But the walls were hung with paper, showing tattoo designs, and metal studs and spikes were displayed in glass cases. Beside each of the seats was a metal table, surfaces covered with implements he didn't recognize, but that all looked designed to cause pain and lasting wounds.

Katherine turned to him and smiled. 'This should make you much more pleasurable to use. Be good and obedient, and I'll give you a treat afterwards. You'd like that, wouldn't you?' He tried to smile back, despite the large gag and the fear hammering through him. She wouldn't solder his belt shut, would she? Or have a knife taken to his manhood? But her smile held no

malice, so he let himself be walked to one of the chairs, his chains removed before his wrists and ankles were tightly strapped down, another strap about his forehead to hold his head in place.

‘Thank you, Miss. We find they’re calmer if their owners do this, some panic and try to escape otherwise. Will you want to watch? It can be a bit loud, sometimes, but some like to see it done.’

She shivered and shook her head. ‘I think I will busy myself elsewhere.’

‘As you will, Miss. If you return in an hour, then he will be ready. Although please do take care with him afterwards, he may be a touch fragile.’

He whimpered into his gag. What was going to be done with him? But the leather straps were far too tight, his wrists unable to make them shift at all, even move his head, as Katherine left. The man spun the chair around, the thing rattling and clacking before locking into position, leaving him facing a bare stone wall. From the corner of his eye, he could just about make out metal equipment – spikes, metal clamps and needles, all probably to cause hurt and suffering.

He could hear the sounds of heavy breathing from an adjacent chair but couldn’t move enough to see what was going on, as metal ratcheted and clanked, and then the sound of breathing intensified, a strangled gasp sounding, a meaty puncture sound, followed by more pained gasps. He whimpered, not that he could make any noise through the gag than sighing through his nostrils.

He tensed as the sounds of pain continued, metal ratchetting again. And then a woman stepped into view, probably about twice his age, short, brown-red hair, several metal rings in each of her ears, a not-unkind smile on her face, despite the terrifying-looking metal tool in her hand, some sort of spiked clamp. She was wearing tight leather trousers and a sleeveless vest, her bare arms covered with tattoos, and with the edge of a brand visible on one hip.

‘You are a handsome thing, aren’t you?’ She felt his chest. ‘Can see why your owner keeps you around. Nice to see some muscles, rather than all these wisps of nothing so popular these days.’ Her hands were strong and calloused, her nails trimmed close, rather than used as an ornament. Her hand moved downwards to his crotch, feeling the metal through his trousers. She pulled them down to reveal the metal bands and cock-cage locking him in. ‘Huh, a Raissiter.’ She reached into her pocket, pulling out a wire and fiddling it around in the keyhole until the lock opened. ‘They’re sturdy, but all the same. Surprised your pretty miss hasn’t gone custom, she’s clearly got money to burn. Although if she’s related to Lady Melissa, then I guess this might be a cast-off? It’s seen a lot of use, that’s clear.’

She removed the belt, sliding the metal off him, pinning his cock down with a finger. He was already starting to harden, just from being freed of the metal constraints. ‘I like a boy that’s eager to please! Wonder how big I can make it?’

He grunted behind his gag, eyes widening. Was she going to stretch it out, or push something in to make him larger?

She gave his cock a playful flick, making it bob about. ‘Shush, don’t you worry yourself. I’ll make you a deal – I’ll relieve your pressure a bit, and you don’t make a fuss. It’ll help distract you as well. Or I could get the boy to do it, if you’d rather?’

He grunted, hoping it would be taken as a preference.

‘You’d rather me?’

He grunted again, and she patted him on the head, ruffling his hair.

‘Smart boy. He’s learning, and still a bit rough and jerky. I’m a lot better.’ She spat to wet his shaft, then her hand began to stroke him, quickly teasing him to full length, looking down with satisfaction. ‘Not bad, must please your mistress to have that to play with. Looks like she

doesn't let you out much though, does she?' Her hand slowed, building him up. 'I'm going to remove your gag. If you can stay quiet, then I'll give you another reward, otherwise it won't get well for you, understand?'

He grunted, although his thoughts were mostly on his cock. Just a little more! He thrust his hips as much as his bindings allowed. The woman squeezed, just enough to promise hurt. 'Easy there, boy. You come when I allow you to.' He sagged down with a whine as she reached behind his head, untying the gag, tossing the thing into a metal bowl. 'Open wide, then I'll let you come.' She ran her palm over his crown, already gleaming with pre-cum, as encouragement, and he obeyed. A complicated gagging device slid between his lips, a metal frame holding his mouth open. 'Tongue out.'

He slid his tongue forward over the cold metal as she touched something on the device, a clamp snapping down to hold his tongue in place, an inch or so outside of his mouth, unable to be retracted. Then she spat on his cock again, as she hastened her stroking, smiling as she did so.

He swiftly climaxed, the release overwhelming him as he sank back in the chair, overwhelmed and barely conscious, relishing his first orgasm in weeks. Through his daze, he felt something cold against his tongue, and then pain, as it pushed into him, hissing in a reflex of pain. Something was pushed into the hole, and then the clamp was released, and he swiftly drew his tongue back.

'Good boy. Let's get your gag back in place, and then you can have your treat. You seem pretty wound up, so it shouldn't take long. Your mistress won't be back for a while, and I don't get many as good-looking as you in here. You need to heal, or I'd let you have a taste of me, I bet your miss has trained your tongue well? Shame that the piercings don't seem to have caught on, for all that Lady Melissa recommends it.' She stroked his cheek, then took the gag and pushed it back into his mouth, tying it securely into place. Through the post-orgasm daze, he could see his cum staining her top and trousers, a streak of thick white liquid, pearl-drops on her clothing. She drew her fingers along it, gathering some of the stuff up, before licking it off her finger. 'She must have kept you locked up for a while if you can make this much! It'd be fun milking you dry.'

He whimpered in recollection, then tried pushing his tongue against the roof of his mouth, feeling the intruder there, a lump of hard metal pushing against the roof of his mouth. He couldn't protest, his tongue sore and aching, the gag making it impossible to speak, as she started to stroke him again, teasing and caressing, deft fingers soon able to get a rise from him. 'I bet your mistress doesn't let you come often, does she? Don't worry, let me relieve your stress a little.' She pulled her trousers down, revealing that her own mound was tufted with hair, unlike Miss Katherine's neatly trimmed slit. Her body was more developed, strong muscles rather than Miss Katherine's gentle softness, breasts larger and fuller, hips more pronounced.

As she mounted him, she sighed in pleasure, starting to ride him, ensuring he was fully inside of her. She was burning around hot his cock, her cunt constricting tightly around him. Then she started riding him, grinding and shaking her hips. She met his eyes, smiling widely and unashamedly, using her hands to balance herself on the arms of the restraining chair. His eyes bulged and twitched, the arousal and relief from a long-delayed climax smashing into the pain from his tongue, and confusion of being mounted by the unknown woman. He came before she did, a spurt of hot cum shooting into her as she continued to ride him, managing her own orgasm afterwards. Her scent was harsher than Katherine's, of sweat, ink and metal, her cheeks flushed as she fell forward, her breasts pushing against his face before she moved back, letting him breath, stroking his head.

‘You are a good boy, aren’t you? Your mistress must be proud of you. Hopefully she’ll bring you back again, I can put some metal in these.’ She poked a nipple, as she regained her breath. ‘Let’s get you cleaned up. Wouldn’t want your mistress to notice, would we?’ A feeling of loyalty stung him, but he was still too deep in his post-fuck daze to pay much attention, as she got a damp cloth and carefully cleaned off his cock and wiped herself down. Once he had shrunk back down, she put the chastity belt back, but not before giving his cock another long, lingering kiss, a metal stud in her own mouth sliding over his shaft, making the swirling of her tongue even more stimulating. She chuckled herself as he started to grow again, barely able to fit into the metal, the spikes stabbing into his soft, hot flesh.

‘That thing must be a nasty wake-up call! Well, if you learn how to pick locks, then you can get it off. Be like a fox in the henhouse, right, boy, give your mistress some sweet dreams? Which one owns you, the chesty one, the light one or the dark one? I’d like some time with her, she looks like a screamer, I’m sure a few slaps would get some nice reactions. Wants to be mean but hasn’t experienced enough to make it stick yet.’

And then she left him, turning to tend to some other servant or customer. Despite the pain from his tongue, he was able to slumber somewhat, lost in a daze of bliss from his cock and sore pain from his tongue.

Sometime later, Katherine returned, and he was released back into her care. The woman gave some instructions about how to care for him, as he just about managed to stand, trying not to lean on Katherine for support. She gave him a concerned look, patting him on the shoulder for reassurance. Fortunately, it wasn’t far back to the inn they were staying at, a suite having been secured by Victoria.

As soon as they were inside, he was sat in a chair and bound, ropes run about his arms and legs, the gag removed. ‘Tongue out.’

He obeyed, and Katherine’s gloved hand carefully poked his tongue, feeling the metal.

‘She said he would take a few days to heal, but it should be a lot nicer when he, um...’ She blushed, unable to speak the words. ‘And you were a good boy, she said you were very brave, and didn’t cry, shout or try to break free. That’s a good sign for your training.’ She kissed him on the forehead, before fondling his tongue again. ‘I want to feel it now, but she said to wait. Tongue in, mouth open, nice and wide!’

He obeyed, withdrawing his tongue as his gag was replaced, bound tightly in place. Then he was hooded and left, hearing the girls going about their business, Eliza playfully training Victoria, the soft sounds of paper turning as Katherine read her book. With the stress and pain of the day, it wasn’t long until he fell into a doze, able to ignore the sounds of Victoria being teased and punished, even the uncomfortable wood of the chair not enough to stop his slumber.

Chapter Three: Some New Toys

Sometime later, the hood was removed, and he was untied, a bowl of broth placed on the floor in front of him. He knelt to eat, Katherine murmuring soft approval before turning to her own food. The three of them were sat around a table, far richer food overwhelming his senses, a delicious scent compared to the almost flavorless mush he was allowed. At least it was cool, his new adornment not causing him any harm. He sees Katherine looking at him, watching his tongue, as he sticks it out at her, showing it off. She giggles at him as he turns back to his food, making sure to eat it all.

Juliana's box was in one corner, still locked up tight. After the girls finished their own food, he was bound again, hands behind his back, ankles with only a short length of chain between them. They tilted Juliana's box before opening it up, and she tumbled out, her uniform now completely disarrayed, hair a mess. She stayed down on the ground, eyes adjusting to the light, unsure what was going on or where she was.

Katherine issued an order, trying to make her voice harsh and commanding. 'Stand.' It took Juliana a moment to respond, still dazed from her confinement. When she followed the order, it becomes even more obvious the effect being thrown in the box and transported her had; her uniform a mess, the muzzle around her mouth having shifted and scraped her face, stockings ripped and torn. Eliza opened up a book, flicking through it and showing a page to Katherine, who nodded.

Victoria stepped forward, releasing her wrists from the cuffs binding them to her waist.

'Strip. Swiftly.' Katherine's voice was still more "friendly" than "commanding", but Juliana obeyed and pulled her dress off, then her shoes and stockings, until she was naked except for her muzzle and the chastity belt. Victoria felt her flesh then squeezed a breast, tickling Juliana's navel, making her shiver.

'Down.' Still looking uncertain, Juliana obeyed and dropped to her knees. When she saw him, a trace of color and confidence returned to her face, her eyes brightening somewhat. Victoria's fingers continued to investigate and probe her flesh, feeling every inch of the girl's body.

'Good girl. Now, you've been badly behaved, and so my sister has given you to me.' Eliza whispered into her ear, and then Katherine stepped forward. 'If you don't cooperate, then I will be forced to punish you.' She removed the muzzle, taking Juliana by the hair and shaking the maid's head, although not very hard. 'You need to learn that you are only allowed pleasure when granted it. Otherwise, you will be punished.' She was led to the bed, too dazed to fight back or even try and speak, as she was pushed onto the surface, limbs spread and secured to the posts.

Victoria immediately started kissing her body, running her hands along Juliana's breasts, before Eliza pulled her back. There was a small pile of boxes, neatly wrapped parcels of goods from some of the stores, and Katherine pulled out a few items, although he couldn't properly see them from here.

Eliza and Katherine both took crops, and began striking their captive, Eliza's strikes both harder and more effective than Katherine's, welts rapidly forming on Juliana's skin.

Victoria came to stand behind him, looking at Eliza with more than admiration, her cheeks flushed as the crop cut the air before impacting against flesh. 'Maybe Eliza will do that to me...' She blushed and bit her lip. 'Juliana is such a naughty girl though. I wonder if I can get a girl as pretty, but better behaved?'

Juliana's grunts of pain were starting to arouse him, and he could feel metal pricking around his shaft. He closed his eyes and tried to concentrate on something other than Juliana's sounds of pain, just barely managing to slow his growth.

He was jerked from this by a sudden touch, opening his eyes to find Katherine standing over him. 'We can't use your mouth until that's healed, but you still need training.' She unlocked his belt, shaking her head in disappointment when she saw his half-erect cock. 'Naughty boy! I've not commanded you to do that, have I?'

He tried to look chastened but she grabbed his cock, her hand small and hot, only pushing him to further growth. 'You need to stop this!'

He tried to slow his growth again, but with her hand so close, her scent enveloping him, he was powerless to do so. At least he had been relieved of some pressure in the shop, otherwise he would be on the verge of coming again, all over Katherine's face and dress. She squeezed him, as though trying to compress and shrink his cock. She looked at the chastity belt – it clearly wouldn't fit back on now. 'What shall we do with you?' She flicked her crop, hitting his tip, making him grunt in pain, unable to close his legs to protect himself. 'And I can't use your mouth until that heals. But there is something else to try.'

She slipped a blindfold over his eyes, strapping leather into position, checking it was secure. He could still hear Eliza punishing Juliana, getting steadily harder with her blows, as his limbs were unbound, his wrists then cuffed behind his back.

'Stand.'

He obeyed, feeling the weight of his cock bobbing about, flinching when another strike tapped against his balls. Then soft breath, and the dangerous brushing of hair, Katherine's soft, wet mouth oh-so-close to his cock. To have it wrapped around him, that tongue sliding around his shaft! There was a sudden wet trickle as she spat, and then he felt something being pulled over his shaft, stiff and tight, not quite large enough, leather pinching uncomfortably even lubricated by her spit. She twisted it on his length, the uncomfortable tightness exciting as well as painful.

The sounds of Juliana being struck had stopped, and there were the sounds of movement, clinking of chains as he was pushed to his knees, Katherine's nail pushing against his collarbone.

'I wonder how this works. Now, remember, you're not allowed to finish.' Someone else grabbed his cock, wrenching it to the side before Eliza spoke. Whatever the thing on his shaft was, it bent slightly under the pressure, but wasn't tight or rigid enough that he couldn't feel her tight grip. 'I think he'll lose control. He's a beast, waiting to come run rampant.'

Katherine was in front of him. 'I think he's a good boy. And we can always lock his belt back on – if he's too naughty, then I'll have it soldered shut. But you'll be good, won't you, boy?'

He nodded desperately, not wanting to be forced into that metal thing forever.

Something soft and warm brushed against his length, as Eliza kept a grip on his cock. There was a shuffling of bodies, the tip of his cock pushing against something, being guided into a wetly yielding slit. He heard Juliana gasp – with the sheath around his dick, he could feel

tightness, even her fluids seeping through, but he couldn't feel her, not properly. Her hips began to move and shift, grinding against him.

He could feel pressure building, but with the sheath in place, the pressure around him was reduced, as Juliana ground against him, whatever was in her mouth preventing her from making any coherent words. He could feel her tightening around him through the sheath, but couldn't come, even as she pushed against him, until his full length was buried inside of her, her body pushing against him.

And then she came, tensing and tightening around him, still not enough to let him come, as he felt her withdraw. His frustration was still present, his own climax denied, Katherine's hand still on his shoulder.

'Did he finish?' Eliza sounded as though she wanted him to have failed, probably wanting an excuse to punish him.

There was a pause as Katherine fiddled with the sheath, tugging it off him. He was still hard beneath it, and then she started to carefully examine him for evidence, tugging on his foreskin, a fresh agony of almost-pleasure. He was panting more now than when he had been buried inside of Juliana, desperately trying to fight off the rising sensation.

Her investigation was mercifully brief, leaving him unfulfilled but without needing punishment.

'He hasn't, um, finished.'

Victoria spoke, sounding interested now. 'I think Juliana did.' There was the sound of impact, someone slapping her. 'She looks quite happy, I think she finished. I'll put her back in her box now. Come on.' A very brief struggle, followed by a heavy thud and the click of a lock.

'I think you probably need to rest as well.' A soft brush of a kiss on his forehead. 'Would you like to rest?'

He nodded, although he could still feel his cock, heavy and hard. It took her several long, painful minutes to get the chastity belt back on, his dick being bent to fit into the narrow metal, not something he could will away. Matters were scarcely helped by Katherine weakly batting at his chest with a hand, tutting at him until she managed to force the metal around him, locking it in place.

'Weren't you going to use that new device on him? I wanted to see how it worked.' Eliza sounded disappointed, as something metal chinked against his chastity belt.

Katherine answered. 'I've only just put him in, it seems mean to get him out again. He's had a long day. And once he's healed, then we can see what that stud feels like!' She rubbed his hair, then pushed him down onto the floor. 'Could you pass the bar-thingie? See how he manages in that overnight. It'll be a nice change from your cage, won't it?'

He felt metal, cold and stiff, beneath his ankles. Then his wrists were pulled into position, as metal was pulled down onto them – it was like being in the stocks, except without a support bar. Katherine's fingers brushed against his face, pulling the blindfold off – from down on the floor, about all he could see was her feet, and the edge of the bed. With his wrists and ankles locked into the metal, he couldn't move. One of the boxes shifted slightly, Juliana probably trying to get comfortable.

'That floor looks awfully hard. Let me get you something.' Katherine pulled one of the pillows off the bed, sliding it under his head. She smiled down at him, seeming to almost shine, and he would have smiled back if it wasn't for the gag. 'Now rest, I want to try your tongue out as soon as possible!'

She tossed a blanket over him, the material falling over his head, reducing his sight to a tiny patch of floor. Stockinged feet passed by him, Eliza pausing to press a heel onto him, pulling the blanket over him, before undressing herself. From the sounds, she was tying Victoria down, Katherine undressing herself, before all of the girls went to bed, noises slowly silencing to just slow, steady breathing.

Chapter Four: Visiting Relatives

They travelled the rest of the way in a few days, every morning the same agonizing inspection, although Katherine was now also checking his tongue as well, her gloved fingers probing his mouth. Then, fingers slick with his saliva, she would stroke and caress his cock, teasing him out to full length, leaving him denied and unfulfilled. But at least she was gentle – Juliana's care had been left mostly to Eliza and Victoria, who showed less care, bruises and welts marking her body, both from impacts and from being jolted around in her box. She hadn't been unhooded for most of the journey, fed only on gruel, normally as Eliza beat her with Victoria looking on and barely hiding her own lust, before allowing Eliza to tease her.

Travelling for him was gentler, as he was allowed to rest in the carriage, Katherine stroking and petting his head, even once letting him onto the seat, resting his head on her lap. On the cushioned seat, the jolting of the carriage was less pronounced, the warm sunlight making it almost pleasant, despite the shackles around his limbs and the collar around his neck. It was definitely better than how Juliana was being transported, slamming around in her box.

Their destination was set amongst rolling hills, a few villages surrounded by fields and woods, all supplying the manor. Katherine pulled him up so he could see, pushing his head out of the window. There was a long approach leading up to the manor, so visitors could see its full glory, windows glinting in the autumn afternoon. He'd been here before, although had escaped mostly unscathed then. The tall wall surrounding the manor still filled him with foreboding through, and, from here, the separate inner compound raising up into the sky could be seen.

They rattled up to the guard, a smartly dressed servant greeting them, bowing then opening the gate for them. They stopped outside the main entrance, with a grand, sweeping double-staircase leading to the doors. More members of staff were waiting for them, a dozen servants lined up. As they stopped, the girls all looked at each other, trying to work out the etiquette, before Katherine stepped out, taking primacy as a relative of the host, pulling him along close behind her.

One of the servants stepped forward – an elderly man, still strong but dressed slightly shabbily. 'Good afternoon, Miss Katherine. Your aunt is currently engaged – if you wish, I can have the luggage of yourself and your guests taken to the guest chambers?'

'Yes, please. Thank you, Michael. Um, there's a girl inside one of them, try not to bash her around too much.'

'Of course, Miss Katherine. Lady Melissa is in the east wing.'

As Victoria stepped out, the rest of the staff bowed and curtseyed, Eliza following along close behind her. The staff moved forward, swiftly stripping the cases and boxes from the carriage.

'In the training room?'

'Yes, Miss Katherine. I believe Lady Melissa should have finished by now. Do you know the way?'

'I do. Come on.' She pulled on his leash, leading him up the stairs, with Eliza and Victoria following along. As they went inside, a maid saw them, curtseying deeply, caught in the middle

of dusting a strange statue, a sinuous serpent of jade. Her uniform was immaculate, crisp black and white, a thick metal collar around her neck. There was a large metal d-ring in the center, as well as several smaller brass rings around the collar, to let her be restrained in a variety of ways, more metal rings shining on her wrists and ankles. She kept her eyes fixed downwards, holding the position as they approached.

Victoria approached them, eyes sparkling, reaching out and taking their chin, forcing them to look at her. 'You are a delightful thing, aren't you?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

Katherine kept on walking, Eliza pulling Victoria away from a potential new victim, although she was looking flushed and excited herself. The house was so clean it practically sparkled, sculptures and ornaments all shown to best advantage, all sorts of oddities George had bought back from his travels. What paintings on the wall that didn't depict ancestors were all decidedly erotic, depicting human forms bent and twisted, tormented and pleased. Eliza looked at them with interest but didn't stop walking, Katherine leading the way further into the grand halls and chambers.

They turned a corner, the walls changing from neatly plastered and painted to old stone, an old part of the manor that had once been a castle. A heavy wooden door blocked their path, heavily reinforced, looking capable of holding off attackers. Undeterred, Katherine approached and pushed it open.

Cold air rushed over them, displacing the sun-warmed air of the mansion, with a chill breeze, the scent of old stone, blood and fear mingling. There was the crack of a whip on flesh and a gagged grunt of pain. They walked onto a wooden balcony, overlooking a chamber sunken beneath them. The walls were lined with implements of pain and suffering, cages hanging from above, all sorts of strange devices he didn't recognize but he didn't want to experience.

There was another whistling crack, whip singing out, another cry of pain. Lady Melissa's voice sounded out, echoing against the stone. As the door shut behind them, the sun itself blinked out, so the only light was coming from a fireplace on the far side of the chamber, shedding flickering light across the chamber.

'Your owner has been far too relaxed with you, and your behavior has grown lax. Although you are attractive enough to be worth keeping, your actions are diminishing your worth.'

As his eyes adjusted, he could see the object of Lady Melissa's punishment – suspended by her wrists from the ceiling, her legs spread wide by chains, so she resembled an upside-down "Y". She was close to the fire, her skin gleaming with sweat, embers falling against her body and wearing the tattered remnants of fine clothing, shreds of a dress about her hips, scraps of cloth about her torso. She was bleeding from several places, evidence of the whip at work.

Lady Melissa was, of course, fully dressed, wearing a sleek corset and long dress, full gloves covering her hands and arms, a leather whip in one hand. A table was covered with further implements - whips, crops, clamps, spiked wheels and all sorts of other things that made him wince just to look at them.

Katherine cleared her throat just as Melissa drew her arm back for another strike with the whip. She turned around to see them, face breaking into a smile.

'Katherine! I wasn't expecting you until this evening, you must have made good time.' She flicked her wrist, delivering the strike, her target grunting in pain, hair flicking around as her head shook. 'This one was from Lord and Lady Ayrshire. She needs some remedial training, they let her run a little wild.'

Eliza made a strange, strangled grunt, eyes wide, trying to look everywhere at once. Katherine led them down the stairs to the floor. Here he could smell sex and pain, fear-sweat and blood. Gutters had been cut into the stone floor, so that water could be splashed around, making the place easy to clean. Shackles and cuffs hung from the walls, a tiny cage holding someone else, the metal constraining their flesh.

Melissa put the whip turn, turning away from her victim and approaching them, looking past Katherine, at Eliza and Victoria, dipping her body in a faint curtsy towards Victoria.

‘Lady Victoria, an honor to receive you. And you must be Eliza?’

Eliza stepped forward and curtsied and then spoke, words running together into a single stream with barely any pauses. ‘Lady-Melissa-its-an-honor-to-meet-you! Please-let-me-watch-you-at-work!’

She paused for breath, face flushed. Melissa watched her with bemusement as Eliza took a deep breath, eyes wide. Victoria put a hand on her shoulder, trying to comfort her.

‘She is an admirer of your work and was hoping to watch and study you.’

‘Oh. Of course, any friend of my niece is welcome here.’

Eliza thrust her hands forward, holding a worn and tattered looking book. ‘Lady-Melissa-please-sign-this!’ She looked like she was about to pass out.

Melissa took the book, flicking through it. ‘Oh, my first treatise. I’m surprised you found a copy, not many copies were printed. Of course, while you are here, you may observe. Now, this must be your boy, Katherine? Is he well behaved?’

Her eyes turned to him and he flinched, not wanting to anger her as Katherine spoke.

‘I think he needs further training. He still gets, um, *large* quite often, even when he hasn’t been granted permission. The belt helps, but I don’t know how controlled he is.’

Melissa slapped him across the face, watching his reaction, as he kept his face down, not rising to the bait.

‘You seemed to be doing a sufficient job thus far, although his posture is rather lacking. And has he been allowed release since being drained?’

‘No, Aunt Melissa. I’ve been checking him every morning, and there’s been no signs of, um, release. And I had his tongue pierced, although I’ve not used it yet.’

‘If you want to keep him, then I would advise allowing him to fully heal first. Although it is a more pleasurable sensation. Have you been training his mouth and tongue?’

All three girls nodded, Elizabeth the first to speak. ‘Yes, he seems quite skilled on that count.’

‘Good. And how takes he take to pain?’

Katherine answered. ‘He’s a good boy. He does what he is told to, mostly. A few flicks of the crop seem to be enough to keep him in line.’

‘Hmmm. It may be worth testing a few things on him – simple pain may work well enough, but it’s often worthwhile having something a little more persuasive, I find. It helps let them know what will happen should they disobey.’ Her smile was cold as she grabbed his arm, feeling his muscle. ‘Impressive physique, I imagine he can absorb some punishment. And I believe there is a girl as well?’

‘Juliana. She was Charlotte’s, but was rather, ah, loose. She was good at entertaining guests, but also had a tendency to dally with the other servants. Even when muzzled and belted!’

‘Enthusiasm can be useful, but only if it can be released on command. It sounds as though she may need her willfulness trained out of her. Eliza, do you have any thoughts?’

Eliza made a strange, wheezing sound, eyes massive and wide, Victoria moving to support her. 'My thoughts, Lady Melissa?'

Victoria spoke. 'My apologies, Melissa, I think she is tired from travelling still, and a little overwrought.' Eliza looked as though she were about to faint.

'Yes, of course. Would you like to rest first? Oh, and the girl and the boy – will they be staying in your chambers, or in here?'

Katherine answered. 'The girl can go in here. I'd rather have him with me, I like the sound of him sleeping. And I want to check him again in the morning.'

'Very good. His kind are prone to uncontrolled discharges, I find it best to be harsh about such matters. I have some implements that may be helpful.' She turned to a table and picked up a short, thin metal rod. 'These can be instructive, I find. And I have a cock-leash you may use.' She stroked his face, before slapping him, seeing his reaction. He accepted the blow, keeping his eyes down. 'Hmmm, submissive enough, at least for now. Katherine, restrain him, and then we can examine him.'

He was pulled over to an examination board, letting his wrists and ankles get shackled in place, before his trousers were pulled down, and Katherine unlocked his belt. His cock was currently flaccid, Victoria covering her eyes but peeking through her fingers, Eliza's hands tensing, as though she wanted to rip it off. A leash was attached, leather straps snapping tightly around his sack, sharp nubs on the inside promising an unpleasant sensation if he grew while it was on.

Lady Melissa rang a bell, a tall and stately maid appearing from somewhere. From how she walked, her long skirts were hiding a hobbling belt, as she kept her head down in deference, her dress tight up to her neck, fading into a stiff posture collar, black leather shining.

'Alicia, on your knees, mouth open. Rouse him.'

She obeyed, dropping down in a smooth motion, her breath teasing his cock. The effect was immediate, and he started to stiffen. Eliza glared at him, but even that had little effect as the maid started to kiss and lick his cock, urging him to full growth. The leather straps tightened, nubs biting into soft skin, and he shifted uncomfortably, the maid's mouth hot and sweet, tongue flicking around his shaft.

Lady Melissa patted the maid on her head. 'Not to completion.'

With a sucking pop, the maid slid forward, so his entire length was sheathed in her throat. He whimpered, trying to contain himself from releasing his load, Katherine looking at him, as he tried to hide his pleasure. Then the maid withdrew suddenly, leaving his cock cold and wet, fully engorged.

'An impressive length. He will likely be a most satisfactory ride when he is fully trained. Now, to help prevent any accidental release, this can be tightened. Best not done for too long, but it can be useful when training.' Her hand moved onto the cock-leash, tightening it, making him whine through his gag. She flicked her crop, hitting him squarely in the testicles, the breath puffing from his lungs, Eliza looking on and nodding in approval. Another strike, then a third, making tears well up in his eyes.

'No complaints. Know your place.' He kept his eyes down, even as she grabbed his chin, turning his head about to look at him, so close her skirts teased the end of his cock, rubbing against him. He could feel the release building already, but the leather bands around his cock and balls were biting into his skin – would Katherine release them? If she just left the straps there, what would happen, would his cock fall off eventually?

‘Hmmm, he is well-featured for a stray. Tall and strong, but not excessively bulky. And he behaves himself? That bodes well, he certainly has the bulk to be troublesome. I would advise a choke collar, or the cock-leash, just in case he should ever show himself to be riotous.’ She slapped him across the face, hard enough to make him grunt, repeating the action, still watching him for a reaction.

‘Pleasingly docile. A most fortunate purchase, it seems. Most are not this biddable.’ She knocked a finger against his cock, making it sway lightly. ‘Or this large. He will be a pleasurable ride when suitably broken. With how long he has been denied release, it will be an entertaining evening for you, Katherine. Now, remove his gag. I wish to inspect his piercing. I trust he is suitably mannered that we won’t be subject to any profanity?’

‘Oh no, Aunt Melissa. He’s very polite.’ Compared to Lady Melissa, Katherine’s glove was soft and warm, as she unbuckled his gag. He opened his mouth wide, as her fingers probed around, feeling his teeth, then grabbing his tongue with surprising gentleness, stroking around the piercing, the thing still feeling odd and intrusive.

‘He appears to be healing well. You should soon be able to use him again. If you wish to seal his mouth except for when he is pleasuring you, then a crosspiece can be attached. It will stop any attempt at speech – I find it useful for those prone to foul language.’

‘That won’t be necessary, Aunt Melissa. And I like his tongue, he’s rather good with it.’ Katherine smiled at him, as he tried not to show any discomfort from having his tongue pulled around. The scent around Lady Melissa was different to that around Katherine and her friends, harsher and more mature, her grip unwavering on his tongue, looking fierce and dominant for all that she was shorter than he was.

‘He is certainly good raw material – a surprise, for one of such base origins. And he appears to be quite hardy.’ Her hand touched his cock, then cradled his ballsack. ‘And this all appears in good order.’ Her touch traced up his belly. ‘I consider it a little crass, but if you were to have him tattooed, this would be a fine canvas. Although you may have to take care with his diet – those with his build may run to fat if not well exercised. You will have to ensure he is walked. I find attaching the cockleash to my horse suffices.’ She slapped him again. ‘If you perform well, you may be allowed a release. If you fail, then the consequences will be severe. My niece deserves only the best, and if you fail to measure up, then you will be disposed of.’

‘He’s a good boy, Aunt Melissa. I’m sure he’ll behave, isn’t that right?’ Katherine tugged on the leash, the leather pinching harder into his flesh, making him wince. He nodded his head, trying to show obedience.

Lady Melissa felt his hip, then his buttocks. ‘And will you be wishing him trained back here? Men seem awfully precious about it, but it is a useful way to assert your dominance.’

Eliza looked enthusiastic as Victoria wriggled her own backside, long skirts swishing. Katherine shook her head. ‘I don’t think so. Unless he’s really naughty, but I’m sure that won’t be needed. Isn’t that right?’

He couldn’t smile through the gag but tried to show assent. He didn’t want anything pushed back there, it looked painful, no matter how much Victoria seemed to enjoy it!

‘Well, it is something to bear in mind. And it can be quite satisfying to have someone crying and weeping beneath you. It gives a certain sense of ownership. Isn’t that right, Alicia? You never did like being taken that way.’

The maid kept her eyes downcast, still kneeling in front of him, as Lady Melissa grabbed her roughly by the hair and wrenched her head back. She didn’t make any sound other than the barest whimper of pain.

‘As you can see, it toughened her up quite significantly. Now she barely ever cries or complains. But you must be tired from your travels. Dinner will be served at seven ‘o’clock, kindly be prompt, although it would be best to rest first. And you can practice with the leash – there is a knack to it, otherwise it can be very easy to pull too hard.’ She took the leash from Katherine’s hand, twisted it and made the bands tighten. It made him feel like he’d been punched in the stomach, his whole gut tightening.

‘You see? A very swift way to ensure obedience. If you pull harder, then the effects are stronger. It can be rather pleasing to see the effect it can have on even the most stubborn of men. But go rest. And Eliza; we will talk later. I am having a few other friends over, I’m sure they will enjoy your company.’

Eliza made a hissing, wheezing sound, having to be supported by Victoria as she all-but-swooned, eyes wide.

Katherine released him from his bonds, then gave an experimental tug on the cock leash, prompting him to take a swift step forward before the pain intensified, as Victoria herded an ecstatic-looking Eliza from the room. They took positions behind Katherine, Eliza numb to the world, so close in front of him that his cock tapped and bobbed against her bustle, the rough material teasing his cock. He felt release shot through him, cum showering against the dark material, droplets soaking into the material, a few blobs gleaming like dull gems. Please don’t let her notice! But then the leash was yanked again and he was pulled forward, unable to resist, cock still sliding against the material of Eliza’s skirts, while she was too dazed to notice.

Chapter Five: An Object Lesson

He moved as fast as he could, struggling to keep up without bowling Eliza over. Katherine had been hung-over, bundling herself up in the bedsheets and groaning, refusing to leave the bed, and Victoria looking after her. Eliza had taken charge, touring the grounds and taking him for his exercise. Walking close in front of him, he was over a head taller than she was, the leash kept short so he was practically on top of her. With his hands bound tightly behind his back, he was in danger of over-balancing with every step, his cock tapping against her bustle, the rough material far too stimulating. She didn't seem to have noticed the cum-stains yet, although he could see faint smears on the rich, black fabric, and had caught one or two of the maids smirking before composing their features, clearly used to spotting such things. She was harsh and sharp, but this close, he could smell her hair and body, having to concentrate too not walk into her and push her over.

They were in one of the galleries, a long chamber lit by golden morning sunlight, large windows overlooking the rolling gardens. Regular stone plinths were along the walls, most equipped with heavy rings and straps to secure display-pieces as needed. Large glass-fronted cabinets sparkled in the morning sun, all filled with carefully prepared equipment, neatly-coiled whips and chains ready for use. Eliza approached a cabinet, folding her hands behind her back, jumping as her hands brushed against his cock. She reflexively pulled on the leash, pulling him closer so he was almost pushing her against the wall, casting a shadow over her, cock pressing against her corset.

She squeaked and tried to shudder away, but there was no space as she tried to turn, the motion rubbing her corset against him, pressure rising within him, the desire to come strong, mostly restrained by the tightness of the leather band around the base of his shaft. She tried to push him away but was too weak and the leash was too short, as she flailed around.

'Foul thing! Get that away from me!'

Her flailing only bought him closer, as her arm with the leash moved back. He was on top of her now, erect cock pushed against the stiff front panels of her corset, the material rough against her sensitive and exposed crown, shaft twitching. He was only saved from release by the tightness of the leash, but the denied release *hurt*, a numbing emptiness stabbing his balls. She held her hands up, trying to stay away from the thing, only pulling him closer in. Pushing her into the corner like this, he became aware of how much larger he was – he could probably pick her up and carry her off if he wasn't bound and leashed. He wanted to rub against her body, get himself off, regardless of the consequences, to see her black corset stained with cum despite her warnings of punishment. He was loyal and obedient to Katherine, but Eliza wasn't his mistress!

She collected herself and shoved a sharp elbow against him, accidentally knocking his cock again, managing to push him away slightly. 'Back!' She grabbed his cock, nails digging into soft flesh. 'Wretched creature. Know your place.'

He grunted in pain through his gag, a stuff leather block firmly held in place between his teeth. He couldn't move away while she held the leash like that! As she waved the hand with

the leash, he had to move closer or risk his cock being torn off, rubbing it against her more. She tightened her grip on his shaft, face torn between fury and fear.

Some cold and wet splashed against his back, wet strands chilling him, liquid soaking into his shirt. It prodded him again, something hard beneath the wet strands, as Eliza stepped around him, dragging him by the cock still.

There was a maid stood there with a mop in her hands, her mouth sealed by a complicated harness over and around her head, straps wound through her brunette hair. She stepped back and levelled the mop like a spear, glaring at him. Footsteps sounded, heels on marble, another maid briskly walking into sight. This one was unbound except for a heavy collar and cuffs on her wrists chained to her waist, although with enough slack that her movement wasn't excessively limited.

As soon as she saw Eliza, her movement slowed, her gait switching to a smoother, more elegant stride, back straight, head up, and then she curtsied, long, pale legs flicking into view as she lifted her skirts.

'My apologies, Ma'am. I hope this one wasn't being troublesome?' Her words were carefully enunciated, as she fought to suppress a more rural accent. The other maid grunted angrily through the gag, shaking her mop at him again, as Eliza tried to collect herself and hide the flush on her features, fluffing and shaking her skirt, brushing her hand against where his cock had rubbed onto her clothing and blushing again.

'I have him quite under control.' She jerked on the leash, making him step towards her, backing off to keep some distance but still keeping her arm stretched out, so he had no choice but to keep close, or risk having his cock torn off. She hissed at him, trying not to be heard by the maid. 'Behave, or I'll rip it off!'

He grunted at her in irritation – unless she stopped waving her arms around, or dropped the leash, he couldn't move away! But with his hands bound he couldn't do anything directly, except try to stay close enough that he wasn't injured, Eliza's face getting more and more annoyed. He was tempted to simply step even closer and shove her backwards with his body, to push her against the wall and hope she calmed down. The un-gagged maid intervened, moving towards Eliza and curtsying again.

'Several of the examination rooms are available if you would like to avail yourself of the facilities.' She kept her eyes down when addressing Eliza, only looking up at him, looking over his body, noting the cockleash. 'Is there any equipment you desire? The rack has just been polished, or would an examination stool be preferable?'

Eliza had managed to calm herself down somewhat and nodded. 'Yes, that. This one needs a lesson.'

He grunted into his gag again, wanting to protest. He hadn't done anything wrong, it wasn't his fault she kept pulling on the leash!

'Of course, ma'am. Come this way.'

The other maid moved to follow, getting a light tap to the head. 'You need to finish your cleaning. The mistress has already sealed your mouth – if you mess up again, then you'll be spending some time in the cells.'

The gagged maid grunted herself, then began mopping the floor, all while staring at him hungrily. The maid bonked her on the head again, until she curtsied at Eliza.

'If you would follow me, ma'am.'

She walked away, holding herself straight, Eliza following closely behind, trying to keep ahead of him, still pulling on the leash. They were led from the gallery, through a narrow

passageway, and then through a thick wooden door into a dark room. Then the maid lit a lantern, illuminating the chamber.

In the center, on a raised platform, was a sturdy metal chair, bolted to the floor. It had a complicated-looking set of hinges and swivels attached, so the occupant could be spread and exposed. He winced and tried to pull away, remembering the last times he had been tied to such a thing, when he had been utterly drained, or when his tongue had been pierced.

Eliza pulled on the leash, moving him closer to the thing. 'Sit. Or do you want me to tell Katherine you were being disobedient?'

He whined, air whistling through his gag, but obeyed, setting in the chair.

The maid approached, her hands swiftly moving to lock the restraints, forcing his legs to be spread. His arms were spread wide, getting cuffed onto a metal bar running behind him, a metal band locking around his neck. He tried tensing his muscles, but there was no forgiveness in the restraints. Eliza looked down at him, then took a crop from the wall, grinning sadistically as she untied the leash from his crotch.

'I suppose I can't leave a mark.' The crop flicked out, hitting him squarely on the testicles, making him hiss in pain. All he could do was drum his feet against the footrests and the backs of his hands against the metal bar. 'And you're not allowed to climax either.' Another blow to his sack, dull pain spreading through his belly, and he couldn't help but groan in pain. 'A beast like you should have a gag welded on and your hands bound all the time. If you were free, you would be ravaging me, wouldn't you? You're barely even *human*.'

She went over to a cabinet of implements, examining them. He couldn't turn his head to watch her, although from the clinking sounds, she was sorting through metal items. Would they be clamps, or spikes? Eliza turned around, holding a short metal bar, the sides bumped and ridged, the whole thing very thin. She gave him an unpleasant grin, before turning to the maid. 'Lick this.'

She obeyed, taking the bar and sliding it in and out of her mouth until it was shiny and wet. Then Eliza took it back and approached, his body growing cold with fear. It was just a metal rod, what would it do? It didn't have any points or sharp edges.

Eliza moved between his legs, her skirts brushing his cock as she knelt over. 'If I had my way, this would go in and never be removed. Things like you should be locked away!' She gently took his cock and touched a finger around the crown, then tapped the metal against the hole there. He tensed, whole body going rigid as she pushed downwards, the bar starting to slide inside of him.

He couldn't shake his head, or move at all, as the thing moved inside of him. He panted, wanting to beg her to stop, as tears started to trickle down his face, Eliza's grin widening. 'This is what you deserve, wretched creature.' He could feel the thing, cold metal intruding into his body, each bulb along its length something he could sense spreading him open.

The device sat there, a ring on the end to allow its removal as Eliza stood back to admire her work. He panted and whined, wanting the thing removed, but powerless to even move, unable to do anything but look at Eliza imploringly. With one hand, she tapped the ring, as she flicked her crop against his testicles with the other. The dual vibrations ran through him, a powerful sensation building up. What would happen if he came when his hole was blocked?

Eliza stepped back and spoke to the maid. 'Pleasure him.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

She smiled and dropped to her knees, then crawled towards him, kissing his sack, her tongue soft and wet, licking against sensitive skin. Then she nuzzled against his shaft, running her

tongue around it, her breath tickling against him. The pressure within his balls grew and intensified rapidly as he was forced towards an orgasm. He was so sensitive now that he could feel the strands of her hair against his body, as she suckled and lapped at his skin.

The sensation built and exploded inside of him. But with the metal in place, he couldn't truly come, the feeling blasting through him, mind blurring, but without any release. He gulped for breath, the maid nipping at his flesh, sharp teeth nibbling and keeping him conscious. The crop tapped against his cheek.

'I think Katherine should leave that in all the time, but she is far too soft on you. But if you should ever try and ravage her, or me or Victoria, then I'll have it welded into you.'

He would never hurt Katherine! But he couldn't move or make any sound of agreement, as the maid continued to lick his shaft and balls, his cock finally allowed to shrink, now the leash was removed. He could still feel the thing inside of him, even tighter now as he shrunk around it, the metal pushing against him from the inside. Eliza pulled it out with a single motion, the sensation rippling through his body uncomfortably as it pressed against the inside of his cock. As it was removed, he sagged down in his bindings, as much as he could, praying that Eliza was done. A pathetic dribble of cum trickled from his now-shrunken cock, the thing feeling sore and bruised. It was a strange, aching sensation – it didn't hurt like being beaten, but he had never had anything pushed in there before. And hopefully never again!

Eliza looked at the metal rod, her smile widening when she saw his discomfort. 'Maybe I should ask Katherine to keep you plugged all the time. You don't need a release, do you?'

He whined again from behind the gag. Being lashed and beaten he could endure, even being teased, but not having something pushed *inside*!

'Then you can be a good piece of meat, and I won't have to find a larger one. I wonder if it could be jammed in hard enough to never be removed?'

He desperately tried to shake his head, hating the feeling of the thing, his insides still feeling bruised and misshapen by the intrusion. When she leaned in close, her body brushing against his, he tried to flinch away, but could do nothing but wriggle his fingers and feet in desperate fear. 'You will be a good boy, won't you?'

He couldn't answer, only making short, sharp pants, wanting to agree with her, save himself any further violation. She reached down and squeezed his balls, nails digging into soft skin as she pinched.

'I'm glad we have an understanding.' Her kiss onto his forehead was far from comforting, and he could feel her teeth through her lips, although at least she didn't bite him. She turned to the maid. 'Make him rise again, so he can be leashed. He's had his walk for the day.'

'Yes, ma'am.' The maid set to it, her tongue setting to work and caressing his shaft. Despite the recent violation, he couldn't control his response, the leash snapping around as he grew, keeping him full and hard. She withdrew with a slurp before toweling her slobber off, the material rough against his sensitive crown. Then his bindings were released, letting him stand, Eliza immediately striding away, forcing him to rush afterwards or risk having his balls crushed by the leash. Despite her slight stature, she walked fast, forcing him to struggle to keep up.

'Hurry up! I want to see if Lady Brimton is working!'

Chapter Six: Gaining an Apprentice

Melissa flicked her wrist, feeling the shock of connection as it sliced into the maid's flesh. She gave a grunt of pain, the thick leather lump in her mouth preventing any other sound.

'Now, I do hope I won't be hearing any other complaints? You should be flattered that a guest of mine wishes to spend their time with you.' She tossed the whip aside before she approached and pressed her gloved hand against their back, putting pressure on a red welt, smiling as their body tensed. 'While your service is otherwise exemplary, servicing a guest takes priority over other work. And I know that you are talented enough that you could have finished him off and still had time to clean the floors.'

She reached around and stroked a breast, before dropping her hand between the legs, a finger easily sliding into a dripping slit. Their breath hitched as she did so, a sharp and whistling intake.

'I don't think you deserve the use of this, do you?'

Their head dropped in disappointment as she started to pump her fingers in and out, the breaths changing from agonized to pleased, at least until she suddenly stopped and withdrew. Then Melissa pulled a level on the wall, the chain that had held the maid's arms up going slack, allowing her to stand normally rather than being stretched up onto tiptoes. She took the padlock that bound the chains around the maid's wrists, before stroking the bottom of her chin. The thing's eyes were glazed over, only slowly returning to awareness as Melissa removed the gag, then kissed her on the lips.

'Put your belt back on.'

The maid whimpered but had the sense to not fight back, actually managing proper and correct poise as she pulled the metal into place, locking it securely around herself. Melissa patted her on the head. 'Good girl. Now your uniform. You have work to do, after all. Especially if you want that belt removed.'

'Yes, Mistress.'

She gave an awkward curtsy, her face suddenly aflame as awareness of her nudity blossomed, and she dove for her clothing, dressing herself as quickly as possible, despite the pain this bought her as the cloth of her uniform settled over her whiplash streaked back. Well, she was a relatively fresh purchase – she had taken to the whip well, but still had a certain prudish streak. If it could be refined, she would make a rather charming coquette, flirtatious and pretty. If not, then, well, there was a certain charm in tearing the clothing off a servant as they protested.

As she struggled with her stockings, Melissa moved up close to her and gently touched her shoulder, making her squeak in surprise, as Melissa kissed her on the lips, long and hard. That should give her something to think about!

'Now, about your work. Oh, and report to Alicia for some cuffs, I think. You need to learn to move quietly while restrained. I believe I heard you moving around the dining room while cleaning? See that it does not happen again.'

'Yes, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress.'

She finished pulling her stockings up, before settling her long dress into place, the crisp white apron going over the top. Melissa moved behind her and tried it in place. The metal of her collar was bright against her neck, and she had to resist the urge to grab it and shake the girl around, simply to make her yelp again. Despite being of low birth, she had a lovely voice, especially when crying out in pain.

‘About your business then!’

She gave the girl a push on the back, knowing full-well how slashed with welts it was, taking pleasure in the hiss of pain she provoked. Up on the gantry, she caught a glimpse of movement, a dark dress and a pale face, and she smiled.

‘And tell Miss Eliza to attend me. I’ve been looking forward to talking to her.’

The maid curtsayed again, lifting her skirts enough to show her legs to the knee. ‘Yes, Mistress.’

Melissa took the few moments she had to tidy up her tools, coiling up the whip, putting a clamp back into place, before Eliza stepped into view, the boy of Katherine’s behind her on a cock-leash. Small and dark-featured, her pale face bright above the dark clothing she favored, there was something about her that almost invited pain. A desire to see that petite face contort in agony, begging through a gag for release, tears streaming. Well, from how she behaved, she had experienced something of that ilk, and responded by wanting to ensure her own dominance, rather than succumbing. The boy behind her was stood quietly, his cock throbbing from the leash-yanks. He seemed well-behaved enough, despite Katherine’s softness. Still, some men took the collar with surprising ease, while others needed breaking first.

She curtsayed, her face composed although with a faint tinge in her cheeks. Scarcely a surprise if she had been watching the maid be punished.

‘You wished to see me, Lady Brimton?’

‘Just “Melissa” is fine, when we are in private. I may stand on courtesies with the servants, but I am not so proud to insist on such in private conference. Especially with a friend of my niece.’

A dazed look came into Eliza’s eyes, not that far from the look that had been on the maid’s face after her whipping, and Melissa resisted the urge to chuckle. It was rare for her to have an admirer, at least that didn’t wish to be flagellated!

‘Of course, La... Melissa. I was watching you deal with that maid, it was masterful! The way you held the whip, how you arranged her to force her body to tense, and then to command her to belt herself...’

The girl’s speech was overly fast, the flush spreading up her cheeks as she hung the cock-leash over a hook, the boy looking relieved once it wasn’t in her hands, sinking against the wall.

‘I have had a lot of practice. But you should have asked to join in. That girl is nice and easy to work with – a few ill-aimed blows would do her no harm.’

‘Oh, but... but I couldn’t! To interrupt a master such as yourself at your work! It would be beyond rude.’

‘If you wish to learn the skills yourself, then practical experience is the only way. I take it you have at least some hands-on knowledge? There is that piece of Katherine’s, would you like you to work on her? The boy I think Katherine should deal with herself, but the girl should be fine as a training piece.’

Eliza made something a hissing, squeaking noise that was probably assent.

‘Excellent. I understand she is rather... over-eager, and without much shame? A foreign import, by the looks of her. She should be good material for you to work on, unless you have any objections?’

‘No... no, Lad... Melissa. She is skilled and enthusiastic with her tongue and... other parts but needs to be trained to use them only at command. Charlotte didn’t even keep her belted most of the time, and even then, she kept pleasuring others with her mouth! I think she can be trained but needs to be broken in first.’

‘And how would you do that? She had been in an oubliette for a few days, so might be rather more amenable than previously.’

‘I think hooding her, and then physical punishment. So she knows her place. And then the lash, to encourage her to obedience. Feeding from the hand, perhaps? I think that she needs to be taught dependency, that she needs to seek her owner’s approval.’

‘I believe she is already hooded – I shall have Alicia bring her up, and then you can show me your whip-work.’

Her eyes were so wide, her breath so tight, that, in other circumstances, Melissa would have assumed she were about to climax, although it seemed like simple excitement, albeit it to a high degree. Was the girl that much a devotee of her works? It was flattering to be regarded thus, and certainly preferable to other nobility attempting to use her for free training for their own servants.

Melissa reached out and rang a bell, Alicia swiftly appearing from the shadows and curtseying.

‘Go and fetch that maid up. Wash her off first – I believe she should be softened up by now.’

‘Yes, ma’am. Do you wish any equipment?’

Melissa turned to look at Eliza, gesturing at her to speak. She fidgeted for a moment before answering. ‘A plug, quite large. A Grecian bender, if you have one. And a dress uniform, very tight. I think maybe to show her breasts? One of her finer features.’

Alicia curtseyed again. ‘Of course.’ She made a silent retreat, her feet silent on the stone floor. It wasn’t long before she returned, wheeling in a metal cage, the requested items neatly piled on top. Juliana was inside, shivering, her skin still wet, head covered in a leather hood. Melissa gestured at Eliza.

To her credit, Eliza moved with alacrity, rapping a crop on the cage as she opened it. ‘Out.’ Juliana slowly crawled out, body still from her confinement, head still concealed beneath a hood. ‘Stand.’ She struck again, this time hitting Juliana on the flank. Despite her slight stature, with Juliana being taller, she managed to make herself imposing, her clothing dark and ominous. A far cry from the sunny disposition of Katherine!

She shoved Juliana around, taking advantage of her prey’s weakness to physically abuse her. The crop lashed out, striking a breast, a grunt coming from behind the hood. As Juliana tried to raise her arms to protect herself, Eliza struck with greater ferocity, batting them down without saying anything, until Juliana stopped trying, simply accepting the blows.

‘Legs apart.’

Juliana shuffled her legs apart, spreading them slightly, enough to show a light fuzz of dark curls, having been confined for long enough she was in need of her bush trimming. Eliza struck her in her now-exposed twat, making her entire body shake. ‘You have been ill-behaved, and that will be remedied from today. You will have pleasure only when instructed. Your body belongs to me.’ Another blow, this one hard enough to draw out a pained whine. Then Eliza

stroked the girl's chest. 'But if you are obedient, then you will suffer less.' This was followed by a slap to the face – Eliza clearly had no qualms about inflicting pain!

The hood was removed and then the Grecian bender was then applied. It was a cruel device, designed to enforce a rigid and unnatural posture – metal bands about the waist that went down between the legs to anchor it, but also with a rigid and curved metal spine running upwards, connected to a sturdy metal collar, with two metal arms running from the spine to cradle the head. After her hood was removed, it was locked into position, forcing Juliana into a painfully twisted position, bending far forward at the waist to make her breasts as prominent as possible, her backside thrust out behind. The metal bands and collar kept her head in a position of submission, looking slightly down and unable to move at all.

Juliana's looked tired and drawn, dark circles under her weary eyes, but Eliza was unrelenting, pinching and squeezing flesh, even fingering her, as though she were assaying the girl for purchase. Eliza certainly seemed to have the right spirit for such work!

'Are you going to resist, or will you be obedient?' She grabbed both nipples and squeezed to emphasis her point, Juliana gasping in pain, shaking of some of her tiredness, some red coming to her cheeks. 'Obedience!' Eliza slapped her, but not too hard.

'Good. Now let's get you dressed.'

The maid outfit was pulled over her body – the ankle-length skirt was tight enough it would hobble her steps, while transparent gauze over her breasts showed them off, especially with the angle she was forced to bend at. It had gloves built in, sealing her hands into black fabric, cuffs on her wrists readying her for further confinement, and with a high neck, to cover the steel collar of the bender. Forcibly bent, Juliana had to look up to see Eliza properly, unable to stand straight, her balance already wavering. Her crotch was bare, the fabric cut to expose her slit, although with an apron to give a more decorous appearance, a slit in the back allowing access there.

Eliza slapped her again, Juliana not even able to move her head to soften the blow. Then Eliza started to finger her, while staring into her eyes. 'You are fuck-meat. Until now, you have been poorly trained, and left to your own devices. Starting now, you are property, to be trained and shaped. I think this metal can stay in place for a few days, and then we can see.'

'But it...'

Juliana didn't finish her sentence before her speech was cut off by Eliza's hand covering her mouth. 'You. Are. Property. You have no opinion that matters.' She continued to finger-fuck the girl, while limiting her breath, before suddenly stopping without granting an orgasm. 'You are not yet allowed pleasure. As you have proven you cannot be trusted with a mouth, then I will seal it for you.'

As Eliza turned away, Juliana closed her mouth tightly and glared at her. Melissa smiled – a challenge! How would Eliza deal with this? She came back with a panel gag, a leather prong on the inside, and pushed it against Juliana's closed mouth without success. Then she pinched the maid's nostrils shut, pushing it against Juliana's lips until she gasped in a breath, and found her mouth locked behind the gag.

'Had you been a good girl, then I would have fed you. But bad girls don't get food. Or all their vision.' She attached blinkers around Juliana's head, limiting her world to a tiny column directly in front of her, then stepped around, deliberately moving out of sight. With the bender in place, Juliana couldn't move her neck, so tried to move around to keep her in sight. Eliza struck her with the crop until she stopped moving. Then she stopped, looking at Melissa uncertainly. Well, a little self-doubt was only natural.

‘Very good, Eliza.’

Her face broke into a near-ecstatic smile, before she lashed out with the crop again, slapping a buttock through cloth.

‘I think this one will make a fine centerpiece for my party in a few days. You can test her with some of my guests.’

‘Of course, Melissa! Thank you. I’ll be looking forward to it!’ Her glee was infectious, making Melissa smile back. Some youthful pleasure was pleasing to see – this one clearly enjoyed such activities, rather than seeing them as a chore. ‘Oh! I need to wake up Victoria, otherwise she’ll be in bed all day.’ She curtsied again, before grabbing the cock-leash and pulling, the boy grunting in pain as she pulled him along, almost skipping in delight. Melissa smiled again – the girl had promise!

Chapter Seven: An Elegant Evening

It was only a small grouping, but the evening was going well so far. Cook had outdone herself, providing an exquisite spread of foods, along with bottles of wine bought up from the cellars to make everyone more congenial. George's seat at the top of the table was empty, of course, although Lady Victoria was sat opposite, having the highest rank. Katherine was partway down, making polite chatter with the Grenton's. Eliza was at the bottom of the table and looked nervous, although she cut a charmingly petite figure, despite her penchant for overly dark colors. Did she wear anything *but* black? At least she seemed sensible enough, without any penchant for overly excessive and dramatic gestures or descending into poetry with no reason. Moping poets were overly tiresome!

She gently tapped her knife against her wineglass, the sound silencing the conversation. 'Thank you all for coming.' There was a general thrum of agreement and good cheer. 'It is a pleasure to receive you all. And of course, Lady Victoria, my niece, Katherine, and also Miss Eliza.' She gestured at each in turn, although most attention was paid to Victoria. Given her rank, that was scarcely a surprise, and she managed to endure the looks she received, smiling graciously back. She seemed more polite than her brother, at least! He had been nothing but a boor on the few occasions she had been forced to endure his company.

Eliza was less accepting, shifting awkwardly in her seat as she was examined. The Grenton's had bought their son as well – of marriageable age and not unappealing, at least in a rather bookish way, and the Forsmyth's needed a wife for that third son of theirs, both of suitable rank for Eliza as well – no doubt they would be assessing her worth. Her father was wealthy, although there had been gossip of certain irregularities in his business of late, while Eliza had been isolated at some boarding school for most of her life, making her a newcomer to society. Without formal rank, she wasn't eligible to be a debutante, but certainly had prospects and potential.

'Now, I hope you will enjoy the food and drink, and then I have some entertainment scheduled. Young Eliza has been helping me with some of the training.' That got a few more murmurs, more appraising looks cast Eliza's way. A daughter-in-law that could keep the servants in line was something to be envied, and certainly more useful than a soft lump that sat around without doing anything. The scorching blush that crept over Eliza's features was rather charming, adding some color to her pale skin – the girl was clearly not used to praise!

Servants brought the food out. All had their heads locked into masks, their faces plain white curves, eyes just about visible beneath. The men were in smart trousers and waistcoats, sleeves rolled back to show off their arm muscles, cloth tight at the crotch to show their assets. The women were in short, tight dresses, stockings showing off their own legs and thighs. The food was conveyed swiftly to the table, quickly enough that it was still acceptably warm, and the group small enough that it wasn't an annoyingly long gap before everyone had their dinner, and they could begin.

Everyone was polite enough, and hungry enough, that the servants left without more than a few probing pinches and squeezes, the masks serving well to hide any distasteful gasps and

groans. The anonymizing effect was aesthetically pleasing, helping to harmonize the servants into a single entity with multiple bodies. Of course, it also had the downside that telling them apart was harder – if any were to err, knowing which to punish would be hard! Although a group punishment might serve to incentivize them collectively.

There was a pleasing and companionable silence, broken only by the clinking of cutlery on plates as everyone ate. Braised steak in mustard, just about tender enough, and complimented by the wine – Cook really had done well! Those girls of hers were well trained, each shackled to their post and muzzled to prevent any unauthorized snacking. Not the most comely to look at, but still quite proficient at their tasks and eager enough for a tumble, when the more attractive servants were otherwise engaged.

As the meal wound down, conversation resumed. No-one was so gauche as to mention anything heavy or serious, nothing more than idle chatter about the Season, or hopes about the next. When the last plate had been cleared, cutlery neatly folded together, then the servants appeared again, whisking away the plates. There were more wandering hands now, the wine having had a loosening effect, flesh getting groped and mauled.

Melissa clapped her hands together with a sharp crack. ‘Now that we have eaten, then some entertainment is in order! Nothing to compare with the delights of the city, but I do hope you will find my humble efforts sufficient to your desires.’ She stood, the others following her lead, already looking more interested.

Across the hallway from the dining room was one of the display rooms. The wooden cabinets of antiques, oddments and items from George’s adventures had been pushed back to open the space up. Three sets of stocks had been erected, all occupied, alternating in direction, so that two blindfolded faces were towards her and one pair of buttocks, already stripped red. In one corner were a pair of wooden boards, a masked male slave spread-eagled in place on each, clamps on their nipples.

‘Katherine, are you not going to fetch your boy? It would do him good to be used a little in a more public setting.’

‘Um, he’s suspended from the ceiling at the moment, it would take too long to get him down, I think. And I think he needs some rest? He’s been well-behaved recently, so I’m letting him rest.’

‘If you desire. He does seem remarkably biddable, although I would recommend you show him some harshness, so he knows what will happen if he crosses you. If you wish some more practice though, then any of these pieces will suffice – all are tough enough to endure a strong lashing.’

‘Yes, Aunt Melissa.’ She didn’t seem particularly enthused but took up a cane and flicked it through the air.

‘Eliza, why don’t you show Juliana off? Your training work has been exemplary.’

If her face blushed any more, the girl would pass out! It was flattering to have one’s words tended to though, and the girl was a quick study. Juliana had been efficiently brutalized over the last few days, made to beg for sleep, or for her torments to cease, all while bound into the Grecian bender. She hobbled into the room, the tight skirt preventing her taking more than tiny steps, torso still bent forward, forced to keep her head down. Eliza went and snapped a leash around her neck, then used it to force her to walk faster. Even with cosmetics on, it was clear that Juliana was near breaking point, her face drawn and tired, eyes fixated on Eliza, desperate to please.

Her hands were in front of her, wrists shackled together, a tray in hand, holding a pile of apples, shaking with every step. A good chore – if she were to drop any, then she could be punished further.

Juliana had enough focus to dip her head slightly, the closest to a curtsy she could manage while bound into metal. Her voice was quiet and anguished, the waves of her hair limp and flat. ‘How may this one serve, Mistress?’

Eliza tapped her on the cheek with her cane, Juliana’s flinch threatening to upset her stack of apples. ‘Time for you to be used, I think. You need to be shown off first, don’t you? Shall we see who wants to use you first.’

‘Ye... Yes, Mistress Eliza.’

The other guests descended – hands probed at Juliana’s flesh, feeling her pert buttocks, thrust back and up by the bender, groping at her breasts. Throughout, Eliza kept tapping her with the cane, light taps and prods to keep Juliana focused. ‘Thank them, Juliana.’

‘Thank you, masters and mistresses. Please use me...’

Grenton slid a hand underneath her apron, finding the gap in the cloth then wrenching the apron aside. ‘You’re a lusty thing aren’t you! Is this one your work, Miss Eliza?’

Victoria had moved in front of Eliza, almost protectively, forcing Eliza to speak around her. ‘Oh yes, Lady Melissa was kind enough to lend me some of her time, as well as the equipment. But the girl belongs to Charlotte, Katherine’s sister. She needed taking in hand.’

‘Ple...ease, Sir, Master, please take an apple.’

‘She will be permitted to sleep if she can make it through the night without spilling them.’ Eliza poked again with the cane, pressing it into soft thigh-meat. ‘Otherwise it’s the spiked box again. Which do you prefer, Juliana, the box or the bender?’

‘Please, Masters, please...’

‘I asked you a question, Juliana.’

‘The... the bender, Mistress Eliza!’

‘Very good. Then you can wear it for another two days.’

Tears trickled from Juliana’s eyes, a tired whimper escaping her lips. ‘I, I thank you, Mistress Eliza. An apple? *Please?*’ One of the guests reached out and took an apple. Her smile was pleasing in its simple, witless, thankfulness, a far cry from the lusty slyness that she used to possess. ‘Thank you, master! Thank you!’

Melissa turned away from them, happy to let Eliza demonstrate her works, and went to the stocks. Fearful eyes watched her as she approached, a whimper sounding out when she passed from their sight. Good. A mistress should be a figure of fear, and all three of them needed punishment before being locked into their belts again. A cluster of candles were burning – she took one and tipped it over the girl’s back, listening with pleasure to their sharp intake of breath, their wrists rattling against the wooden restraints. She carefully moved the candle up and down over their back, making sure to decorate it liberally with bright red splashes, the wax quickly drying.

‘I’m sorry, Mistress! I shouldn’t have woken you with my chains so early in the morning. I’m sorry.’

The girl’s excessive clanking had been an unneeded awakening, at an uncomfortably early hour. A harsh lesson would teach her to be more careful in future, or at least move with more grace.

‘You should learn to be more silent then.’

The only response she got was a pained whine, the girl at least starting to learn her place. She had been chosen for her figure, but if she couldn't learn to move with the appropriate amount of grace there was little use in keeping her as a parlourmaid, and she could be moved to the kitchens or scullery. Despite her protests though, her slit was ready, lips spread and moist. It would be almost rude to turn down such an invitation! She grabbed a dildo from the table, a strap buckling it around her waist. Without hitching her skirts up in a rather undignified manner, it couldn't be properly secured, but this would suffice.

Melissa didn't bother warming the girl up – she had been trained well enough that she could at least take a cock without complaint, the shaft sliding into her with minimal resistance. The girl grunted as she was penetrated before letting out a long sigh of relief. How long had this one been in enforced chastity for? If she hadn't made enough of an impression to earn her pleasure, then it could have been several months, or even longer. If that was the case, then this shouldn't be a thing of pleasure. Melissa poured more wax over the girl's back as she thrust away. As the hostess, she couldn't allow herself to get too distracted. From this position, she had a good view of the room – Lady Grenton was teasing one of the male servants, alternately stroking his cock before slapping his balls or pinching his skin.

Grenton's son was playing with Juliana, taking turns with Eliza to assault her backside with their canes. The apples hadn't yet fallen, but from how the girl was shaking, it wouldn't be long now. Victoria was stood close by, looking strangely dejected, not taking part in the entertainment. Perhaps she didn't care for such things? Yet there was a flush to her features as she watched, even if she wasn't participating.

Melissa continued to grind and fuck away, watching as Juliana was slowly herded around the room, hobbling and pained, getting punished whenever she stopped. And then she stumbled, her arms unable to hold the tray, the apples sliding to the ground in a cascade. Juliana collapsed as well, her strength finally gone, sobbing and crying.

She withdrew, leaving the meat unfulfilled. As she withdrew, she put the candle squarely in the middle of the girl's back. 'If you let that fall, the punishment will be severe. Do you understand?'

'Yes, mistress!' Several fat beads of wax were already trickling down, helping to seal it in place when they reached her skin. It was tempting to play with her a little more, but Juliana needed attention.

She was writhing on the floor, face slack, mascara streaking her face, mumbling under her breath, words broken and gasping. 'Sorry, mistress. Please, please. Let... let me rest. Please!' Eliza poked her head with a boot, before looking at Melissa for guidance.

'Place her in a crate. Un-spiked, I think. You may mold her appropriately when she awakens.'

Alicia had already appeared, two manservants picking up the barely-conscious girl and carrying her towards a crate in the corner, dropping her in and locking it shut. With that dealt with, it was time to continue the festivities, the remaining pieces getting put through their paces.

Chapter Eight: Sharp Eyes, Sharper Nails

He had no idea how long he had been suspended for, his limbs aching and straining under his own weight. As the sun dropped, the room darkened, until he was alone in darkness. Through the open window, he could hear the sounds of a fancy party, and hoped Miss Katherine was having fun with her friends. And that they would be too drunk to torment him further when they returned! He was Miss Katherine's pet, and Victoria's soft, plump body was far too tempting, those large breasts and ample hips making him want to plunge into her gold-tinged bush, hold her close and tight. Eliza was worse, all sharp edges and pain, far too eager to inflict suffering. And if she noticed that he'd come over her dress... He shivered, even as his cock stiffened at the memories of Victoria as a dog, down on all fours, her large breasts freely swinging, mouth wrapped around his cock.

The door opened, candlelight shedding flickering shadows into the room. He tried to twist around to hide his erection as Miss Katherine and her friends entered, all looking flushed and excited, giggling and hugging each other, Victoria squeezing Eliza particularly close.

Eliza noticed his erection as he swung, seeing the shape it made in his trousers. She was wearing fingerless shoulder-length gloves, letting her use her sharp nails while covering her flesh. She ran them over his shaft, making him twitch in his suspension. With a sadistic grin, she raised the candle beneath him, so he could feel the fierce heat against his crotch.

Katherine intervened, pulling the arm back down. 'Don't... don't be mean, Eliza.' She swayed, clearly drunk as she gave him a hug and a kiss, her tongue slipping into his mouth, taste of wine sharp and sweet. 'He's a good boy. Mostly.' She reached out herself and grabbed his sack, squeezing it, none-too-gently. 'He just needs to be controlled.' His cock continued to grow, his position making it impossible to hide, Katherine's hand starting to slide along the shaft.

Then she took a step away, falling backwards onto the bed. 'I think... I think I might have had a little too much wine.' She giggled, squirming on the bed to make herself comfortable. Eliza and Victoria looked at each other and sighed, then set to undressing her - she was too gone to resist or comment as she was stripped, her tender flesh emerging from beneath dress, corset, crinolines and bloomers. He couldn't help but look - even in the flickering and vague candlelight, she was beautiful, hair gleaming, skin inviting kisses and caresses, rose-tinged and soft.

They dragged her onto the bed more fully, Eliza making sure she was far from the edge. Then she turned to him, her smile turning savage as she twisted her skirts, showing him the pale cumstains on the dark fabric. She grabbed his throat, nails pricking his flesh as she kissed him - harsh and sharp, stealing his breath. 'Disgusting beast. I think some lessons are due, before you ravage my friend. She thinks you a loyal dog, but you're really a wolf, aren't you?' He opened his mouth to speak, but she jammed her fingers in, nails sharp as she grabbed his tongue. 'Silence. After all, you wouldn't want to wake your mistress, would you?'

He whined, trying to slide his tongue free from her tight, sharp grasp. Victoria handed her a gag he hadn't seen before, this one with a leather shaft coming from one end, a narrow tube passing through it, protruding out the back of the gag as well. She slapped him across the face

and pushed the gag in - it felt like a ring gag, but with the shaft attached, was harder to breathe through, his breath whistling through it.

She took some clamps and attached them to his nipples, metal weights stretching his skin out. Victoria went behind him, and he ducked his head to watch her, before Eliza grabbed his hair and kissed the shaft protruding from his mouth, some of her spittle flowing down the tube. He felt his trousers get pulled down, cock now dangling free, cloth pulled down past his knees.

‘We can’t make Katherine weld a cage onto you, but we can make it clear what will happen if you ever dare violate her.’ With one hand, she kept hold of his hair, forcing him to look into her eyes. The light in the room shifted as the candle was moved, and he felt a fierce heat getting closer to his balls. He tried to tense his body, raising himself higher, but it was simple for Eliza to move the candle up, while he had to strain his entire body to raise himself slightly up.

‘Ah, so you do fear pain? Excellent, that should make this easier.’ She moved the candle around, threatening to scorch his balls, then his thighs, his chest, heat conducting itself through the metal chains attached to his nipples. He could feel Victoria’s presence behind him, her breath hot against his bare thighs as she spoke.

‘You shouldn’t mark Katherine’s toy, Eliza.’

The candle moved away, burning heat fading, letting him relax in his suspension slightly. ‘True, I wouldn’t want to be thought discourteous. I’m sure we can teach him a lesson still though.’ She squeezed his sack, nails digging into soft flesh, making him grunt through the gag. ‘Shall we see how loyal you can stay to your mistress? Maybe she is right, but given how you’ve violated me already, I very much doubt it. I should make you lick it clean!’

Victoria dropped to her knees, taking the fabric in her hands and kissing it. Eliza sighed. ‘If you would kindly remove your clothing, Lady Victoria. If I must punish you, it is rather easier if you are naked. And we shall see if this beast can resist your charms.’

She moved around behind him, forcing him to twist and bend uncomfortably to see her. He closed his legs, managing to pull his knees together in an attempt at defiance, earning a disapproving “tut”. A spreader bar was fetched and tied about his knees as they forced his legs apart, while Eliza started to experiment. She tipped the candle, droplets of hot wax falling against his bare back, making him jerk in his bindings. She squeezed again, harder this time. ‘Show some control, boy. If this falls off, then I shall be displeased.’

He squeaked when she put the candle onto his back, the heat making his skin prick. Then her nails started probing his flesh, jabbing into the back of his knees, his inner thighs, the soles of his feet - all his most sensitive parts, where he couldn’t defend. With the candle on his back, he didn’t dare twitch or swing too much, in case it fell off. As she did this, Victoria stripped, her body glorious in the candlelight, hair a glorious cascade of gold, slightly flushed from alcohol and excitement. She looked at Eliza with lust in her eyes, then lit a candle of her own, casting odd shadows across her body.

She approached, ducking underneath him. ‘I’ve never really looked properly at one.’ She fondled his cock, peeling back the foreskin. As she went to look, she moved the candle closer, close enough that he could feel his skin start to burn. He tried to grunt loud enough through the gag, twisting as much as he could. The burning heat moved away.

‘Did I get a bit too close? Let me kiss it better.’ She looked at Eliza, seeing if she was watching. Her soft lips and cool, wet tongue brushed over the burn, making him twitch again for completely different reasons. If he tainted Victoria, then Eliza would punish him! But her mouth, kissing along his shaft, tongue swirling over his exposed head... He tried to force

himself to stay calm, focusing on the pain from Eliza, her nails now running down the small of his back, before she lifted the candle, flicking hot wax over his back.

‘Lady Victoria, *down*. Time for this one to be useful.’

Victoria obeyed with a happy smile, dropping to all fours. Eliza moved from the circle of light, and then he suddenly dropped as she released the chain keeping him suspended. His cock brushed against the floor, Victoria’s face in front of his for a moment before her was raised to a few feet off the ground. She kissed the prong coming from his mouth, taking it deep into her own mouth, as Eliza stepped back into the light. She looked like a proper mistress, fully dressed amongst naked fresh, a cane in her hand, calm and controlled.

Her heels made slow, deliberate taps on the floor as she approached, proffering a pointed boot to Victoria. ‘Lick.’ The command was enthusiastically obeyed, the already shining leather getting buffed further. He tried to look up at her, straining his neck, unable to properly see until she moved to sit on Victoria, patting her on the head. ‘Good girl.’ She tapped the cane against a buttock, but gently, as she glared down at him. Victoria whined happily, not speaking despite being ungagged.

‘You really are a desperate bitch, aren’t you? Maybe you should be bred as soon as possible, this juicy cunt of yours speared by some common mongrel.’ She moved her hand backwards, reaching between her friend’s legs. He couldn’t see, but from the continued happy sounds Victoria was making, she was being pleased, her breath starting to pant. Eliza’s other hand took the candle, pouring wax onto Victoria’s back from as close as possible, droplets spattering along the small of her back and onto her spine.

‘You like this, don’t you? Being abused, treated like a dog, a pet, a slave. If you could, you’d have been in those stocks downstairs.’

Victoria was too lost to respond, just emitting short, happy pants and barks. Eliza took her juice-slicked fingers, her nails shining, the material of her gloves darker where it had soaked in the liquid and pressed it against Victoria’s face. ‘Can you smell your own lust?’

Then she turned her attention to him, expression cold as she flicked her cane beneath his body, tapping his erect cock. ‘And you... If I had my way, that little prick of yours would be bound in a spiked cage forever, so any growth would make you suffer.’ She tapped him again, harder this time. ‘But Katherine is my friend, and I wouldn’t wish to cause her undue distress.’ She dug her nails into Victoria’s back, making her seat squirm enough that she almost fell off. ‘If you should harm her, then I will break you, boy. Make you wish you really had been born a dog, neutered and dumb.’ Her hand reached out, grabbing his throat. ‘Do you understand?’

He whimpered through the gag, nodding furiously. He would never hurt Miss Katherine! It wasn’t his fault that Juliana teased him so much! The grip tightened, for just a moment, his head going woozy until she released him. The cane flicked and hit the weights attached to his nipples, another flare of pain.

‘Good, so you can learn.’ She patted him on the head, having to shift and reach awkwardly, Victoria butting against her and almost knocking her over, making her stumble against him. She lifted her skirts, not able to hide a slightly awkward flush of shame as she exposed herself to him, looking away for a moment, unable to keep up the facade of a stern mistress entirely.

She grabbed his head and pulled him inwards, the cock gag tapping against her thighs several times before she was able to start sliding it in. Her nails dug into the back of his neck, pushing him in and out. He could taste and smell her, a harsher scent than his own Miss, but he could resist or fight back, simply accepting that he was being used to pleasure Eliza.

It didn't take long for her to get off, her hand clenching even more tightly onto his neck, nails stabbing deep. She sat back down on Victoria, taking a moment to settle herself. She pinched his nose shut, forcing him to breathe through his mouth, further getting the taste of her over his tongue. Victoria whined, wanting attention herself, Eliza giving her a spank.

'Quiet, or I'll belt you again.' That made Victoria go quiet, although her thighs still squirmed against each other. Eliza turned back to him. 'Now, you are to be utterly obedient to her. If you should *ever* despoil her again, or unleash your rancid seed onto me, then I will hurt you.' She leant forward, squeezing his cock painfully hard. He nodded as much as he could, trying to show obedience. 'Now, Lady Victoria, as you seem to delight in placing yourself in such a position, I think it is time for me to take you again, but like a dog this time, not a woman.'

Victoria started to rear, before Eliza spanked her several times. 'Remember what we spoke of? If you wish to be mine, then you will have to be a good little puppy and learn to take a cock, just like a real bitch. And then I might let you taste me. And that's what you want, isn't it?'

Victoria nodded, as best she could when being used as a chair.

'Don't worry, your precious pussy will be kept pure. Instead, you will be taken like a dog.'

Victoria whined uncertainly as Eliza rose, using the cane to move Victoria into position, her head beneath him, top of her head just beneath his cock. She raised her buttocks as Eliza disappeared into the shadows, returning with a strap on. She spat on it before buckling it about her waist, grabbing Victoria and plunging into her. Victoria tensed as she was penetrated, unused to such a violation. She didn't protest as Eliza slammed it into her, spanking her ass.

The brilliant golden hair bucked and flicked beneath him, strands rubbing against his shaft. He tried to pull himself up as Eliza stared into his eyes, warning him against losing control. The strap-on was now fully buried within Victoria, Eliza growing crueler, stabbing her nails into Victoria's back and scraping them along, leaving white marks in the flesh, where they would be safely hidden by clothing. She thrust and pounded for a while, not sure when to end, withdrawing herself from Victoria.

'Good girl.' She kissed the scratches she had caused. 'Katherine has a lot planned for tomorrow, so we should rest. Like nobles, not dogs. Come on, up.'

It took more cajoling to get Victoria to stand, although that might be her trying to get used to being sodomised. He was winched high again, Victoria giving his cock another cautious look, lightly touching and tapping it with interest. Eliza grabbed his hair again, looking into his eyes. 'Remember what we spoke of.' Her grip tightened, promising further pain. 'You are a lowly mongrel wolf, should you ever harm Katherine, then it will be fun to rip this little thing off.' She flicked his cock, and he nodded, desperately wishing to be left alone, before he was forced to climax against his will.

The candles were extinguished, plunging the room into darkness. The only sounds were Katherine's soft breaths, and the rustle of fabric as Eliza undressed. From the soft giggles and stroking sounds of flesh-on-flesh he could hear, Victoria was making the most of not being a dog, as the sounds moved to the bed, Eliza grumbling as Victoria pleased her.

Chapter Nine: A Local Visitation

He sat in his confinement, looking worriedly at the bed. Katherine lay there, a slight sheen on her forehead, the covers piled up on her. Victoria patted her on the hand. 'Don't worry, just rest. You'll be better soon, I'm sure.'

Katherine coughed weakly and gave a wan smile back. 'I'm sorry, I won't be able to come with you.'

Eliza checked her bedding was properly tucked in. 'Don't worry, we'll be sure to tell you everything! And we'll keep an eye on him as well.' Eliza glared at him, despite the straps binding him to the board. His cock still ached from the thing she had shoved into it, and he whimpered and tried to turn away and cross his legs, despite the straps restricting his movement.

'Let me know if...' She gave a delicate cough, her veins a rich blue against her pale skin. He whimpered through his gag, hoping she would recover soon, not liking seeing her indisposed. '...if he behaves badly.' Despite her state, she held a crop in her other hand, which she flicked, or tried to at least, against her bedding. It didn't achieve anything more than flattening out the duvet slightly.

He whimpered again, trying to sound obedient.

'Don't worry, Katherine. If he misbehaves then I'm sure there's going to be lots of equipment there to use.' Eliza looked far too happy at whatever thoughts were in her mind, biting her lip in excitement as she looked at him again. 'So he'll have to be a good boy, unless he wants to find out what Madam d'Aubrec will do to him.'

'Don't be... too harsh, he's a... good boy.' The words made him smile, at least as much as he could around the gag.

Eliza approached him, looking him squarely in the eyes as she started to unstrap him, making sure his hands were still cuffed together, his ankles connected by a short chain before she leashed him as well. 'I wonder if he'll behave? Victoria, come.'

Victoria came over, letting Eliza put a collar around her own neck, before her dress was buttoned up to the neck to hide it. Her corsets had been getting tighter, Eliza twisting the knots a little more each day. Beneath it, she was probably wearing cuffs and a chastity belt, her lust becoming a little more obvious as Eliza teased her every day without allowing her a climax. Although he hadn't been permitted to see it, he could hear it every morning and evening, Victoria's soft gasps and grunts as she was slapped and teased, before the chastity belt was locked on again.

Victoria stroked hair away from Katherine's face. 'Don't worry, we'll tell you everything. Just rest. I've asked the maids to bring you soup later but rest now.'

'Yes, Lady Victoria.' Her eyelids fluttered shut, quickly falling asleep, as he found himself being pulled away.

Despite the short distance, they got into the carriage, Victoria moving stiffly thanks to the tightness of her corset and the chastity belt, still not entirely used to the tightness around her body, shivering when she sat down. Lady Melissa sat opposite them, looking austere and calm, even as Eliza started to flush again, fanning herself and looking flustered.

‘Lady Victoria, Miss Eliza. I hope this will be an educational visit for you, although it’s a shame that Katherine is unwell.’

Eliza mumbled something back, shifting uncomfortably in her seat, Victoria filling the silence with polite and empty chatter as the carriage rumbled along. He tried to keep his wrists and ankles at a slight distance, keep the chains taut, not wanting them to clatter or make any sound, not wanting to draw any attention to himself.

It only took them a short amount of time to cover the distance, before they slowed to a stop. Despite the morning hour, it seemed dark outside. The carriage door was opened by a footman, wearing a bright red coat, his face covered by a plain white mask. As he stepped outside, he could see that there were under a covering, big enough to block out the sunlight, leading to a foreboding metal tall. This opened with a heavy series of “clicks”, another masked servant (this one female, at least from the curves visible beneath their tight top) appearing from behind it and gesturing them inside.

Lady Melissa led the way. ‘Now, this place can be a little disconcerting. I would advise that you stay close, as a few of the guards can be a little... overenthusiastic. But I’m sure that it will be educational, especially for you, Eliza. I look forward to hearing your thoughts when we return.’

‘I, buh, ahh, umm...’ Eliza spluttered, until Victoria laid a hand on her shoulder. ‘I would be honored, Lady Melissa.’ He trailed along behind them, trying to stay as quiet and inconspicuous as possible. The place had a cold and foreboding air, the sunlight only barely penetrating through tiny windows, the air still and unmoving.

Inside there was a stark reception area, the furniture all metal, with several too-small cages along one wall, all currently empty. The masked servant led them forward – this close, he could see that their hair was a wig, a black bob that looked as though it had been cut with against an edge, it was so straight. Their posture was eerily smooth, combining with their covering clothing and mask to make them seem artificial, almost like living dolls. They wouldn’t do that to him, would they?

A panel on the wall slid open, revealing a cramped metal stairway. They were led upwards, the metal grating back into place behind them, and he shivered – despite the warmth of the sun outside, in here, the air was cold, especially when he was barefoot and only wearing a thin shirt, trousers, and his chastity belt.

At the top of the stairs was a dark passageway, the servant only visible as a dim shape, moving through the darkness. With the click of a latch, another door opened and warm firelight washed out. He could see wooden panels and fine furnishings, as Eliza tugged him forward by the leash into a weirdly arranged room.

It looked like half of a noble’s fine drawing room, all ornate paneling, comfortable seats, and with some posts arranged to restrain troublesome servants. But one end was completely open, overlooking a vast internal space, like a warehouse, but with stone walls. Skylights let some light in, but most of it was shadowed, with the familiar sounds of leather-on-flesh and cries of pain coming from below.

A woman stood up from one of the couches – she was wearing tight breeches, clearly showing the outlines of her legs, a tight shirt cut to show her large breasts as well, with lace dripping from her wrists, knee-high black boots gleaming on her legs and blonde hair falling to her shoulders. Another person was knelt on all fours in front of her, their head locked into a hood, clearly positioned for use as a footrest.

‘Ah, Melissa! Such a pleasure to see you.’ She moved forward, her short, blonde hair catching the firelight. ‘And guests as well. This one must be your niece? She has a similar look to you, lean and sharp.’ She gestured at Eliza, who curtsied back.

‘No, that is Miss Eliza, a friend of Katherine’s. This is Lady Victoria Spencer. Of the Althorp Spencers?’

‘Oh?’ She approached, cupping Victoria’s chin in her hand, as Eliza emitted a small growl, then looked surprised at herself. ‘You are a fetching thing, aren’t you? I’ve been having quite the trouble with your father at the Exchequer, he seems to be rather insistent that I pay rather a lot of tax.’ She angled Victoria’s face from side to side. ‘Most attractive! There is some value to this country, I suppose.’

‘My niece is sadly indisposed. But Lady Victoria expressed an interest in your facility, and Eliza is a fan of my work, so I thought she would find it educational.’

‘Well, such as that are always welcome.’ She let go of Victoria and then all-but-pounced on Eliza, standing so close that Eliza tried to back away, without success. ‘You are quite a lovely little thing yourself.’ She was leaning over Eliza, who was trying to lean back without falling over, as the woman wrapped an arm around her, holding her up. ‘A small thing like you should be careful here – the guards are very attentive, and I would hate for you to be mistaken for a prisoner. Why, you might disappear and never be seen again.’

‘Don’t tease the poor thing, Eloise.’ Despite her words, Lady Melissa’s voice cracked like a whip. But the woman just grinned, before raising Eliza back to her feet and stepping away. Eliza’s face was flustered and dazed looking, although Victoria didn’t look very happy.

‘Well, it is still something of a work in progress, but you can see it from here, and hopefully imagine what it will one day be. This will be where guests can come to view progress, or to view the products. There will be some examination booths and stocks, but they haven’t yet been installed.’ She reached out and pulled a cord, a bell somewhere close by tinkling. ‘I will have an internal wall put in, to make it a little more comfortable. It is, sadly, a little draughty at the moment.’ That would explain the fire roaring in the hearth. ‘This way.’

She led them onto the metal gantry, and he followed along, as quietly as possible. From here, they were overlooking the whole internal space. There were internal walls of stone or metal, dividing it into passages and tiny cells, most barely large enough to stand in. But none had ceilings, allowing someone up here to oversee all the prisoners and their torments. There were even binoculars mounted to the guardrail, to allow a closer view.

In the nearest cells were the subjects – all were naked except for hoods, chastity belts and thick leather mittens bound to the belts, limiting their sight and ability to interact with the world around them, their collars chained to the walls. Some were huddled into the corners of the cells or walking around the tiny spaces permitted them. A few were bound more strictly, chained to the walls, or mounted atop poles.

‘Those are the cells for the common meat. They should be suitable for those of slight means – a maid of all work, perhaps, or a manservant about the place. Not the finest of product, but scarcely the finest of material – mostly spoil from the capital. I refine what I can, but there are limits, even with the best techniques.’

Eliza ran over to the edge with a smile of wonder on her face, as Lady Melissa looked around with cool interest. ‘Ah, working from the theories of Bentham? Perpetual observation?’

‘Indeed. The product can never know when they are being observed, and so learn to behave as though they are *always* being observed. And those that err are harshly punished. You see?’ She pointed to the center of the place, an open space, almost like a village square. There was a

large, raised podium, set with several pillories and other restraints. Currently, two people were in the stocks, crying out in pain as they were whipped by guards, their cries of pain echoing throughout the entire space.

‘The guards have a quota to meet, so are quite assiduous in finding rulebreakers. And should they fail in their task, then I hand them over to the prisoners. I find that they can be most inventive when given the opportunity, and the most inventive can be promoted to guards themselves.’

Eliza was wide-eyed with fascinated interest, trying to take it all in, then jumping as d’Aubrec moved up close behind her. ‘If you look over there, sweet little Eliza, then the rather more *choice* pieces can be seen. Those that will fetch higher prices, if they can be properly trained.’

One quadrant of the prison was laid out with larger cells, each equipped with its own set of restraints, so the occupants could be more privately tended to. Most of the cells there were empty, but those that were occupied could be clearly seen, the occupants in the tatters of normal clothing, bright colors amongst the dark grey.

Eliza managed to twist away from d’Aubrec and approached the binoculars, Victoria moving close to her, shielding Eliza’s body with her own. Eliza gasped, murmuring something urgently to Victoria, pulling her down to look through it. She gasped as well.

‘Is that Isabella Kemble?’

‘Oh, you know her? Yes, it is. Her father wishes her made rather pliable prior to attempting to find her a husband. She is apparently something of a spitfire?’

Eliza’s hands were clenched and tight, her knuckles white. Victoria hugged her, trying to relax her. ‘Yes, we were at boarding school together. She was... somewhat unkind to Eliza.’

A bell tinkled nearby, making everyone turn around. It was another masked female figure, wearing tight leather trousers and a leather vest, with a stout truncheon on their waist. This one has short black hair, their mask blank white and featureless except for “032” stamped across their forehead, the eye-slots dark.

‘If you would like to have some time with her, I’m sure that can be arranged? Lady Victoria?’

Eliza was panting for breath, clutching her chest, as Victoria patted and stroked her. ‘Yes, if you would be so kind. I believe it would be useful to have a private discussion with her. Eliza has certain matters she needs to discuss.’

‘Of course. Do try to avoid anything... permanent, I have assured her father she will be unmarred. Physically, at least.’

Eliza slowly recovered herself and shrugged off Victoria, a wicked grin coming over her face, cheeks pinking. ‘Yes, I think *dear* Isabella needs a lesson.’

‘I can arrange this. Should you wish to punish her yourself though, you will need to dress as a guard, and the Lady Victoria may watch. To avoid any reprisals, you understand. And what of this one?’ He wanted to hide as she looked at him. ‘Handsome enough, I suppose, and well-muscled. I prefer those that are a little more aristocratic in their features, but for someone to practice with, he seems biddable enough. If you wish, you can take him with you to see your “friend”. Only guards are permitted to punish the inmates though; Eliza, you will need to change into a guard’s outfit, Thirty-two here will show you to a changing room. Do try not to damage her too much. And Lady Victoria, you may wish a mask as well, to prevent embarrassment, should you encounter Miss Kemble in the future.’

The faceless guard leads the two of them away into a dressing room, before returning. Lady Melissa and Madame d'Aubrec were on the far side of the room, deep in conversation as the guard shackled him by the neck to the wall then tilted their head, clearly listening to the rustle of cloth coming from the changing room. Then they approached, running their gloved hand over his chest, watching his reaction. He tried to turn away, but the chain around his neck stopped that, and she simply tugged his hands away when he tried to raise them to protect himself. A hand rattled against his chastity belt, a disappointed sigh coming from behind the mask.

The thing tugged at their tight leather trousers, managing to pull them back enough to show off their skin, and the gleaming metal of their chastity belt beneath. He nodded and sighed in commiseration, before they shrugged, stroking his arms and chest, feeling his body, making appreciative grunting sounds.

It didn't take long for Eliza to change, emerging in the leather trousers and sleeveless vest, her arms skinny and pale, showing the most skin he had ever seen from her at once, Victoria fussing over her. D'Aubrec approached with a mask, a leather shaft visible that would slide into the mouth. 'It would be inconvenient if you were to be recognized. Open wide.'

Eliza's protest was swallowed up as the prong slid in, and the strap locked in place. The key was handed over to Victoria, a gargle of protest coming from behind the mask.

'Lady Victoria, if you would wear this. Those in my care do receive guests, and I have had her prepared. Do you wish to take this one with you? I'm sure I could entertain him, if needed.'

Victoria took another mask, this one made not to lock on, as she glanced at him, then at d'Aubrec. 'I think we'll take him. Katherine would want us to look after him.'

Eliza nodded, her answer choked behind her mask.

Lady Melissa smiled at them. 'Go and have fun then. We will observe from up here. Show me your skills, Eliza. And there are some matters I need to discuss with you, Eloise.'

Chapter Ten: Class Reunion

The concrete floor was cold on his bare feet. From down here, vision was limited, the walls in the wall, with enough curves and angles that it was impossible to see more than a dozen paces ahead. Screams and groans echoed around, although without any obvious source. The prisoners all flinched away as they passed, not wanting to get in trouble.

They were led to a roofless room, a woman suspended from the ceiling by her wrists, held up so that her feet were just barely touching stone blocks on the ground, legs spread wide by more chains. She was wearing what had once been a fine gown, but was now ripped and torn, her shoes lost somewhere, stockings sagging, facing away from the door. Heavy manacles were locked around her ankles, chains locked onto metal rings on the floor. She twisted her head, just about able to twist enough to see Eliza as Victoria moved to stay out of sight.

The walls held a full variety of tools, making him shiver again – he wouldn't want to be left here! Eliza strode forward and slapped her hand against the exposed backside, a grunt of pain coming from the head.

'You can't keep me here! My father will have you hung for this! Stay back!'

Eliza spanked them again, before ripping away part of their dress, revealing their bare cunt. They shifted their legs, the chains too tight to let her move at all.

'Don't you dare touch me! Get away from me!' She twisted around, chains rattling and clinking. Eliza reached up and touched the top of her neck, then raked her nails downwards, leaving bright red furrows down her back, drawing out a low groan and making her bend her back in pain. She repeated this motion several more times, the captive's cries getting louder each time, her demands for release ignored.

Victoria approached him, reaching into her sleeve and pulling out a key. 'I know it's naughty, but I think it's deserved. She needs to be hurt. I'm sure Katherine would agree.' The metal released him from its embrace, his cock flaccid, but starting to harden already, Victoria averting her eyes from it. 'Not yet. Let Eliza have some fun first.'

Eliza had walked around to be in front of her victim and was now using a multi-headed whip on her breasts. With the mask covering her face, she seemed an implacable and emotionless creature, mercilessly and brutally lashing away, skin reddening under the assault. Next came clamps, spiked metal biting onto the already reddened nipples, several weights getting loaded onto the chain, distorting her breasts.

She shook around, her voice now begging. 'Please! Let me go! I can pay you! Just please stop hurting me!' Eliza tugged on the chain, pulling on the flesh, before using her other hand to scratch at the girl's belly. She must have glimpsed Eliza out of the corner of her eye, turning to more fully see her, seeing her full dress. 'Get away from me, you sick pervert!' Eliza kicked one of the blocks away, then the other, so the woman's weight was fully taken onto her wrists. She grunted as this happened, the weights on her breasts bouncing around. 'I'm not a fuck-toy! My name is Isabella Kemble, and my father will have you bought! I'll sell you around every pub in London, have the both of you fucked raw!'

Eliza slapped her in the belly, hard enough to knock the wind from her. She turned, looking over what she had available, as Victoria reached down to his cock, grabbing it uncertainly, her hand dry and warm. 'I've not done this before, but it would be good if you were, um, *up*. She certainly hurt Eliza enough that some punishment is entirely deserved. Pardon my language, but she was a bitch. So if you could please prepare yourself? Would it be easier if I used my mouth?'

'Get him away from mpppppphhh!'

Eliza reached up with a leather cock and shoved it into her mouth, wrapping a belt around to keep it in place. Isabella spluttered as the dildo entered her mouth. Victoria's hands continued to fumble at his cock, fumbling him towards arousal, although she was far less skilled than Katherine, her movements jerky and uncomfortable, especially as she still refused to look at it, jerking his shaft around. Still, it was bliss to be free of his belt, and he felt himself hardening, Victoria started to lean away as his cock grew, while still shaking her hand around uncertainly, getting him hard while trying to maintain her distance.

Eliza was now applying more clamps to her victim's chest, setting up neat lines running down from her breasts to her hips, a thin cord attaching them all. She gave the cord a tweak, watching as it pulled and tormented the flesh, stretching it out, Isabella shuddering again, still unable to even touch the floor, unable to shake off the clips brutalizing her skin.

Victoria whispered in his ear. 'Good boy. Go and take her. And I'll give you some, um, cake afterwards? Is that something you would like? Get to it.'

He approached, his ankles and wrists still shackled, but with his cock unleashed. Isabella was short, only a little taller than Eliza, although her suspension added a few inches to her height. Eliza saw him approach and nodded, then spat on her fingers and pushed them into Isabella, ignoring her indignant and humiliated squeals, then withdrawing and pinching Isabella's flesh before standing back, letting him approach. When Isabella saw him, her struggles intensified, body shaking, flesh getting stretched and pulled.

He thrust into her, his passage eased by Eliza's spit. She was tight, her body compressing around his. He would rather have Katherine or have her tie him to her bed and take him, riding him to her own pleasure, but at least this wasn't being forced from him! As she twisted and writhed against him, Eliza yanked on the cord, ripping the clips off Isabella's body. She clenched in pain, tightening around him, bringing him over the edge. He shot his load, feeling his cum shoot into the tight pussy as she whimpered and sobbed, her body marked with painful pinch-marks from the clips.

He sagged backwards, drained from his release, falling back against the chill internal wall, as Eliza returned to her work, whipping her victim, assaulting her backside with a paddle, smacking it until it was red and tender.

A bell rang out from above, jerking Eliza from her assault. Victoria approached her carefully, gently taking the paddle from her hand and drawing her back. 'Nothing permanent, remember?' She whispered quietly, hoping that Isabella was too gone to pay attention. The bell rang again, and then another guard appeared. Victoria bent to pick up his chastity belt and snapped it back into place, pinching his flesh in the process.

His mind was still in a post-fuck daze, so he was content to be led along. He didn't like this place – it was cold and dark, and the screams were disturbing him. He'd rather be with Katherine, tied up and at her mercy, letting her tease him, even if she was sometimes a little rough!

They were led back to the entrance, the two older woman both looking at Eliza with approval, a certain sense of chill between them. Lady Melissa was the first to speak. 'Very impressive, Eliza! You certainly do have a talent for this. But now we must return, or else we will be late for dinner. Eloise, it has been a pleasure.'

They embraced, decidedly formal and polite, both grasping the other with more than necessary force, trying to assert dominance before letting the other go. Victoria removed her own mask, shaking her hair out. 'That was satisfying! She was a terror at school, wasn't she, Eliza?' A grunt came from behind the mask, Victoria patting her on the head. 'I do like this outfit. We should show it to Katherine, I'm sure she'll be interested as well.'

'Mppph!'

'Ssshhh, Sshhh. Let's go and see if Katherine is rested now.'

She ignored Eliza's grunts from behind her mask, mouth still sealed, Victoria taking her hand and leading her away. He trailed after them, hoping they would soon be back with Miss Katherine.

Whips and Widows

Gregory Pelham and the Widow of Westwick

Chapter One: A New Home

The metal of the lock rattled, a pale hand reaching through the cage bars and tugging on it. Gregory reached forward with his cane and lightly tapped it against the hand, until it withdrew back into the darkness. There was a light, feminine whine from the darkness, followed by the sound of a foot connecting with metal and an angry grunt.

‘Hmm. I think it’s safe to say you’re not getting out unless I release you.’

He poked the cane into the darkness until it found soft yielding flesh.

‘Certainly a good variety of equipment here. Plenty to keep me entertained, and you occupied.’

‘Hmmpfh.’

‘Now, don’t be like that. It’s certainly a lot more rural out here than we’re used to, but you’ll get used to it soon enough. Some of the neighbors are sure to be interesting, and it’s certainly larger than the London apartment. It certainly was nice of old uncle Leopold to die and leave it to me.’

‘Grrrphhh.’

‘Don’t complain, or I’ll leave you down here. Certainly all sorts of fun toys – I wouldn’t have thought the old boy had it in him! Although it looks like a lot of them haven’t been used for a while, I suppose he was getting on a bit. Enough energy to make a bet on his own horseracing and die mid-ride though. While still winning!’

He turned and looked around – despite being a cellar, it was a large space, divided by dustsheets covering all sorts of strange shapes. The first one he’d pulled away had uncovered a restraint chair – like a barber’s chair, but with heavy padded cuffs to go over the wrists, neck and ankles of the occupant, and made so that the occupant could have their legs spread, and also be tilted and elevated into all sorts of entertaining positions. The next had been a large crate, filled with whips and canes and lashes, most looking barely used.

Another grunt came from the darkness and Gregory went to get the lantern. He turned it around, casting a cone of light across the space – there were windows, high on the walls, and all currently shuttered. It illuminated the barred alcove, the occupant wincing and making another hissing grunt.

‘Let me see if I can find the key.’

Evelyn rolled her eyes at him, tweaking her outfit into place – she was wearing an expensive dress, although the skirt was cut short at the front to show off her long and toned legs, garter belts visible, the top low-cut to show off her lovely breasts. The collar around her neck was three inches high, stiff black leather, with a nameplate on the front and a metal ring, to which was attached a bell. Her mouth was currently full with a black leather ball, the strap secured with a padlock, a slight trail of dribble falling down her chin and onto her breasts.

As he fiddled through the thick chain of keys, she rolled her eyes again, making a gesture of annoyance with her hands. That they were cuffed together at the wrist, heavy leather bands matching her collar, made her gesture awkward. He poked her with the cane again, targeting her

stomach, but she managed to grab the cane. She looked triumphant for a moment, before he twisted it from her hand and shoved forward, smiling as she made an “ooff” noise.

‘I could leave you down here, you know?’

She dropped her head and curtsied, lifting her skirt high enough to show off her chastity belt, the metal shining brightly under the lantern-light.

‘You’re not getting that removed yet.’

She made a grunt of complaint. He pushed another key into the lock, this once catching and snagging on the mechanism, the lock opening smoothly.

‘You may leave, Evelyn.’ She took several hasty steps forward, clearly not having enjoyed the confinement. ‘Behave, or you’ll be spending more time in there. Although you’ll be spending a lot of time down here anyway, there’s a lot of fun to be had.’

He reached out and grabbed her collar, pulling her forward, her heels tapping against the floor. Despite her above-average height, she was lean and light, easy to move around, even to pick up. Which was helpful when she was misbehaving and needed throwing into a cage or chest!

He stepped around an object, a padded bar making contact with Evelyn’s stomach. She made another grunt and bent over, as he clipped her collar in place. Her hands scrabbled at the lock as he moved around behind her, ignoring the seething hiss she made. She was now bent at the waist, her skirt riding up to show her lovely buttocks, the metal of the chastity belt sealing away her sex.

A leg shifted, and he caught the meat of her calf with his cane as she tried to kick him.

‘Bad girl! Let me just seal those legs for you as well.’ She couldn’t move enough avoid his grip, and there were chains and cuffs attached to the wooden base, which went around her ankles.

With those bound, her movements were restricted – she could shift her legs a little, but the angled bar was tight against her belly and held her in place, with another post holding the other end of the chain lashed to her neck.

He moved in front of her, staring into her hazel eyes. ‘Just because we’re in the countryside, is no excuse for poor behavior. I am a lenient master...’ That got a grunt, her fingers fumbling against the collar-lock until he tapped them with the cane. ‘...but poor behavior will be punished. Now, we agreed that you were to be released from your belt when you were able to find pleasure in being taken from behind. And so that lovely butt of yours needs some more training.’

He walked back around behind her – her chastity belt had a metal plate pierced with holes, over her crotch, but then the metal panels spread wide to allow full access to her other hole. Gregory spread her cheeks with his hand before spitting, as Evelyn fought against her restraints more, the metal chains clicking and clacking.

He was already hard as he unbuttoned his trousers and ground his cock between her tight buttocks, spitting again to ease his passage, his spit warm and slippery. Her gagged gasps and complaints turned to a hissing whimper as he slowly pushed into her, her pucker expanding to take his cock. At first, he could only put the tip in, warm spit easing his passage slightly, but he shoved deeper with every stroke, her body tight around him. She was still making noises of indignation before he slapped her backside, hard enough to leave a hand-mark on her pale skin.

‘You should be thankful to take your master’s cock like this! That hungry cunt of yours can’t be fed all the time. Once you’ve learned to feel pleasure from this, then we can go back to cunt-training.’

‘Mmmm!Mpppphhh!’ She started to shake in time with him, moving to match his strokes. Now he was all the way in, and he grabbed her hips, holding her close. So tight! Even better than the hot, consuming grasp of her cunt, she was practically pulling his shaft into herself, her backside hot and tight, compressing around his cock, almost as though it were trying to suck the cum out.

He ground away, enjoying the way she gulped and gasped beneath him, the gag making her sounds wet and sloppy. When he came, the cum shot into her, easing his passage further as he felt himself diminish, tapping his cock against her backside to clean some of it off.

‘Now, will you behave, or shall I leave you down here?’

‘Mmmpphhh. Soooppphy, Maphter.’

He slapped her backside. ‘Good meat. You see, good behavior brings rewards.’ He managed to find the key for the lock binding her neck, and then another key for her ankle fetters, letting her stand up. Cum was trickling from between her buttocks, a sheen between her thighs. ‘Although you’re still sleeping in your cage tonight.’

Evelyn stood up and glared at him, taking the time to tweak her clothing back into place before adjusting her hair, tossing her auburn curls around until she was satisfied. She followed obediently behind him, the heels and her bell making her presence heard, as he returned upstairs.

After the darkness of the basement, it was nice to be back upstairs, although the whole house tended towards the shadowy, with everything in dark oak, and the windows too small to properly illuminate anything. But it was sturdy, in good repair, and seemed to have everything. Even, much to her annoyance, a heavy and securely mounted cage in the master bedroom, that was large enough for Evelyn.

Evelyn moved close to him, her breasts pushing against his back.

‘I know you don’t like the atmosphere of the house, but it’s not haunted. There’s no-one here but us.’

She pressed even more closely against him, her hands holding his arm. And then he heard a creak, the sound loud in the still air.

‘It’s just the house settling.’

There was another creak, this one louder, coming from down the hallway – was that in the study? Gregory swallowed nervously, shifting his grip on the cane as Evelyn pulled herself even closer. He moved down the hallway, dragging her along with him.

The study door was a heavy wooden one, bound with iron, but it swung open easily as he touched it, the hinges silent.

A dark figure could be seen, hands rifling through the desk, papers whispering together. Behind him, Evelyn tensed and then screamed, managing to make a loud, warbling noise even through her gag.

The figure reacted with shock, twisting around to look at them, as Gregory held the cane up, ready to fight. As his eyes adjusted to the gloom, he could make out a feminine shape, the tight compression of a corsetted waist above full skirts, arms sheathed in dark fabric, hands hidden behind leather gloves. But everything was black, black-on-black, lace and leather and cloth all blurring together in darkness. There was no face, just a dark veil pinned in place beneath ash-blond hair, the only splash of color amongst the unrelenting *black*.

They slowly stepped away from the desk, their dress long enough that it seemed to puddle and pool at their feet, merging into the shadows and turning to face Gregory. Evelyn was now holding him so tightly it hurt, her nails digging into his arm. Were there eyes beneath that veil, a face? Or was this a ghost, some ethereal widow that haunted the place, swathed in darkness?

The floorboards creaked, and Gregory swallowed nervously. 'Who are you?'

The figure paused, gloved hands tugging at the long skirts, the veiled head dropping in a slight curtsy. 'Ah, you must be young master Gregory? My apologies, I did not realize you had moved in already.' The voice was female, the accent high-class and the words well-spoken. 'I had... lent Leopold... some books. I couldn't find them.'

The church bell tolled, ringing the hour.

'I have other appointments, you really must excuse me.'

She walked forward, her skirts thick enough to hide the motion of her legs, making her seem to float. She had a fine figure, her waist slender, corset curving to show what looked to be large breasts beneath. She brushed past, a citrus scent hovering in the air behind her, not quite covering up another, earthier scent.

'Good day to you, Master Gregory.'

Before he could say anything else, she had walked past, sweeping down the hallway, and then around the corner and out of sight.

Evelyn whimpered and pressed herself against him, as he stroked her head and hair, kissing her on the forehead until she was calmer. 'Just a neighbor. I think? A very strange neighbor.'

She slowly relaxed, but she pressed tightly against him, the soft warmth of her body making him hard again.

'Time to put you into your cage for the night.'

She shook her head, hair flicking about. 'Nppphhh! Pleaph? Caph I sleph wiph you, maphter?' She had to speak slowly, her head tilted and swallowing often, to avoid dribbling down herself.

'Are you scared?'

She looked up at him, her eyes wide and she nodded again. 'Pleaph?'

He stroked her hair. 'Only if you behave and show me your mouth training.'

She nodded her head, more urgently now, before dropping to her knees and sloppily nuzzling his crotch, dribbling onto the fine fabric before he unlocked her gag. He had to push her head back to get space to lower his trousers, before her head slid forward, taking his length in a single motion. She moved her hands upwards, cupping his balls, gently stroking and squeezing, wrapping her fingers around his cock as she drew back, pumping it until he was fully erect.

He stroked her head, smiling down at her. 'Good girl. She was a bit strange, wasn't she? Fine figure.'

She narrowed her eyes, gripping him a little more tightly than was comfortable.

'Easy there, or you'll be down in the dungeon.'

She used her mouth again, flicking her tongue around, speaking between cock-filled gulps. 'Sophy, Maphter. She scarphed meph thoughph!'

He grabbed the back of her head and pulled her close in, feeling her throat tighten around the intrusion, her hands limply resting against his legs. Her tongue continued to swill around in her mouth, making him gasp in pleasure until he couldn't hold back, coming into her mouth.

Evelyn drew back, holding her mouth open to show his seed, holding her mouth open, white-stained spit flowing over her tongue.

'Good girl. Swallow.'

She grimaced slightly but obeyed.

'Time to put you down for the night.'

She had to stretch her jaw before she could talk. 'In the bed? You promised, master!'

‘Yes, yes, in the bed. Although you’re not having the belt removed.’

He gave her a shove and she started walking ahead of him, through the central hall and up the wide staircase, shivering when she had to walk through a dark and narrow passageway, the walls paneled in oak, before waiting by the door to the master bedroom while he found the key. Every room in the place seemed to have its own lock, and there was no master key! He was starting to develop a bruise on his hip from where they hung, bashing into him if he moved too quickly.

As soon as he opened the door, she scurried inside, throwing herself onto the bed, spreading her limbs wide in pleasure.

‘Strip first!’

She pouted before obeyed, removing her skimpy outfit and folding it over the back of a chair. ‘I’ll have to see if a village girl needs a job. Bit far to send down to London for one, and you could do with a maid to deal with all your clothing. And one to do the cooking would be nice, and one for the cleaning as well.’ Metal clicks sounded out as she locked her ankles into cuffs, spreading her legs wide, then holding her arms above her head so he could lock her arms into place. She was a lovely sight – naked, exposed and vulnerable, her legs spread, with only the shiny metal of the chastity belt on her toned body. He tickled her tummy, feeling her swiftly inhale.

‘Please don’t tease me, master!’

He tapped her chastity, making her groan, before resting his hand on the metal, pushing it against her body.

She bit her lip and shivered again before speaking. ‘That woman, the ghost... she smelled like me. Beneath her scent, she smelled like this bloody belt you refuse to take off.’

He pinched her nipple, hard enough to make her gasp in a breath. ‘I’ll punish you for that language later. I’ll have to ask around, to see if anyone knows who she is. What do you mean though?’ He kept his grip tight on her flesh, crushing the tender part of her body between his fingers.

‘She was wet, I’ll bet. Drenched and sopping. Just like me!’ She bucked her hips, and he caught a sudden whiff of her scent, the lust bound behind the metal. ‘Please, master? I’ll be good, just... Just use me! Not my backside, but me! Please?’ Her voice took on a whining tone, and he shook his head before giving her nipple a savage twist.

‘I think you’ve earned yourself a gag for the night. Hmmm, the muzzle I think.’

She shook around, trying to evade him, but it was easy to hold her head in place and lock the leather straps tightly, her mouth now covered with leather and her jaw bound shut. She grunted in irritation, shaking her body a few times in protest before closing her eyes and pretending to sleep. He pinched her belly before standing. ‘Keep the bed warm for me.’

She gave a grunt, before twisting her head on the pillow to make herself comfortable, as he left. He really needed to get a cook – the local traveler’s inn had a very limited range! And maybe he could find something out about the mysterious woman, and why she had been in his study. And *how* she had gotten into the study, as every door in the place was locked!

Chapter Two: Old House, New Staff

A loud gurgling sound woke Gregory up, a body wriggling beneath him. He shook his head, trying to clear out the hangover fug. They'd been serving up something called "scrumpy" – it tasted of apples, but from how his head felt, was a lot stronger. The gurgling sound came again, this time accompanied by Evelyn wriggling around, at least the small amount she could between her restraints and his weight on top of her. Her body was warm and soft, his arm wrapped around the curve of her hip, his cock hardening against her thigh.

Her stomach gurgled again. 'Mphter!'

He hugged her, starting to grind against her. It would be nice if she wasn't in the belt, so he could fuck her, but it was part of her training. And she was getting lovely and squirmy and desperate! Far better than her previous, stiff-necked pride. His cock caught on the metal of her belt and he winced, before getting up and untying her ankles.

Before she could start wriggling around, he bent her over, tethering her ankles to the headboard, so her butt was up in the air.

It was an awkward position for fucking, but he spread her buttocks wide. His mouth was so dry it took a few attempts to spit between her cheeks, lubing her up for an ass-fucking. She grunted in protest but couldn't do more than shift about a little, her face out of sight, as he started to push into her.

'Damn, you're nice and tight back here!' His hips banged against the metal ridges of the belt as he thrust in and out, deeper each time, before shifting his position to be able to see her face. Despite her grunts of annoyance, her eyelids were fluttering, her body on the edge of pleasure but not quite going there, before he came into her.

He sagged against her before pulling himself out, her contorted body very uncomfortable to try and lay against, especially with her stomach rumbling and grumbling.

'Grrrpphh!'

He rolled over and sprawled on the bed to catch his breath, ignoring Evelyn's complaints and the chinking of her chains as she tried to make herself comfortable, wishing the dry pounding in his own head would fade away. When she managed to rock herself enough to start bumping into him, he reached over and fumbled with her muzzle, managing to find the strap and open it up.

The leather slid off her head as he pulled himself up, cock fully hard now. It caught her across an eye first before he straddled her shoulders, her legs on either side of his body. Her tongue flicked out, rolling around the tip of his cock, tickling his crown, before he slid further into her mouth. She started to move her head forward and back, despite the awkward angle, sucking her cheeks in and out.

'Good girl, good girl!' The training really was paying off – she had used to resist more than taking the tip into her mouth, but now her throat was able to accommodate his length easily. She made an indignant sound as he used her mouth and throat as a fuck-hole, making gulping, hacking sounds, chains of spit joining her mouth to her shaft.

When he came, it was over her face, sticky cum spraying over her features, her eyes tightly shutting just in time. Her tongue licked out again, her lips kissing at his cock and cleaning it, before she ran her tongue around her lips, taking the cum into her mouth.

‘And to think you used to dislike the taste of it!’

Her stomach rumbled again. She spoke, clearly struggling to keep her tone light and happy. ‘Master, can I have some food?’ She gnashed her teeth together with sharp clicks. ‘Please?’

‘Hmmm, I think I have some dried biscuits.’

She sighed but opened her mouth wide as he pulled himself off the bed. There was a slightly greasy odor coming from somewhere and he spotted half a pie, wrapped in newspaper, lumps of meat visible amongst the pastry and congealed gravy. He must have bought that pack home last night.

He picked it up and returned to the bed, pulling it apart and holding a piece of meat above Evelyn’s mouth. She strained her neck upwards, tongue stretching out before he dropped the meat in. ‘Good girl. Just like a dog.’ Evelyn tried to growl, but it was hard when she was also chewing through the meat, gulping it down, holding her mouth open for more. He chuckled, feeding her a little more, her stomach quietening. ‘Good girl. This is far better than when you used to resist all the time, isn’t it?’

He stroked her body as he fed her, feeling her heart starting to race. He could smell her now, the scent of her lust wafting up from behind her chastity belt. She gave a heavy sigh, before clearly forcing herself to smile.

‘Please master, may I be released from my belt?’

‘No. I’m training your asshole. Until you can come from that, then you are not allowed.’

‘But... Please? Please, master!’

He slapped her breast. ‘No. Horny slut! You know the rules.’

She sighed and sank down against the bed, whining in dejection.

‘I found out a little about the ghostly lady. Apparently, she’s a widow, which explains all the black. Quite a beauty, at least when she showed her face instead of wearing a veil. Her husband passed some few months ago, and she has worn the black since. So you needn’t worry about evil spirits. Quite what she was doing here, I’m not sure. Perhaps some affair with Leopold? He was certainly the sort.’

‘I don’t like her.’ Evelyn shivered. ‘And she smells like she’s sex-starved.’

‘Well, she is a widow.’

‘She still has hands! Or just find someone to fuck her!’

Gregory pinched a nipple. ‘Language!’

‘Oww! Sorry, master.’ She didn’t sound it, but his head was pounding so much he let go.

‘I’ve got a man coming. He’s bringing some meat, to help around the place. I don’t want you getting jealous. Or do you want to learn to cook and clean?’

‘...No, master.’ She managed a smile. ‘I want to be your special girl.’

He gave her some more food. ‘Good girl. Behave, and you might even be allowed to order some of them around yourself. Misbehave, and you might end up tied over the kitchen table for them to use.’

She tried to rub against him again, although her bindings prevented her moving much. ‘You wouldn’t do that, would you? I’m your special girl, I don’t want to be used by common slatterns and sluts.’ She stretched her head forward but couldn’t move far enough to kiss him.

‘Remember your place, behave, and I won’t. Now, as we have company, behave, or I’ll lock you away for a few days.’ He shook his head and roused himself from the bed, the air cold

enough to wake him fully. A few more maids around the place would make it warmer and more comfortable! They would probably not be as pretty or refined as Evelyn, but a few more cock-sheathes would make it more entertaining. And be needed if he were able to convince anyone to come and visit – there certainly didn't seem to be much to do for entertainment, at least compared to what he was used to in London.

He dressed himself first, picking out well-made but plain clothing – the fellow was local, and likely to be over-awed by the finest fashions. As he admired himself in the mirror, Evelyn's stomach rumbled again, and she shook herself in her restraints, but was sensible enough not to say anything as he released her from her bindings.

She stretched out, stretching her arms and legs and pushing her chest forward, before lunging for the pie and devouring the remnants. Then she stood, straight-necked (not that her collar gave her any choice) and posed for him, flicking a few crumbs off her belly, making sure none fell into her chastity belt.

'And how should I dress, master?'

He coughed at her until she remembered her place, going from staring at him to looking down at the floor, as a slave should.

'To make an impression, I think. The gauze again – that shows you off to best advantage.'

She smiled and began to dress herself, making a show of it, almost dancing as she slowly twisted and curved her body. In the early morning sunlight, her hair shone, her skin smooth and pale. Stockings rolled up her legs, sheathing the toned flesh of her calves and thighs. The dress itself fell past her knees but was made of sheer gauze that showed her body through it, the bottom fringed with lace, the sleeves falling to her metal cuffs. Even the pinny added to the erotic appeal – it was made of translucent material, the double layer over her breasts and belly making her skin tantalisingly on the edge of being fully visible, but not quite. Although it was a maid's outfit, it was pretty clear that she wouldn't be doing any actual work.

Evelyn fluffed her hair to make sure that none of it was caught in the neckline of the dress, then twisted her collar to make sure it was properly aligned. She then descended on the mirror, pulling out the various pots and oils and lotions that she had to apply, reddening her face and rouging her cheeks, making her eyes appear large and dark-rimmed, her eyelids tinted, eyelashes larger than life.

Just in time as well, as he heard the heavy thud of the doorknocker. He really needed a doorman, or a butler! There was another delay as Evelyn had to strap high-heeled shoes onto her feet, adding another few inches onto her height and improving her posture.

'Now, behave, or it'll be the muzzle again.'

She puckered her lips at him before twisting her shoulders and drawing her dress tight, sending another stir of desire through him. Maybe later, they could spend some more time down in the cellar, find whatever other toys were down there? But for now, he needed to get some staff.

The knocker sounded again, several thuds in quick succession, and he pulled Evelyn behind him towards the front door, fumbling for the keys, wincing as every stride made them bash against his already-bruised leg.

He opened the door, a chill breeze rushing in. Someone pushed past, shaking dew off their coat, pulling on a rope halter and dragging in several more people, all wearing dull and ragged cloaks, waxed to keep the rain off.

'Mornin', guvnor. Didn't expect a cove like you to be around this place, least not so soon.' The speaker was tall and gaunt, face tanned and weathered as he looked around. 'Not done

much with the place yet? Although ol' Leopold's only just in the ground. Well, I guess you're wanting staff?' He looked past Gregory and must have seen Evelyn from how his eyes widened. 'Well, uh, looks like you've got some needs sorted!' He remembered himself enough to remove his hat, revealing a long and slightly ratty ponytail of black hair, dipping his head in a hasty bow.

'Ain't got the range you get in the smoke, but I thought your tastes would run fancy, so I bought a few choice pieces, least by local standards. Mind if we go somewhere with a little more space? I'm Tennant, by the way.' He held out his hand and Gregory shook it – it was worn and calloused, but clean.

'Gregory Pelham.'

'Aye, I know that much. The old man seemed to like you, says you reminded him of his youth.' As he spoke, he was looking at Evelyn, openly smiling. Well, she was dressed to impress, and easy to look at!

'This way.'

They stepped into one of the dining rooms, although it was currently unfurnished. Tennant tugged on the rope, the others obediently following along.

'Now then.' He tugged harder on the rope, pulling the first girl forward and pulling off her cloak. 'This is Sephy. Good girl, well-trained, could work as a kitchen-maid, can cook a bit. Bit heavy-handed, so probably not who you want cleaning your delicacies, leastways nothing breakable.'

She curtseyed, although a muzzle-gag sealed her mouth. She was a plump little thing, dressed in a practical maid's outfit, although the front was cut low enough to highlight her impressive bosom. Tennant lifted up her dress to show a chastity belt locked in place – compared to the bright steel of Evelyn's, this one was crude iron, not quite properly fitted, some of her skin worn and chafed where it rubbed.

'She's had enough training to be obedient. Not the best lay, but nice as a bedwarmer. Next up, there's Tess. She's good for cleaning and tidying. Bit too tidy, so I'm told, but she can read as well, and be trusted with running into town for chores.'

This one was taller, and ungagged, her long legs stirring his interest, Evelyn making a jealous grunt from behind him and giving him an elbow to the ribs. She curtseyed, holding her skirts up to reveal her crotch, her chastity belt fitting tightly to her flesh, with a space where a name-plate should be, but had been sheared off.

'And then there's Rachael. She's a city girl but got dumped out here. She's a looker – not quite fully-trained, but if you're anything like Leopold, you can manage her. Could be fun for a tumble, or to entertain your guests. Not as fancy as your piece, but probably easier to look after.'

Gregory approached her – unlike the other two, she shifted awkwardly as he approached, making an uncertain sound through the oversized leather wad belted into her mouth. She had a better figure than the others, although running a little plump – that could be sorted easily enough by putting her to work. He felt her breasts – they were well-sized, and she reacted with a rather fetching shiver and a sigh, flinching when he squeezed harder.

'Lash-trained?'

Tennant held his hand up and shook it uncertainly. 'They're shy of pain, that's about the most of it. Take a whip to 'em and they'll be crying for mercy soon enough.'

Rachael shivered in his grip again.

'But they're good girls, and not like to complain. Give 'em a treat now and again, let 'em have the belt off, and they'll be sweet as sugar, ain't that right?'

All three of them grunted in response and dropped into rather sloppy curtseys. He took Rachael by the chin and tilted her face – she had fair enough features, although could do with some makeup. He nodded.

‘Hmmm. They are certainly better than I expected!’ He’d been dreading rough-faced and whiskered countryfolk, with faces like wrinkled apples, but all three were attractive, and already trained. They certainly wouldn’t be front and center at any respectable club, but would function as staff, and be something to entertain himself with, and any guests he might have. ‘Very well, they will do.’

Tennant stuck his hand out again. ‘My word on it, they’ll serve you well. Might not be the best trade out here, but I know my meat! All three, soft and juicy, squire, just for you, if you fancy a change from your fancy meat.’ Evelyn hissed at him. ‘Now, old Leopold settled up on time – can I trust you the same?’

Gregory shook his hand, the two of them squeezing, not hard enough to cause discomfort, but there was definite relief when they both let go at the same time. ‘I am currently in the middle of rather a lot of re-organization.’ He gestured at the emptiness of the room. ‘But I will have a banker’s draft drawn up the next time I am in town? If you are able to process such a thing?’

‘Aye, just like Leopold. Much easier than lots of coin. Might not look it, but I got meself a banker, all legit. Well, mostly legit. Want me to cage them? There’s a set down near the kitchens if you’ve not found them yet.’

Gregory hadn’t, but didn’t want to appear ignorant of his own house. ‘Yes, take them there.’

Tennant pulled on the rope halter and the three of them started shuffling along, with Gregory walking behind. Evelyn slid her hand into his, pressing her body close, and he whispered into her ear.

‘Cute, aren’t they? Be nice to have some staff. And you can teach them a little, make them look nicer and how to carry themselves and wear proper heels.’

‘Yepphh Mapher.’ She gag-kissed him, nuzzling her sealed mouth against his cheek as they were led through several dark passages, the floor suddenly becoming flagstones rather than wood, the temperature dropping further. From all the pipes on the walls and the cupboards and chests, this was the servant’s area – they strode through a good-sized kitchen, pots and pans trying to shine through a layer of dust. A small storeroom held six cages, each coming up to his waist, all securely bolted to the floor.

‘If you’d do the honors, Master Gregory.’

He tried not to feel self-conscious as he fumbled through the far-too-many keys, discarding those that clearly couldn’t fit, having to try several before finding one that slid in.

‘They’re not shy, so could fit two into a cage?’

Gregory nodded – that would mean less fumbling for keys! The nice-looking one and the plump one were pushed into a single cage, their bodies pushed together, but they did so without complaint. The tall and lean one, Tess, was pushed into another cage, before Gregory locked them in. Evelyn made a satisfied sound and nuzzled him again, enjoying her relative freedom and being clearly above them.

‘I’ll let you tend to their training, then. Ain’t no rest for the working man! But you let me know if you fancy any more meat. These three ain’t bad.’ He kicked the cage, Rachael and Sephy both squashed in too tightly to move as the metal rattled. ‘But with a little more notice, might be able to get something nicer. Not as fancy as your piece, but a bit better than these.’ He leaned over, poking a finger into Sephy or Rachael, it was impossible to tell which. ‘Now, you

behave for your new master, or it's back to the auction pit for you. And your new owner won't be so nice, you understand me?"

All three of them made grunting noises and nodded their heads.

'You just let me know if any of them up act up. I like to keep my customers satisfied. God for business 'n all that. But if you're like Leopold, I'm sure you'll have them well-trained soon enough.'

'Of course. And thank you for securing them in such a short time.'

'I got my contacts, that I do! Might not be the finest, but they're fine enough for a few days' notice. I'll miss little Sephy though, she's a nice little wriggler, and a good bed-warmer.' He tickled her through the cage, making her twitch about, her flesh compressed against the cage bars. 'That door'll get me out, if you'd do the honors.'

He pointed at a small door, the wood so dark Gregory hadn't noticed it before. It took some more ungainly fumbling with keys, but eventually he was able to open it up, and Tennant took his leave, Gregory locking the door shut again.

'Now, Sephy, you are going to clean the kitchen. Is that understood?'

She nodded her head.

'Tess, you are going to help her. Rachael, this is Evelyn. She is going to show you her clothing, and you will be helping to look after it.'

It seemed a little silly getting them out of their cages only just after putting them in, but at least now they knew what awaited them if they were disobedient. Sephy already had grid-lines embedded into her flesh from the cage, pale lines that looked uncomfortable and promised to be slow to fade.

'Good girls. Now, obey me, and I will treat you well. Disobey me, and you'll be shipped to the mines, or I'll donate you to a prison.'

All three of them kept their eyes down, their shoulders hunched. Tess managed to mumble out a gagged "yeph", as she and Tess stepped back into the kitchen, already opening up cupboards to look for cleaning rags, or whatever it was they actually needed. Evelyn descended on Rachael, fingers darting into the girl's slightly tatty hair and trying to pluck it into better shape.

Chapter Three: Black Room, Blacker Clothes

Steam billowed around the kitchen, bringing with it the scent of cooking meat and vegetables as lunch was prepared. Gregory had his arm wrapped around Evelyn, who was perched comfortably on his lap, currently ungagged and unrestrained, except for her collar and cuffs, and dressed in a fine linen dress, that highlighted her slender waist and long legs. Tess was doing something arduous-looking with some of the dirty pans, scrubbing ferociously at them, doing little to dislodge burnt food from the metal. Both were gagged, leather straps bound around their faces, Sephy's tight enough to stop her dribbling into the food.

He raised his wineglass, and Rachael stepped forward. There was a metallic scraping sound, the iron ball tethered to her ankle scraping along the floor, as she refilled his glass, before offering the bottle to Evelyn, who nodded, and Rachael filled her glass as well.

'Good girl. Keep it up, and maybe the ball can be removed.'

'Yeph, mapther.' She was keeping her head tilted back, but there was still spit shining on her breasts.

Evelyn drank from her glass, wriggling around to make herself comfortable, although the chastity belt scraped against him.

'It's a lot warmer in here! Although the décor is rather lacking.'

'It's a working kitchen, it's not really meant to look nice. The food smells good though.' Sephy turned to give him what was probably a smile, bending over enough to show off her own chest. He'd not taken the time to fuck any of them yet – Rachael was the most attractive, but she was still bristly and unfriendly; maybe some time in the cellar would loosen her up a little?

There was a sudden loud crash from somewhere, the sound echoed and distorted. Sephy and Tess both jumped, moving closer towards each other and looking nervous, Rachael shuddering. Evelyn wrapped her arms around him, her breasts pushing against his face before he could turn his head to be able to breath.

'It's a ghost!'

All four of the girls looked terrified, as Gregory tried to pry her too-tight arms from around his neck. 'I'm sure it's just something falling over.'

Rachael shook her head, making expansive gestures with her hands, mimicking a cloak or something similarly billowing, before moving a hand down her face and shivering. Sephy and Tess both looked terrified, holding each other close as they shivered. There was another crash, Gregory just barely avoiding strangulation by Evelyn before pushing her away.

'I'll go and have a look.'

All of them nodded, looking relieved that someone was dealing with it, even Evelyn unable to talk, as she slid off his lap and let him stand. Without her on top of him, it felt suddenly cold, but he stepped outside of the kitchen, Evelyn trailing closely behind, one hand holding onto the back of his top, apparently feeling safer with him than with the other maids. He turned and locked the door just in case any of them got it into their heads to try and escape. Then he paused, waiting for another crash, trying to ignore the startled squeaks from behind the door and

Evelyn's nervous presence. He headed towards the source of the noise, at least as far as he could tell.

The house was annoyingly twisty, but he followed the occasional echoes and crashes, Evelyn shivering against him with every sound. Soon, he came to another heavy wooden door, but this one was already ajar, the sounds clearly coming from within.

He pushed it fully open, wishing he had taken a poker or something else to use as a weapon. It was well-lit by a lantern, illuminating what looked like a training room – although well-appointed, with comfortable seats facing well-maintained stocks and other restraints, enough of an open space at the front to allow for displaying of whatever was going on. There was movement – in one corner, cloth shifted around.

It took him a moment to realize that it was a pair of legs, behind thick, black skirts, their wearer bent over at the waist, some wooden device having clamped over their head and arms, forcing them to stay bent. The legs kicked and strained, feminine grunts as someone tried to break out of the stocks, without success. Gregory approached, Evelyn still hanging onto him, taking a cane from a pot, raising it and cracking it across the buttocks.

There was a loud yelp of pain, and he felt the yielding buttock-flesh, as well as the resistance of metal. 'Owww!'

Evelyn suddenly darted forward and flipped the skirt up, revealing legs, wrapped in black silk stockings, a delicious flash of pale thigh-meat at the top, tarnished metal sealing away their cunt. Their dress had taken most of the force of his strike, but there was still a welt forming along the curve of a buttock.

A leg tried to kick out at him, but it was easy to evade, and he struck again, this time aiming for bare flesh. 'Oww! Desist, sir!'

Evelyn ducked in and grabbed the woman's thighs. 'She's drenched, master.'

Gregory looked himself – he could see that her thighs were indeed wet, the smell of lust heavy in the air. As Evelyn stroked her thighs, her cries of pain softened.

'I apologize for intruding, but please let me go!'

'Ah, the good widow Westwick, I would guess? Come looking for something else? Was it the key to this?' He tapped fingers against her chastity belt and could hear her groan. He started looking through the bundle of keys, trying different ones that looked like they might fit.

'I... I thought the key might have been dropped in here.' She gasped again as Evelyn leaned forward and nipped at her thighs, hard enough to leave a mark, then licking her tongue up the soft skin, tasting the other woman's pussy-juice.

A key slid into the lock and turned, the padlock popping open. He carefully pulled it away from her flesh – she must have been wearing it continually for quite some time, as it had left a mark on her flesh around her waist, a slightly unpleasant tint to the skin where she hadn't been able to wash. But the scent of her lust was overpowering – her unkempt pubic hair glistened as she shook about again, shaking her hips, lips spread wide in anticipation.

He had a look at the device she was in – it looked like a combination between stocks and a guillotine, with the upper part of the mechanism in vertical slats, designed to come down when triggered. She must have stuck her head through in her investigation, and set it off, trapping herself!

'Well, you certainly seem eager to make friends.' He slipped a hand between her legs, as her thighs tensed together. He pressed the back of his hand against her cunt, finding it sopping wet, the curls of her pubic hair soft against him skin. She made another whimper, tightening around him and trying to grind against him. Did she even realize what she was doing? 'You

seem rather desperate.’ He pushed his hand harder against her, feeling her flesh yield under the pressure, warm wetness spreading against his hand.

‘Would you like me to put the belt back on?’

She didn’t answer, but started to grind her hips against him, pushing against his hand. He drew his hand back, her skin slippery enough with grimy sweat and pussy-juice that it was easy to withdraw it from between her thighs. She gave a sigh of disappointment as he withdrew his hand.

Evelyn looked up at him, unsure how to proceed. Although her cheeks were starting to tint red, the physical *need* transmitting itself between the women.

‘Perhaps I should leave you here and come back later?’ He started to gently finger her crotch, easily parting her folds but not penetrating her, even with a fingertip. ‘Well?’ He drew his hand back and spanked her, hard enough to leave an imprint. ‘I prefer it when my meat answers questions.’

‘I’m not meat!’

He spanked her again. ‘Answer, or the belt goes back on. Now, would you like me to replace the belt?’

There was a long pause before she answered. ‘...No.’ He slapped her backside again. Her flesh was smooth and tight – she must have married, and been widowed, quite young, to still be in fine form.

‘No, *Master*.’ He slipped a finger into her, and her whole body tensed, a long and whimpering sigh escaping her lips. ‘Address me properly.’

‘Augh! You’re just as bad as that bastard Leopold! He...’ Whatever she had been about to say was cut off by a loud moan as he flicked her nub, making her shudder and twitch.

‘Call me “master”, and I might let you come.’

Her hips were twisting now, as she tried to draw her finger into him, her walls tightening, tightening around him. He felt his cock stir, Evelyn looking around and seeing the bulge in his trousers and frowning, before putting her hand against his cock and stroking it through his trousers.

‘I... I won’t! Just, please... finish me...’ Her voice was raw and wretched, shot through with desperation.

‘Only those that obey get rewarded.’ Evelyn’s fingers were warm and firm around him as she eased his cock out and started to drop to her knees before he pushed her away. ‘Maybe later. This one needs training.’ He took a firm grasp of her hips and started to grind against her, spreading her buttocks.

‘Hey! What are you doing!’

‘Hmmm, have you never been taken there?’ Her feet shifted around until Evelyn grabbed them, pulling them together as he spat between the widow’s butt-cheeks, then slid into her.

She was even tighter than Evelyn, although that might be because she wasn’t as well-used. It took more thrusting back and forth to get in, slowly penetrating inwards, pushing into her tense muscles. Her wrists knocked around against the stocks, but she couldn’t break free, or get out of Evelyn’s grip.

‘No! Please, not there!’ Her words trailed off as he pushed into her, feeling her body accept the intrusion. ‘Auuughhhh...’

He managed to push further and further into her, slapping her backside whenever she started to struggle again, the pain serving to still her struggles.

‘Fuck me, you’re a tight ride!’

He came and then slowly withdrew, first letting himself shrink inside of her, her flesh pushing back against him. Her pucker only slowly closed up after the intrusion, as he wiped himself against her buttocks.

She whined again, unable to form words. 'You are delightful company. I think I will invite you back around.' He fingered her again, and then locked the chastity belt back in place.

'Nooo... Please...'

'If you can persuade me, I might let you out of it. I expect you to attend dinner tonight. At 6, promptly.'

She seethed against her restraints, unable to break free – stout and sturdy wood, she had no chance of escape. He'd have to play with them later on, figure out how they worked.

'Now, I do hope you won't be so rude as to turn down a neighborly invitation?' He squeezed her backside, enjoying the feel of the flesh. 'Perhaps it's easier to just leave you here until then.'

'The... key?'

'I might let you have it. But you'll have to come back.'

'Grrr!' She twisted around, only relenting after more pinching of her buttocks. 'This is most underhanded, sir!'

Evelyn took over, stroking her fingers over the woman's soft thighs, lightly stroking the flesh with her nails, before raking them down the sensitive inner thigh-meat.

'Not so rough, Evelyn. Now, please don't make too much noise, while I go and get the staff to prepare dinner.'

'This is most un-mmmppphh!' Evelyn reached around and a heavy sack over her head, cutting off her speech, using a belt to seal her mouth over the top.

Evelyn rubbed against him, kissing him on the cheek. 'Our first dinner party!'

He flicked her forehead. 'My first dinner party. You are part of the entertainment, remember? Although probably not as entertaining as this one. Now, shall we go and inform the staff of the change of plans?'

'Oh yes, master!'

They left, Gregory admiring the kicking and tense legs, before closing the door to seal her in.

Chapter Four: Dinner for Three

With the windows fully open and the curtains spread wide, the dining room was merely “dingy” rather than “oppressively dark”. Evelyn was still hanging tightly onto his arm, not liking the heavy and oppressive furnishings, far too many dark crevices and heavy, oaken cabinets and tables. It did have a certain style to it, but it scarcely seemed to be an appropriate place for light entertainment, instead it was more suited heavy, portentous events, like the reading of wills or announcements of death. It smelled of dry dust and disuse as well, the only lively scents from Evelyn – her perfume not enough to cover her lust, juices flowing from behind her chastity. It had been several months since her pussy had last been used – no wonder she was getting a little horny!

Rachel and Tess were working, as they had been for most of the afternoon, heavy pans of dust having been wiped off the surfaces, the dark wood made to gleam. It had been a leisurely afternoon for Gregory, bugging Evelyn and ignoring her pleading to have the belt removed, as the girls had begun to clean to get everything ready.

Still staying close to him, Evelyn reached out towards one of the cabinets and pulled out a complicated-looking metal device, all sorts of straps and links that dangled from her hand around a fat, stubby dildo. She shook it questioningly, trying to smooth it into a coherent shape. Gregory took it from her, twisting and pulling it over. ‘For oral training. Rachael, over here.’

She looked around nervously, but there was no way to pretend she hadn’t heard, walking over, dark curls bouncing. If she would smile more, she would look a lot better!

‘Open wide.’

She obeyed, stretching her red lips wide, Gregory strapping the device around her head. It was a curved dildo attached to head-straps, made to hinge, well-maintained so that only a slight push was needed to make the dildo slide in. One strap went over the bridge of Rachael’s nose, then under her chin and around the back of her neck, a circular metal ring on each cheek connecting the sliding dildo to the head harness. When it was all in place, the dildo nestled in her mouth, forcing her to keep her lips wide. Leather “reins” dangled down, attached to more metal rings that were connected onto the bottom of the device. He saw her struggle to swallow.

‘Good girl. No dribbling, if you please. Now, Evelyn, tug on the reins.’

Evelyn gave a gentle pull on the leather straps, and the whole thing hinged, the dildo curving upwards and into Rachael’s mouth, her cheeks puffing out in surprise.

‘Euuph!’

‘You see? The reins can be attached so that it hinges from a pull on the front, or on the back. A few people use them to train their carriage-pullers – if they’re moving too fast, a swift pull will slow them down. Just like a bridle. Or as cock-trainers. Not something you’ve ever needed help with, but for those that struggle with such matters.’

Evelyn pulled again, harder this time, the dildo sliding in almost completely. Rachael’s head tilted back, eyes rolling and throat bulging at the sudden intrusion. She made a strangled gulp, hands twitching at her side.

‘How very inventive!’ Evelyn let go, and Rachael nodded her head sharply forward, with enough force to slide the intruder out, the shaft now covered with spit.

‘If you were ever too loud when visiting the theatre, I was thinking of getting you one. But your throat has never needed much training.’

Evelyn yanked on the reins again, violating Rachael’s throat, this time holding the reins taut, Rachael’s eyes rolling back and tears starting to form as she tried not to gag and choke, cheeks puffed out.

‘Try do let them finish their work first, Evelyn. And I was thinking of using that on our merry widow. She will probably be thankful for the sensation! And you could use it to lead her around town, with most of the device hidden behind her veil.’

Evelyn purred and pushed herself against him, her body soft and warm. ‘Oh? She seems rather cold. And you’ve already got me.’ She nuzzled close, her presence making him hard.

‘I think it would do you good to have some company of rank. And she is rather attractive – I think the two of you would complement each other well. Some more feminine company of elevation would do you good. The two of you could talk about dresses and theatre and other, um... female things.’ He squeezed her backside and she pressed her body against his, the rigid panels of her corset tight against him. ‘And you could tease her and spank her as well, of course.’

That seemed to make Evelyn relax. For a slave, she was very jealous of her position!

‘Thank you, Master Gregory.’ She gave him a kiss on the cheek, squeaking when he groped her ass again. ‘Do you think she will come?’

‘Not while I’ve got this!’ He held up the key to the chastity belt – plain and unornamented, impossible to tell what it was for. ‘I think she is rather desperate. Just like you.’ He kissed her back. ‘Although you are rather more likely to get your desire.’

She gave him a sudden bright and desperate smile. ‘Really? You’re going to let me...?’

‘Well, eventually. If you’re good enough. And when you’ve started to appreciate being sodomised more.’

‘Master... Please?’ She started grinding against him, and he could feel the belt against his leg.

‘No. If you help me make the good widow Westwick into a nice little fuck-toy, then maybe that can be your reward. Would you like that?’ He kissed her on the lips, gentle and slow, feeling her breath come out in a slow sigh.

‘Mmm... Please, yes...’

‘Good. Then prepare everything for tonight, and you may get your wish. And maybe prepare Rachael for her position as a serving maid?’

She gave an absent yank on the reins, making Rachael sputter and hack and cough.

‘Yes, Master.’

When he returned later, the room was fully prepared, with a white tablecloth covering up the dark wood of the table, candles burning away and doing something to dispel the darkness. Rachael was still wearing the bridle-gag, although her maid outfit was now a showier one, cut short to show off her plump thighs, a laced fringe showing off her breasts. From how her makeup was running from around her eyes, Evelyn hadn’t been shy about using the gag, forcing the wide cock into the maid’s mouth again and again.

Gregory approached, and she grunted questioningly as he lifted her skirt, tapping his fingers against the chastity belt beneath – a crude and functional one, the metal in need of a polish.

‘You can clean that afterwards.’

She grunted at him, dribble oozing around the gag – the reins had been looped around her neck, holding it fully inserted into her mouth. It made her pant in a rather lovely way, her breasts rising and falling. He reached into her dress and groped at them, ignoring her indignant “mmmphhh”. They were a good size – not quite as pert as Evelyn’s, but soft and warm. ‘Maybe a tit-fuck later?’

‘Mpggh.’ Her answer was curt, as he squeezed a nipple, squashing it between his fingers until he saw tears beading in her eyes.

‘Don’t be rude, or it’ll be the cage for you. Or worse.’

‘Ypeh, Maphter.’

He let go, stroking her breast instead. ‘Good girl. Much better. Now, for tonight, you are to serve, be polite, and maybe help restrain the widow, if she is... restive. Do you understand?’

She nodded, at least as much as she could with the cock in her throat.

‘Very good.’ He heard a bell chime, followed by a door creaking open. ‘That must be her now. On your best behavior, then.’ He stood back, Rachael trying to stand straight, tears still forming in her eyes.

It didn’t take long until the door to the dining room opened, and a dark-clad figure swept in. her face was covered by the veil again, her body robed in darkness, still tightly corsetted, waist compressed to a delightful and trim shape, a bustle exaggerating her behind, hair in a tight bun. By contrast, Evelyn was dressed in red, her shoulders and arms bare, her collar hidden beneath several silk scarves around her neck, her own corset pushing her breasts up and waist in, skirts falling around her legs.

‘Good evening, Master Pelham.’ Her voice was strong and confident – impressive, considering she had only recently been released and allowed to fix her clothing and hair. ‘I hope we can resolve this matter swiftly.’ With the veil in place, he couldn’t read her expression at all, but her voice was firm and determined, words well enunciated. Gregory sat down, lounging comfortably in a chair, Evelyn sitting in his lap, making a happy sigh as she made herself comfortable, letting herself be stroked.

She sat down herself and lifted her veil, revealing a sharp chin and well-defined cheekbones, her lips full and red, eyelids heavy and dark, glaring at him. She must have a stash of cosmetics somewhere, doubtless for when she had been consorting with old Leopold. She steepled her fingers, wrapped in lace gloves, and rested her chin on them. ‘I believe you have something that belongs to me. And I would appreciate it back.’

He took the key out, noting the spark of desire in her eyes, her body suddenly tense. ‘This, you mean?’ He gave it to Evelyn, who played with it between her fingers, smiling at the spark of annoyance and lust in the widow’s eyes. ‘I think it belongs to me, doesn’t it? And I would imagine that the belt came from here as well. Although you are welcome to keep that, if you want.’

He took the key off Evelyn, flipping it around, before pushing it between her breasts, out of sight, then prodded her in the backside, prompting her to stand up. She swayed across the room, rolling her hips, Westwick looking at her in annoyance.

‘I don’t think your... toy... needs to be party to this conversation.’

‘Evelyn is trustworthy. Lusty, desperate and a damn good cocksucker, but not prone to lying. At least if she knows what’s good for her.’ Evelyn gave him a tight smile over her shoulder, before moving behind the seated woman, playing with her scarves.

‘Leopold locked this *thing* around me! It was very much not my choice. And then he passed away, rather unexpectedly. Now, the key, Mr Pelham!’

He settled back in the chair, seeing her getting even more annoyed, and trying to hide it. ‘I wonder, quite how desperate are you to remove the belt?’

‘I have no interest in your... twisted games.’

‘Oh? Was Leopold not entertaining enough for you?’

Despite her makeup and cold expression, spots of color came into her cheeks, and she looked away.

‘He did have quite the reputation. And there’s all sorts of lovely toys to use still.’

‘I’ve had quite enough of that sort of thing!’ The flush deepened, and she still couldn’t meet his eyes. ‘Allow me the key, Mr Pelham.’ She held her hand out expectantly.

‘I think we should have some more fun together. After all, we are neighbors now. We should get to know each other.’ He nodded at Evelyn, who looped a scarf around the widow’s wrist, quickly knotting it tight and pulling it up, dragging the woman to her feet and throwing the other end around a metal ring that hung from the ceiling.

‘Hey!’ As her free hand went to tree and untie herself, Evelyn used another scarf to bind that wrist, pulling on the silk to keep the hands apart. She twisted around, Evelyn keeping her under control, grinning at being in charge.

‘If you’re well-behaved, then I might release you. For a little while.’

Her struggles intensified, Evelyn having to use both hands to keep her under control, before managing to tie the scarf against another ceiling ring, forcing both of her arms up. The position highlighted her slender waist, her veil fluttering back into place.

‘You cannot keep me here! I will not be caged again!’

‘Oh, you are familiar with the cages? Well, you may end up in them again.’

She kept trying to struggle, but Evelyn’s knotwork was sufficient to the task, holding strong against her struggles. Gregory stood up and walked towards her, smiling as her struggles intensified. Evelyn pulled at the woman’s long skirts, taking some scissors and slicing through the fabric. There were more layers beneath the outer skirts, Evelyn stripping them away as the widow twisted around in futile resistance, her stocking-clad legs appearing from beneath. Not as toned as Evelyn’s, but still rather lovely to look at, with knee-high black boots, bright and shiny black leather, coming into view.

‘Release me! I want no part of this!’ She twisted again, the silk scarves resisting and keeping her in place.

‘Oh, do you want this to stay locked on?’ He flicked her chastity belt, noting her tormented sigh as she tried to move back and out of reach. He flicked it again, and a ripple went up her entire body as she whimpered.

‘Mmm... Mr Pelham, the key, if you... ahhhhh...’

Evelyn had squatted behind her and was rattling the belt, poking a fingernail into the slit. This close, Gregory could smell her, the reek of her lust from behind the metal.

‘Please...’ Her voice was softening as he reached out and gently plucked up the veil – her cheeks were now flushed a deep red, her eyelids fluttering closed, breath starting to race. ‘The whip, Evelyn.’

The widow was still able to hear him at least, giving a dazed shake of her head, lips pursing around a half-formed word, sighing again as Evelyn stopped rattling the chastity belt and stepped away.

‘As we’re going to be getting to know each other very well, then I think you should tell me your Christian name. It would certainly be more convenient.’ He accepted the whip from Evelyn, uncoiling the leather cord and flicking his wrist, twisting around to give Evelyn a kiss. Then he cracked the whip through the air, targeting a thigh, stripping around part of a stocking, and making the widow gasp in pain. He moved again, targeting the other leg, then making the tip rattle against the belt, that making her gasp in frustration and relief.

She tried pulling her legs together to better protect herself.

‘Legs wide, or I’ll have them spread wide.’ She glared at him and twisted around as much as she could, presenting her buttocks, the whip streaking against pale flesh and making it jiggle. ‘Legs wide.’

He whipped her backside again and again, until she obeyed, clearly reluctant, her arse starting to throb red from the whipping as she spread herself.

‘Hmm. I think you should learn to obey faster.’ He landed a strike against her inner thigh, making her hiss in pain. ‘But first, your name. Or you will be gagged.’ Leather struck flesh again, with a satisfying *crack*.

‘Adelia! It’s Adelia!’

‘Adelia and Evelyn. I’m sure the two of you will get on famously.’

Evelyn, for some reason, shot him a nasty look, as she yanked on Adelia’s hair to pull her head back, shoving a gag into her mouth and tying it in place. When he tried to whip her, she used Adelia as a shield, the whip hitting against a corset-wrapped waist.

‘Well, I’m sure you will enjoy visiting here. Evelyn, unlock her.’

Adelia shook her head, hair whipping about, as Evelyn reached into her bosom and pulled out the key, sliding it into the lock and removing the metal.

Beneath it, the skin was grimy, her pubic hair matted and unkempt, and the smell of sweat and lust intensified. Beads of her juices had gathered on the pubic hair, her body moist and receptive, and Adelia whimpered.

Evelyn reached out and lightly stroked there, Adelia’s whole body shuddering and twitching, a desperate groan escaping her lips. She tried to close her thighs together, but Gregory shook the whip at her and she kept them spread wide.

‘She’s drenched, Master! And needs a wash.’

‘Are you a dirty, wet slut, Adelia Westwick?’

She wasn’t yet so gone she couldn’t respond, grunting in annoyance and desire through the gag, her hips giving an involuntary twitch as Evelyn continued to tease her. He approached, her eyes getting wider, the makeup she wore making them seem large and pale, pupils massive, as he stroked her cheek.

‘If you’re a good girl, then I’m sure we can come to an... *arrangement*.’ With her corset in place, he couldn’t properly play with her breasts, but he ran a hand down her waist before reaching around to squeeze a buttock, the flesh still hot from the whipping, and she squealed again.

‘Would you like to be fucked?’

He heard soft, wet squelching, as Evelyn’s fingers slipped into her, easily penetrating. She looked away, groaning in response but not saying anything, until he grabbed her hair and forced her to look at him, staring into her eyes.

‘I asked you a question, Adelia.’

Her eyelids fluttered as Evelyn continued to finger-fuck her and managed to mumble out a response. ‘Yeph... Pleaph...’

‘Well, then you will need to work for it. As a grieving widow, I think it only fair you spend some time as my guest, with some company to help keep your spirits up.’

She sagged downwards with a groaning gasp, as Evelyn removed her fingers with a damp *pop* noise. ‘Pleaph...’

‘I can train you and Evelyn at the same time. When both of you are complete, then you will be allowed to come.’ He kissed her on the forehead, the skin warm and dry, before pulling out some of the pins that held her hair in place, letting it cascade out of the tight bun, spilling down her back in an uncontrolled torrent. ‘Would you like that?’

She whimpered and mewled, especially when he used his hand to cover her eyes.

‘Evelyn, replace the belt.’

‘Of course, master.’

Adelia shook her head, trying to twist her body around enough to escape being sealed into the metal again, but Gregory held her in place, listening for the *click* of a lock. As soon as it was in place, Adelia sagged, making a whine of defeat, Gregory stroking her head.

Evelyn stood up, handing over a leather blindfold. As he removed his hand from Adelia’s face, he saw her eyes, wet with tears, before he slid the blindfold into place, sealing her into gagged darkness. Evelyn kissed him on the cheek, pressing her body tightly against his.

‘You didn’t mean that, did you, Master?’ She stroked a hand down his chest, her body sweet, warm and close. ‘That you’d only let me out when she’s trained as well?’

He kissed her back, full on the lips, tasting her, feeling her compliant softness. ‘I think it will encourage you to assist me.’ He started to grind against her, rubbing his cock against her thigh as it hardened. ‘And make you nice and sensitive by the time we’re done.’

‘But... Master! That could take months!’ Her body stiffened in objection and she tried to turn away, as he kissed her again, before taking her shoulders and pushing down, making her drop to her knees.

‘If you work hard, then it will make matters faster.’ Beside them, Adelia was still twisting in her bonds, able to hear them, but not speak or see. ‘And I can still use your other holes. Open wide.’ He dropped his trousers, cock springing out, wrapping a hand firmly around the back of Evelyn’s head, her tongue obediently lolling out and licking around his cock, bringing him to full hardness.

‘But... that’s nphh fairph!’ Her words started to splutter as she shoved his cock between her red, soft lips, Evelyn making wet gagging sounds as he penetrated her throat, her hands coming up to stroke his balls. The look in her eyes was sharp though, even if she couldn’t make any coherent protest as he ravaged her throat. The slurping, spluttering sounds make Adelia twitch nervously, clearly unsure what was happening next to her, as he came in Evelyn’s mouth, watching her throat tense as she swallowed it, before giving him a stiff smile.

‘May I have some time with Mrs. Westwick, Master?’ Her tone was sharp. ‘We should be friendly, and I think I need to persuade her.’

Adelia twitched nervously, trying to move away, still restrained by the silk scarves.

‘We should allow her to rest a little first, and then we can move her downstairs. And then you can get to know her better, if you would like.’

Adelia shook her head, Evelyn smiling up at him, cum still visible on her lips. ‘And then you’ll unbelt me? Is that a promise, Master?’

He patted her head. ‘Only if you behave. But if you help train her, then you do deserve a treat.’ She smiled and wriggled her shoulders happily, before standing.

‘I’ll get Tess to fetch a cage, so we can get her into the dungeon! We should start right away!’

She bustled away in a fit of enthusiasm, clearly excited by any chance to escape her chastity belt. Well, having two lovely women on hand could be fun. He stroked Adelia’s face again.

‘Don’t worry, I’m sure we’ll have lots of time together. And, eventually, I’ll remove this.’ She whimpered again as he tapped her chastity belt, as he stepped away.

Chapter Five: A Riding Lesson

Gregory watched as Adelia pulled on the chain binding her neck to the wall, a sturdy leather collar around her neck straining. She was definitely stubborn! She had been stripped except for her corset, which Evelyn had tightened, compressing the woman's waist even more, until it was slimmer than Evelyn's, pushing her breasts up as well. The only other clothing she was wearing was her widow's veil (with a blindfold and gag beneath), and her knee-high boots, slightly less glossy now. The chastity belt was still locked around her waist, and the bare skin of her body had attracted some stray dust and grit from her brief captivity. An armbinder pulled her arms together, the leather shifting around as she tried to escape. The only lighting in the room came from candles, fat red cylinders flicking with a low light, illuminating the bondage devices and equipment.

She was able to hear, shifting uncertainly as she heard him, twitching as he took a whip and flicked it, cracking it against a wall. Evelyn pressed herself against him, kissing him. She had certainly been a lot more attentive since Adelia had been added to the dungeon, and a clear objective for her release set!

'I think it's time for some more training for Mrs. Westwick.'

She grunted in fear and indignation, yanking on her collar again, the chain snapping taut.

Evelyn ran a hand over her own collar, finely-polished red leather, made just for her. 'Silly bitch. She'll hurt her neck doing that.'

'It took you some time to adjust – I had to hood you and beat your backside red before you got used to it. And watch your language!'

She hmped at him, pressing close, rubbing herself against him. 'I was a lot more friendly though, wasn't it? Nice and soft and sweet, just for you, master. What are we going to do with her?'

'Oh, I think she just needs some persuasion to be friendly. Isn't that right?'

Adelia growled, as her neck-chain clinked again.

'I think she needs to be scrubbed down first. And then we can take it from that.'

Footsteps sounded behind him, as Tess walked down the steps, carrying a bowl of water, carefully setting it onto a table, keeping her head tilted back so as not to dribble around her gag. She retreated swiftly, looking around nervously at the devices down here.

'Wash her down.'

Evelyn sighed. 'Yes, master. Now, be a good girl, or I'll have to hurt you.'

That only served to make Adelia twist in her restraints more, as Evelyn looked at him for more guidance.

'Try not to hurt her too much. Well, badly. You know what I mean.'

He admired the swaying of Evelyn's hips, trying not to get too excited or distracted. She walked up to Adelia, shoving her head back as she lunged forward, still trying to break free. Evelyn slapped her across a cheek, making her grunt in pain, before unlocking her collar from the wall, swiftly pulling her forward.

Adelia tried to break free, but Evelyn was able to keep her under control, wrangling her into the center of the room.

‘Stop resisting!’ Even restrained, Adelia was still throwing her weight around, although without much success. ‘Master, would you please help me?’

He advanced, grabbing Adelia and pulling her forward, taking the chance to stroke her body, moving her over to the basin of water. It was just about large enough for someone to sit in and be bathed if they hunched up, if they weren’t too large themselves. He grabbed the back of her head and shoved it downwards, dunking her face beneath the water. She spluttered and twisted, and he let her up for a breath, before dunking her again.

‘You’ve gotten a little dirty, Mrs. Westwick. So time to wash you down.’ It took the two of them to hold her down as she wriggled around, letting her up to breath, Evelyn cleaning the woman’s hair, which had gotten lank and grimy.

When she was allowed up, water spilled around her gag and she coughed and spluttered, unable to form words. It made her resist less though, the strength going out of her body.

He reached down and released her chastity belt, the metal dropping to the floor. It was Evelyn’s turn to growl, raking her nails down Adelia’s back, making her groan in pain.

‘Wash her down.’ This close, the scent of her constrained lust was obvious, even over the tang of sweat.

Evelyn scrubbed at the exposed pussy with anger, using a rough sponge, Adelia voicing a gagged complaint. Red marks appeared on her flesh as she was forcibly cleaned, water mingling with her pussy juices. Evelyn alternated between harsh strokes and gentle fingering, Adelia’s slit wide and wet, begging to be violated. Despite her grunting protests, she made a desperate sigh every time Evelyn slipped a finger into her, her hips sliding forward, desperate for a fucking.

‘Just surrender! And then we can both be pleased.’ Evelyn glared at Gregory, before he tapped her on the forehead and she looked down and away, returning to her task. Adelia just grunted again and tried to turn away, unable to move.

‘What now, master?’

‘You certainly have been a lot more polite recently.’

‘I want you to fuck me! In my pussy!’ Her voice was raw and strained as she yanked at Adelia’s pubic hair. ‘Please?’

Gregory gave her a soothing headpat, although she didn’t seem very mollified.

‘I told you, when this one is trained. So the more you help, the sooner that will be.’

Evelyn looked around. ‘What about that, then?’ She pointed at a wooden device, a triangular wedge securely bolted to the ground.

‘Ouch! You really do want to break her, don’t you?’

Adelia gave an uncertain shiver but lacked the strength to pull away.

‘A good idea though. It might work. Give me a hand to mount her up.’

He unlocked her collar from the wall. Adelia struggled, but with two of them, it was easy to lift her up and drag her over to the horse, then lift her up and mount her. As soon as her crotch touched the wooden ridge on top, her body tensed, her own weight dragging her downwards and starting to torment her.

‘Hellphh!’

Evelyn picked up cuffs and snapped them around a booted ankle, then repeated this on the other ankle, joining them beneath the wood. With her legs spread, the corset giving her an hourglass figure and her arms bound behind herself to push her breasts forward, she was a lovely image. Her lower lips were spread by the wooden wedge, the hard material pushing into her, clit

crushed and impaled. Despite the pain she was in, she was shaking her hips back and forth, grinding herself against the wood.

‘Are you that desperate to get off?’

A blush crept over her features, a whine of protest mingling with pained grunts, her juices straining the wood. She shook her head, as Evelyn pinched her thigh.

‘Would you like to join her? I’d take your belt off then.’

Evelyn pressed a finger against the sharp ridge and winced. ‘No thanks, that looks painful. I’ll keep the belt on! But are you sure you don’t want to use me?’ She smiled at him, shaking her body seductively.

‘I can still use you, just not your pussy. At least until I’m done training your asshole.’

‘But, master...’

As Adelia twisted, Evelyn kept pinching at her exposed skin, making Adelia squeak and squirm.

I’ve told you, when Mrs. Westwick is trained, then I will unbelt you. Maybe we can go back down to London for a party? I’m sure she’d like to be introduced to some more folk of quality. And you’ll enjoy a good, hard pounding, won’t you? Can get you some nice new outfits and show you off.’

Evelyn’s pinches got stronger, leaving marks on Adelia’s thighs and belly, as she kept shaking. Gregory approached closer, leaning in to see her desperate grinding, her body straining against the corset, the armbinder flapping behind her and a groaning emerging from behind her gagged lips. She drew her legs up, at least as much as the ankle cuffs allowed, trying to relieve the weight, without much success.

Evelyn reached up and plucked off the blindfold, letting Adelia see. Tears trickled down her face, her eyes wide, makeup a mess.

‘Well master? What do you want me to do?’

The sight of Evelyn tormenting Adelia was quite arousing, Adelia still trying to get off, hips shaking about. But Adelia would need some more persuasion to be loyal and obedient!

‘Can you remove her corset? I think it’s time to see what her breasts are like.’

Adelia looked at him and shook her head, her hair tossing about, unable to form any words.

‘Yes, Master.’

Evelyn moved behind her, ignoring her attempts to move away, her fingers plucking at the cords and releasing Adelia’s flesh from confinement. Even with the stiff paneling removed, her body-shape didn’t change, her hour-glass figure staying in place, her natural figure exquisite. A few whip-welts could be seen, not yet entirely healed.

Evelyn ran her nails down the exposed back, although Adelia seemed to be in more pain from the horse, barely responding to the scratches. Gregory took the chance to admire Adelia’s naked flesh – the smooth curve of her shoulders drawn backwards, the armbinder pushing her breasts forward, the globes smooth and soft-looking.

‘Hmmm... Maybe some clamps, and some candles?’

‘Nppphh!’ Adelia shook her head, hair flicking over her face.

‘And tie her hair back, to stop it getting everywhere.’

As Evelyn pulled back Adelia’s hair (harder than was needed, but the hiss of pain was pleasurable), Gregory gathered up a few implements, bringing over some candles as well. He held one near a thigh, making Adelia try and squirm away, rubbing her spread slit onto the cruel wood again.

‘Maybe we should strip off these boots?’ Adelia shook her head again but was powerless to stop Gregory removing the cuffs then pulling off the stiff, high leather. Her feet were bare beneath, Gregory bending her leg back, using a pair of cuffs attached by a short chain, to tie each ankle against a thigh. She had dainty feet, the soles soft and uncalloused, nice and clean. When he ran his fingers against the newly-exposed flesh, it made Adelia shiver, a yelp of pain coming as she bucked on her impalement.

After tying the woman’s hair back, Evelyn pulled off the other boot and bound that leg into the same position. Adelia tried to tense her thighs to relieve the weight on her pussy, muscles going tight. Gregory let her, knowing it would just tire her out more. When he held up a candle, it reflected in her eyes, and she shook her head in fear. A deep well of wax had built up where it had melted, shining with reflecting light.

He watched as Evelyn dug a nail into a sole and scraped it along, Adelia’s body tensing and driving more of her weight onto the wood. Then he tipped the candle, pouring stinging wax onto the sole of his captive’s foot. She bucked, or tried to, the only point of leverage she had her own crotch, thighs uselessly clamping onto the wood. The wood between her thighs was darkening now, with sweat and pussy-juice, her toes flicking about, unable to move her foot away from the source of her torment.

‘I think you need more training still. But the way you squirm about, hurting yourself and trying to get off, that’s rather charming. You have more pride than Evelyn, so it might be harder to break you down, but we’ll get there in the end.’

‘Nppph!’

Evelyn took another candle and held it close to Adelia’s face, before tipping it over and splattering Adelia’s pale breasts with wax. As each droplet fell, Adelia shuddered, her body tensing and driving her body more deeply onto the wedge between her legs. Gregory grabbed her by the throat, feeling the tightness of her collar and using that to hold her in place, as red wax stained white breast-meat. Evelyn turned her attentions to the left tit, while he reached out and grabbed the right. He crushed the nipple between his fingers, looking into Adelia’s pain-filled eyes. She couldn’t blink or look away, her eyes watering with pain.

‘Pleeappphh...’

She shuddered again as Evelyn poured more wax onto a breast, droplets drying into a thin film, more droplets adding to it, the stuff clinging tightly to the skin. He squeezed harder, twisting the flesh and pulling it towards himself, stretching out the skin. When he shook her by the throat, she squealed, pain and pleasure mixing together. She was moving herself now, starting to grind against the wood, chasing after pleasure despite the suffering it must be causing her.

He pulled her head down, bending her over, and letting Adelia start to pour wax onto her back. Adelia tried to pull up but couldn’t muster the strength, Gregory admiring the smooth lines of her back, before wax droplets started to fall. As the droplets blossomed on the skin, Adelia started to pant, sweat beading as she whimpered.

More and more wax splashed onto her, her fair skin staining red, creating jagged and uneven lumps, flexing with her breathing. He took another candle and poured wax onto a dainty foot, sending more spasms of pain through her body. Evelyn was flushed herself, biting her lip in excitement. It was nice to see her engaged and interested, even if she was still complaining about not being allowed to fuck! Beads and rivers of wax were building up now, flowing together into uneven peaks and flows. It was already drying, flakes of it shedding off as she moved, her body starting to shine with sweat.

He put the candle down and got a flogger, the leather cords tied into knots. He cracked it against her back, the wax breaking off into chunks. She gasped in pain, spit sliding from her mouth around her gag, Gregory cracking the flogger-cords against her again, marking up her already-red skin with more marks, the wax breaking apart and flaking away. She was still grinding with her hips, juices gushing from between her thighs. Evelyn kept pouring more wax over the woman's back, filling in the gaps, the tenderized flesh getting prickled with more burning heat.

Her mewls became increasingly piteous, with Evelyn's smile getting harsher. Wax, spit, sweat and pussy juice flowed onto the floor, staining the flagstones. Adelia's breath got faster and faster, her body tensing and clamping around the wood.

She came, whimpering and tense, Gregory continuing to beat her. She sagged downwards, body limp and wet, now mutely accepting the blows.

'That's not fair!' Evelyn stuck her nails into Adelia's back and raked them along the flesh, peeling away more wax. 'Master... You let her come! That's not fair!' She continued to scratch and torment Adelia's flesh. 'Master!'

'You can go on the horse, if you want?'

'Eugh.' She sounded disgusted. 'I want to be fucked! Properly!' She kept tormenting Adelia with wax and her nails, forcing more moans and gasps from Adelia. 'Not in the butt!'

He stepped away, pulling Evelyn away and twisting her around, bending her over a table and lifting her skirt up. Her backside was exposed, and he spat between her buttocks, smearing the skin with spit. She grunted indignantly as he slid into her, easily penetrating her asshole. She was tight, sucking him in, sounding annoyed as he held her in place, his hips slamming against her backside as he slid his full length into her, pushing her head down with his hand.

'I want a proper fucking!'

He slapped her backside. 'Language! And you'll get fucked when Mrs. Westwick is trained.'

'Eugh! Master, please...' She was starting to buck her hips in time with his, her dress rubbing against him. The way her asshole wrapped around him, pulling him in tight... He shot his load, cum blasting into her, slowly withdrawing and watching the gape hole slowly close up, cum dribbling out as it twitched.

'Good girl.'

Her voice was an annoying whine as she twisted to look at him. 'Please, master, Sir? *Please* take this belt off! I'll be good, just... just use me properly! I'll be really good and behave!'

He pulled her skirt back down, before dragging her by the collar of her dress and spinning her around, kissing her tightly, and she pressed herself against him, rubbing against his body. 'Please? Don't you remember how much fun it is, how good it feels?' She smiled at him, running her hands down his back, her breasts pressing against his chest.

'I think I like you needy though. And if we keep trying, then I'm sure you're learn to appreciate it soon.' He kissed her again, as her hands drifted down to his flaccid cock, stroking at it.

'Please, master? *Please*?'

He shook his head, kissing her again before pushing her away. 'No. Now, as you insist on complaining, then open that mouth nice and wide.' She looked at him uncertainly, but obeyed, letting him slide a fat and wide penis-gag between her lips. She spluttered as it slid into place, spittle flowing onto her lips, but obediently ducked her head to let him buckle it into place.

She mumbled something around the gag, or perhaps was simply trying to make it comfortable. Having her cheeks puffed out did make her a little less attractive, and the spit would need cleaning off the bust of her dress, but it would keep her nice and quiet.

‘Sit.’

She obeyed, wincing slightly as she knelt on the cold ground. He patted her on the head.

‘Good girl.’ He moved behind her, as she automatically moved her hands behind herself, wrists together, letting him cuff her wrists together. Adelia continued to twist around on the horse, thighs clamping onto the wood, trying to relieve the pressure on her cunt without success, sweat gleaming on her body.

‘Would you like to sleep down here?’

Evelyn shook her head, a rope of spit dangling from her mouth.

‘Well, you have been good, even if a bit whiny. I suppose you can sleep in the master bedroom, but in the cage.’ She twisted around, nuzzling against his hand, leaving sticky spit on him. He wiped it against her dress, before letting her stand up. ‘I’ll put some cushions in for you though’.

She mumbled something that was probably a “thank you” as she followed him back upstairs, back to where it was warmer and better lit.

Chapter Six: A Nice Walk

Gregory pulled on the leather reins, hearing Rachael splutter as the cock slid into her mouth, coughing and gagging. ‘Step higher.’

‘Mmmpphh!’

She obeyed, stepping high, moving a leg all the way up to her waist before carefully and deliberately placing it back down. The movement made her thighs tense up, delightfully taut and smooth flesh, shown off well by the thigh-high boots buckled securely into place, the feet forced by the boots to be sharply pointed. The leather was a little cracked and worn, and could do with a polish, but for something that had been kept in the basement-dungeon for however long, they were holding up well. Apart from those, she was wearing her chastity belt, a brutally tight corset that was making her puff and strain for breath, and that had shackles built in, keeping her arms pinned against the small of her back, pulling her shoulders back. A high collar kept her head up, with blinkers limiting her vision to only what was directly in front of herself.

Evelyn walked by his side, wearing a walking dress, duller than her evening gowns, but better suited for being outside, low-necked enough to show off her own collar. She was holding leather cords in her hand, the reins attached to the back of Adelia’s head, the cock-trainer securely wrapped around her head. In deference to her position, she was hooded as well as having the blinkers on, her fine and rather chic widow’s weeds swapped out for another pair of thigh-high boots, a short shimmer of gauze around her waist that did little to hide her chastity belt, and her waist and breasts also constrained by a stiff, black corset. Her arms were bound into an armbinder, the hands clasped together into a leather bag.

Evelyn flicked her wrist, tapping Adelia on the backside with a crop, the flesh glowing red with the number of welts present there. Adelia made another indignant sound, trying to pull away, coughing and spluttering as Evelyn pulled on the reins and pulled the cock back, assaulting the woman’s throat.

‘She’s very stubborn, master.’ She yanked on the reins again, Adelia slowing to a stop in order to breath.

‘Rachael’s doing well though. And she looks much better now that you’re giving her lessons in makeup and deportment.’ He let the reins go slack, feeling the cock slide from Rachael’s mouth as she slowed to breath herself. ‘Not as nice looking as you, but definitely a good maid for you.’

‘Yes, master. Thank you.’ She stepped in to kiss him, the scent of oranges moving with her, sweet and fragrant above the odor of the countryside. At least the locals seemed polite, with hats being doffed by those they passed and Evelyn being stared at, but in an acceptable fashion, Rachael and Adelia attracting some looks. But Leopold must have taken his own girls out in similar fashion from time to time, as no-one seemed to find it overly strange, even though Adelia was anonymous and hooded. As soon as Evelyn released the pressure on her gag, she tensed and tried to pull away, only stopped by a swift and painful-sounding yank on the reins.

‘Would you just *behave!* And then we can both have fun!’ The crop flicked out several times in quick succession, striking at buttocks and thighs. ‘Please, master. Just spread her in the

dungeon and forget her and use me instead. Please? I'll do *anything*!' She was trying to sound seductive, but mostly sounded desperate, her voice tight as she yanked on the reins again, making Adelia cough and choke, a blob of spit falling to the ground.

'I think there's hope still. I'm sure she's sensible enough to realize her position. And you seem to enjoy being used from behind more.'

Evelyn made a low and guttural growl, the sound making Gregory look at her in concern. Despite the fine weather and her make-up, she was looking tired and worn. Maybe he should give her a proper fucking at some point? Although she had been getting pleasingly creative and cruel with the maids, and especially with Adelia, to the extent that Adelia sometimes obeyed orders, for a while at least. Although today she was being more truculent, her ass glowing from the crop.

Their destination wasn't much further – a small and coppiced wood next to a curve of the river, the water gleaming brilliant and bright under the summer sun. Judging by the sturdy poles and suspension hooks that could be swung over the water, either it was used for unloading of cargo, or, more likely, was somewhere else that recalcitrant slaves could be bought for punishment, hung upside down and dumped into the water.

Tess was already there, her dark dress stark against the bright greens, having laid out a picnic blanket, plates and cutlery already, along with several bottles of wine, ready and waiting. Although at the moment she was flicking a cloth along the ground, before curtsying as they approached. The muzzle around her head meant she couldn't make a sound, but she looked glad to see them, before ducking to flick another line of ants away, the things making a line for a pile of lumpy and misshapen sweet buns – Sephy needed to work on her presentation, but the taste was fine.

Rachael was steered forward, Gregory releasing her arms from the armbinder, then watching as she began to unpack the picnic basket. She was a good girl, well-behaved and obedient, her body pleasing to the eye.

Adelia, on the other hand... As soon as they stopped moving, she tried to break free again, a coughing splutter halting her as Evelyn gave a casual tug on the gag-reins, before pushing Adelia downwards, tying the reins around a securely-anchored metal peg.

As he sat down on the picnic blanket, he had to sweep a line of ants away, his hand flaring with pain as one of them bit him. Tess moved forward, pouring him some wine, then pouring more for Evelyn.

After he sat down, Evelyn sat against him, staying nice and close, rubbing herself against him, in-between staring at the maids, making sure they know their place. Well, she was only for his pleasure, while Tess and Rachael had actual jobs to do! And it was nice eating with her. She picked up one of the cakes, holding it up to his lips and letting him take a bite, before finishing it off herself.

'Not too many of those, or you won't fit into your dresses!'

'But they taste so good!' She pouted, swiftly devouring another one and smiling at him. The effect was slightly ruined by the indignant grunting and huffing of Adelia, as she twisted around, trying to escape her bindings, or even move her head enough to see them.

'Hmm, she is rather stubborn.'

Evelyn stiffened in pain, kicking out a leg, several ants flying out, bright red flecks vanishing into the grass.

'I just want her to break!' She wriggled her body against his, pressing herself tightly against him, nibbling his ear. 'And then you can use me properly!' Her hips ground against his thigh,

and he could feel the metal through her skirts. ‘Can you not use me? *Please?*’ She kissed his ear, a hand dropping down to his crotch, stroking him through his trousers, skilled fingers quickly provoking a reaction.

‘I think she would be nice to have around the place. Someone to keep you company when I have to go to London, and that you can have some fun with. And that’s a bit higher-class than the maids.’

Evelyn growled again, before dipping her head and apologizing when he glared at her. ‘Sorry master! I just really, *really* want to be fuc... used. Used hard. Again, and again, and again...’ Her eyes were starting to glaze over, lost in some fantasy.

‘Well, I’m sure she’ll break eventually.’

Adelia made an indignant grunt, her body straining as she tried to pull the metal spike from the ground without success. A red fleck could be seen crawling up her leg, bright against the leather.

‘May I punish her, master? I think I have an idea.’

‘Of course you may, Evelyn.’

‘Good. Could you help me get her on the ground, master?’

Without waiting for a response, she stood up and kicked at one of Adelia’s legs, taking it out from underneath her, then grabbing at her and pulling her down, until she was on her back. She tried fighting back but had no leverage, flailing around impotently. Gregory approached and grabbed a leg, holding it in place.

‘Tess, fetch the croquet hoops.’

The metal curves were duly produced, and Evelyn placed one over an ankle, using her hands to shove it into the earth, before taking a plate and using that as a hammer, bashing it into the earth. Then she gave the other to Gregory, who used his strength and weight to shove it into place.

When it was done, Adelia’s legs were spread wide, her arms still in the armbinder, her eyes desperately flicking about, her view limited by the blinkers. When she tried to spit out the shaft that filled her mouth, Evelyn pressed it down, hard enough that Adelia’s cheeks and throat bulged.

‘Do you want to inspect her, master?’

‘Uh, yes, I suppose.’ He fumbled through the wodge of keys, quickly finding the one for her chastity belt and removing it. The matted tufts of her pubic hair were visibly slick, wet with sweat and beads of lust, the scent overwhelming. His cock twitched again, but he managed to control himself.

Evelyn reached forward and parted her folds, Adelia now ultra-sensitive, not helped when Evelyn took a long stalk of grass and started to use that to tease the woman even more, before slapping her, right on her nub. Adelia gasped, then whimpered, her body tensing up, straining against her restraints without being able to break free.

‘This is your own da... fault. If you would just give in, then we could both have fun!’ Evelyn’s voice was between “pleading” and “determined”, as she returned to the picnic basket and pulled out a small pot of honey. She opened this up and then dipped a finger in, taking a taste before covering her finger in it again, and starting to massage it into the wet slit.

Adelia’s grunts got more and more desperate, unsure what was happening. But it didn’t take long before red flecks started to move up her bare thighs, towards the wet sweetness that glistened between her legs. She must be able to feel them, from how she moved, trying to shake them off but not being able to move enough.

Evelyn reached down and crushed a few with her nails. The red flicks began to swarm and crawl over Adelia's pussy, disappearing between the folds, biting with vicious little stings.

'Mmmpphh! Guuuppphh!'

Bound at the neck and each ankle, Adelia couldn't do anything to dislodge the ants, or to stop Evelyn from occasionally reaching over and flicking her pussy.

'That should keep the ants occupied, master.'

'And away from the picnic. Clever girl. And it might make her a little more amenable in future.'

Adelia's grunting and wriggling was a little distracting, but easier than having to continually pick ants off everything else. The maids did their part as well, occasionally dribbling honey or using a sugar cube and their own spit to make sweet paste, smearing it onto Adelia. Her skin could be seen reddening, the ants leaving red bite-marks as they continued to torment her flesh. Her sounds trailed off into soft and broken whimpers, her movements lessening as her slit swelled up, looking even more painfully sensitive.

Evelyn stretched her leg out and ground her foot against it, smearing dirt into the sticky, wet mess and crushing the erect nub with her hard leather sole.

By the time the picnic was done, Adelia was virtually silent, her body moving in silent sobs. When Gregory looked at her over the blinkers, her eyes were glazed-looking, surrounded by tears, looking into the middle distance as her body bucked the small amount it could, out of her conscious control, heaving and sobbing.

Evelyn fed Gregory another cake, nuzzling herself against him, making him aroused again, her hand gently kneading his cock through his trousers. 'I have an idea for Rachael, master. May I order her?'

She rubbed against him, her hair sweet-smelling, smiling up at him.

He paused, before nodding. 'You may.'

'Rachael, come here.'

The girl came close, but hesitantly, the hinged cock bobbing in and out of her mouth. Evelyn unbuckled it, patting her on the head and trying to relax her, the large shaft dark with spit.

'Good girl. Now, if you'd like a sweet treat, you may lick Adelia.'

Evelyn patted her on the head, then pushed her towards Adelia. As Rachael crawled towards her, her skirt rode up, revealing her toned thighs and legs, her sex sealed behind a chastity belt. Her head dropped towards Adelia's crotch, followed by the sounds of messy slurping and licking. The sounds from Adelia changed, becoming less pained, Rachael's backside wriggling around enticingly.

Evelyn leaned in and kissed him again, feeling the hardness of his cock, rubbing her hand against it. 'Does master like?'

Adelia was whimpering again, as Rachael continued to lick and slurp at her. Evelyn reached into his trousers, pulling his cock out and smiling at him, kissing him on the lips, running her palm over his cock-head.

'Very inventive, Evelyn. Good girl. Now, put that clever mouth of yours to work.' He stroked her head, gently pushing downwards and pushing it towards. Her tongue dabbed against his sensitive skin, swirling around his cock, as she pushed her hair out of the way and started dropping her head up and down. 'Mmmm, good girl! Very good.'

She teased him, licking and kissing his cock, and he let her do it, enjoying the moist tightness around his shaft as she puckered her lips tightly, making him shiver in pleasure. He laid a hand on her head.

‘You’re still not getting out of the belt.’

Her sigh felt amazing, hot breath caressing his balls, before he gripped her hair and pushed, holding her in place, until she dropped her head further down, half his length now in her mouth. She tightened her lips and sucked in her cheeks, still using her tongue.

‘Mmmm, yes... Good girl. You were definitely worth the purchase.’

‘Phhank youph... mapther...’ Her words were distorted by her cocksucking, but it was gratifying to have her be so obedient. As he came, he heard Adelia squealing and whining into her gag, Rachael licking up every trace of honey and sugar from around her crotch, now mixed with pussy juice. Evelyn made an indignant sound as she swallowed his cum. He stroked her head until she seemed calmer, her body slowly relaxing.

‘I’m sure she’ll break soon.’

‘Grrrphhh!’ Adelia didn’t sound entirely compliant, tensing against him.

‘And then you can be fucked in the pussy again.’

‘Mmmmm, master! I want that now!’ She tried to pout, but couldn’t help but smile as he stroked her body, swallowing the last traces of his cum, snuggling close against him, nice and warm, and taking another cake. ‘Please?’

‘No. But you are very well behaved. And you’re getting easier to fuck in the ass, which is nice. I’m sure we’ll get there eventually.’ He reached around and pulled up her long skirts, finding the metal of her chastity belt. When he tapped it, her eyes rolled up, the whites of her eyes showing, tongue lolling out as she whimpered.

He shook it, enjoying her desperate panting whines, holding her close and helping himself to more food. The sun was warm and pleasant, and the stream bubbled past, as both Adelia and Evelyn whimpered in their restraints.

Chapter Seven: The Effects of Training

Adelia wriggled around, grunts coming from behind her leather hood, moving the tiny amount she was permitted. Her eyes gleamed with tears, although there was less indignation and anger there now. Or was that just his imagination? She was tied standing up, her ankles and wrists both tied to a wooden pole that ran from the floor to the ceiling of the dungeon, her arms stretched up high, as she was forced to stand with her waist and crotch thrust forward, a horizontal bar with a padded end locked against the small of her back.

Evelyn had tightened the woman's corset again, her figure now a perfect hourglass shape, tight and constrained above her hips, flaring wider above and below, her breasts free above it. Her nipples were clamped, a bell attached to each, and her head was sealed in a hood except for her eyes. What skin was visible shone with sweat, her body tense, reflecting the flickering candlelight.

Her legs were in thigh-high leather boots, spike heels arcing her feet into an uncomfortable position, her weight largely supported by her restraints, thighs clearly straining to try and reduce the pressure on her arms. The way her skin shone in the candlelight, as her chest heaved, gulping in air, was hypnotic, skin rippling with reflected light.

Next to her, entirely naked and tied onto the horizontal cross, was Rachael, wearing only her collar, squirming against the bonds securing her at her waist, ankles and wrists, craning her neck to try and see what was happening.

Gregory tugged on his collar, trying to relieve the heat – the room was heavy with a dense heat, coming from another room in the basement, a coal fire heating the rest of the house up, but making this room roasting.

Although that did have compensations – both Adelia and Rachael's bodies were shining and gleaming, and Evelyn had changed into a light shift, the material clinging to her skin, made translucent by sweat, showing off her luscious body beneath it. When she moved, it clung to her buttocks in a highly enticing fashion, the waistband of the chastity belt visible as a dark line through the thin fabric.

She was knelt down in front of Adelia, a feather in her hand, and he approached, smiling at the sound of Adelia's gagged whines and gasps. When he got closer, he could see that Evelyn was stroking the feather lightly over her exposed nub, the thing coming back heavy with fluids, before being used to tease and stroke again. From the way that Adelia was gasping and shaking, out of control, this had been going on for quite some time, Evelyn's body also visibly slick and slippery.

Evelyn ducked her head forward, using her fingers to hold Adelia's slit open and gently puffing air onto her sensitized flesh. Adelia whimpered again, fluids visibly seeping out, her lust apparent to see.

Evelyn looked up at him, eyes bright, her head low enough that she could turn and absent-mindedly rub her head against his crotch, cock already half-hard.

'I thought you were meant to be training Rachael?'

‘I want to come, master! So the sooner I break this one, then the sooner you fuck me properly, right?’ Her grin was a little *too* fervent, a touch of fever-madness in her face, eyes a little *too* bright. But at least she was enthusiastic, as she drew the feather against her victim’s softest flesh again, drawing out another pleading whimper.

‘Well, yes. Mrs. Westwick does seem rather more pliable now.’

Adelia whimpered again, eyes blinking as a tear trailed downwards onto the leather of the hood.

‘When will you test her?’ Evelyn raked her nails down Adelia’s inner thigh – already red, Gregory could see, from previous abuse – as she continued to rub her head against Gregory’s crotch. Her mouth looked soft and warm and tight, but he managed to restrain himself from face-fucking her, then and there. ‘Can you test her soon, master, please? I want to be used like a woman again!’

He patted her on the head, trying to soothe and calm her, and avoid getting her dribble onto his trousers. ‘A few friends are coming up to visit soon. Bunburry, Frankie and a few others. So if some entertainment can be provided for them, then I may consider removing the belt.’

She pinched at Adelia’s flesh with a savage twist, drawing out another warbling groan from above, Adelia’s shining breasts shifting as she desperately inhaled.

‘Yes! Thank you, master.’ She stood up and pressed herself against him, her breasts compressing against him, her clothing virtually transparent with sweat now. Her voice was dreamy and distant. ‘I want you inside me, master. Hot and large and... mmmmm...’ She trailed off, as he kissed her, then pushed her away.

‘Well, you’ve been doing well down here. Rachael is much improved. But I’m not so sure about this one.’ He reached out and slapped at one of Adelia’s sweaty breasts, making the meat jiggle around, the bell jingling out. ‘What would be a good way to test her obedience?’

Evelyn grabbed the clamp attached to the other nipple, pulling on it to stretch out the skin, twisting it around to make Adelia suffer more. The mute eyes widened more, a wordless groan sounding out from behind the hood and gag, Adelia trying to shake her head in rejection and denial.

‘She’ll be obedient, isn’t that right?’

Adelia didn’t respond, only sobbing again, as Evelyn leaned in and licked at her body.

‘I think she should get some piercings. She’s lovely and soft and tender, but maybe some metal here?’ She tugged on a tit again, the flesh now stretched and distended, using her other hand to stroke his body. ‘Like those girls we saw at the Crown and Scepter, just after you bought me?’

It was hard to think with Evelyn so close against him, her body soft and ripe. It would be nice to slide into her wet cunt again, although seeing her so needy and dependent was rather charming by itself.

‘I think we’ll keep her corsetted for the time being. She has such a lovely slender waistline now, that it would be a waste not to show it off, and I definitely wouldn’t want it lost.’ He reached out and tapped the corset around Adelia’s waist, feeling the rigid material, wrapping his hands around her waist, not quite able to make his fingers touch, but not far off. And then he felt further downwards, moving his fingers over her hips, feeling the curve of her thighs into her crotch, the tufts of her pubic hair damp. As he slid a finger into her, Evelyn tensed and made a barely-audible growl, whimpering in jealousy. Even when he turned to kiss her, she didn’t relax much, giving Adelia a nasty glare, despite the woman’s inability to speak or move.

It was easy to slide a finger in, first one, the three, the woman's body hot and wet around him, pulling him in. Her breath hastened, eyes glazing, and he could feel her quickening around his fingers. He pumped them in and out, slow and deliberate, pushing them all the way into her, feeling the smooth, slippery tightness of her insides, and the way she tried to clamp around him.

When he withdrew them, she whimpered and sighed, her body shaking, tit-bells ringing out. He held his fingers out, fingers shiny with pussy-juices, and Evelyn obediently leaned forward to kiss them, licking them clean.

'You see, master? She's desperate, and horny, and she'll be obedient if someone just fills her pussy.' From the barely-restrained yearning in her voice, Gregory couldn't tell if she was talking about Adelia or herself, or both. 'She will be excellent and willing entertainment, I'm sure.'

He dropped his hand to Adelia's crotch again, lightly fingering her outer folds, finding the hot nub at the top and kneading it between his fingers. Adelia's response was gratifying, an intense keening, her body shivering and trying to bend forward and get more stimulation. And then he stepped away, Adelia sagging downwards as the contact was suddenly broken, leaving her still unfulfilled.

'What about Rachael?'

Evelyn moved with him, keeping her body close, pressing herself against him when he stopped again and kissing him, bringing her leg up to caress his cock. Rachael was spread out on the horizontal cross, entirely naked, her slightly pudgy body marked with red lines from a crop. Just like Adelia, her body was shiny with sweat, her neck straining as she fought to lift her head to look at them. A fat leather ball sat between her lips, spit bubbling out as she breathed.

'Mmppphhhtteerrr...' With allowances made for the sweat and the tears that streamed from her eyes, her makeup and hair were both much improved from the raggedy state they had originally been in. Gregory smiled down at her before turning to Evelyn.

'You certainly have improved her.' He stroked her belly, before kissing Evelyn. 'I'm sure Bunburry will enjoy her, in particular. He does like this sort of physique.'

He kept one arm around Evelyn as he picked up a crop, flicking his wrist and cracking it against the curve of a breast, watching as the flesh jiggled about, and then striking lower down, at the belly.

Rachael grunted at each of the strikes, her head sinking back down, holding her neck up too much strain to hold for long. Gregory moved around to the other end, looking down on her, striking at a breast again, before reaching down and removing her gag. The sodden ball splatted to the floor, Rachael opening her mouth wide now that she could inhale properly.

'I don't think I've properly tested you, have I? I wonder what your throat is like.'

He opened up his trousers, cock springing forth. Rachael was obedient enough that she didn't close her mouth, although seeing it upside-down was a little unusual. Her tongue, small and pink, slid out, licking around the tip as he moved it close to her, wetting it.

He thrust forward slowly, making her strain her head again to take it into her mouth, her lips tightening around him, tongue slipping over his crown. And then he pushed forward, forward into her mouth, as she sucked tightly. Evelyn leaned in, stroking at the girl's body herself, and then he thrust forward. Even in her restraints, he could see her tighten up as he penetrated into her throat, the skin tightening. Evelyn grinned and moved, resting her hand on the girl's throat and squeezing, gently at first, then more tightly. He could feel the pressure of her hand through the ring of muscle of the throat, increasing the pressure on his cock.

He slid out, a rope of thick, white spittle webbing between his cock and Rachael's mouth, slowly dropping downwards before falling apart and splatting onto the floor. Then he thrust forward again, pushing all the way in with a single movement, Rachael spluttering as he ravaged her throat again, Evelyn squeezing it more tightly from the outside.

With his cock fully sheathed inside her throat, she hacked and spluttered, having to breathe through her nose, the air caressing his balls, her tongue darting about with increasing franticness, before he withdrew, letting her take a single breath before penetrating her throat again. Evelyn squeezed the girl's throat with one hand, using her other to pinch and scrape at the wealth of exposed flesh on display, leaving more red furrows and scratches on Rachael's body.

He grabbed hold of Rachael's forcibly-spread arms to steady himself, slamming into her throat, again and again. So hot and tight! He came, her coughing suddenly wetter as her throat was forcibly filled with cum. As he withdrew, the spittle-rope was thick with bubbles, before he wiped himself off on her cheek, cum and spit staining the skin.

Between coughs and splutters, Rachael managed to speak, her voice sounding raw, her throat obvious sore. 'Thank you, master...'

He looked at Evelyn in surprise, who smiled at him. 'I have trained her well, haven't I, master? So I deserve to have my pussy used? Please?'

He slapped her across the cheek, but only lightly. 'Soon, Evelyn. But don't be needy, it's not very attractive. Or would you like to be spread yourself?'

'I... I don't think I could take that, master! I'll be good, just... just please remember to use me? *Please?*'

'If Adelia behaves, then I'll remove your belt, yes. Although I do think you're getting more receptive to being taken from behind.'

'I don't want to! I want you inside me *properly*. I want to serve you, master, not just in one way.' She moved close to him, her eyes glazing over, dress clinging to her body as she played with her breasts. 'I'll be sweet and good, just... just fuck me! Properly!' She clung onto him, surprisingly strong, before he kissed her, then pushed her away and twisted her around, bending her over and flipping the bottom of her shift off, having to peel it away from her sweaty skin.

He was already getting hard again, cock still wet with Rachael's slobber, easily sliding into her asshole. This close, he could smell her desire, wafting up from behind her sealed-away slit, but her pucker was looser than it had been, easier to violate and use. He heard her groaning and gasping, pleading and begging.

And then she gave a loud moan, her body clamping and tensing around him, a shriek of panting pleasure getting torn from her throat, her body shivering, then sagging downwards, before he came into her as well.

He pulled her up, concerned for her – Evelyn's eyes were fluttering, her body limp in his arms, a big and stupid grin over her features, and then he saw pussy-juice oozing out from beneath the belt.

She pulled herself close, nestling her head against his shoulder, forcing him to support her weight, floppy and limp. He stroked her hair, making her murmur contentedly. 'Good girl. You see? I told you that you would learn to come when taken from behind eventually.'

She mumbled something back, swaying about, barely able to stand. He kissed her cheek before lifting her up. 'I think you deserve to sleep in a bed for that, at least. Good girl.'

She pulled herself tightly against him, sticky and warm and happy, as he made his way out of the dungeon, heading back to the bedroom to let Evelyn rest. He'd have to bugger her some more, to show it wasn't a one-off fluke, but it showed the training was having an effect!

Chapter Eight: Checking the Results

Evelyn was gleaming in her beauty, her body sheathed in a tight dress that showed her body off magnificently, the corset scarcely needed, her shoulders bare except for a silk scarf, her red leather collar wrapped about with a golden chain, chunky metal fetter-bracelets shining on her wrists and ankles. The material of her skirt clung to her legs with every step, showing off how well-shaped she was, her hair styled into artistic curls and curves, wound through with pearls. A trove of jewelry had been found hidden away in one of the rooms, Evelyn having descended on it and claimed it for her own, the chest needing prying out of her hands and locked with his own personal papers, over her protests. Seeing her smile as she had picked out her personal favorites had been worth it though.

She turned to smile at him again, the rubies that dangled from her ears catching the low light, the tint matching her dress. It had taken some doing, as well as a few hurried payments to some of the village lads, but one of the rooms was now finished, made far nicer than all the old heaviness and darkness. Several long couches were set facing each other, with the best furniture he had been able to find in the rest of the house all bought into here, lighter and less crushingly gloomy than it had been. Crystal decanters gleamed and sparkled, bottles of champagne at the ready.

Rachael circulated the room, a tray held in each hand, a position that exposed her vulnerability and showed off her breasts, her low-cut maid's outfit drawing attention to her breasts. Thanks to Evelyn's training, her makeup was lovely, her lips full and red, eyes ringed with darkness, and managing to balance in her heels.

'Well, you certainly seem to be surviving out in the wilderness.' Bunburry nudged him, his eyes following Rachael's backside, the chastity belt just about visible beneath the fluffy petticoats of her short skirt. 'I was expecting a wind-blown shack aside a forlorn bog, not anything quite so comfortable! Good old Uncle Leopold, it seems?'

'He certainly left behind something worth building on, yes. Quite a respectable inheritance.'

'And I've never seen Evelyn so radiant! She does love her shinies, which you could never provide on your income. Well, at least before getting all of this.'

'Yes, that's when I started gagging her. It was a lot easier, and her voice is most unpleasant when she whines.'

'She was cheap and that's why. Lovely to look at, and well-made, but a little high maintenance.' He held his glass up, Rachael bustling over with her trays, kneeling on the ground as Bunburry took the bottle and emptied it into his glass. The relief in her body was obvious, now she only had the one bottle, able to carry the tray in both hands. 'I prefer things like this lovely creature. Far less needy, far less complicated.'

The muzzle gag she wore sealed her mouth, but her dimples flashed as she smiled, ducking her head in acknowledgement of the compliment.

'This is Rachael – Evelyn's training her as a lady's maid.'

'Your slave has a maid? No wonder she looks so happy! This is a step up from that tiny apartment in Mayfair. And her own maid? You're spoiling her.'

Evelyn looked over, crossing her legs in a way that made Gregory swallow his own champagne in excitement, pulling her skirts up and running a hand over her stockinged legs.

‘She’s a good girl. Mostly. Managed to get her to enjoy buggery, eventually.’

‘Well, that is something to drink to.’ He held up his glass, Gregory chinking his own against it. ‘You still keep her sealed up?’

‘Oh yes. Although she’s been helping me with something else, so I might let her out as a reward.’

Rachael was still knelt down, as Bunburry hooked a finger through her collar-ring and pulled her forward, looking at Gregory for permission. He nodded, and Bunburry released the muzzle gag, Rachael’s mouth already opening, as he got his cock out. Gregory stood up and left him to it, Rachael already slobbering and spluttering over his cock.

‘Frankie, Davey, Waggles! Glad to see you could make it. Manage to tear yourselves away from the big smoke?’

He stood behind Evelyn, resting a hand on her shoulders, her hair silky and warm on his skin. Davey spoke.

‘Well, after your sudden disappearance, we wanted to see what had drawn you away! And this is better than expected. Even little Evelyn, and she’s *very* particular. I suppose you’re not willing to share her yet?’

He reached out towards her, Evelyn drawing back.

‘No, I think she’s got some worth in her yet. There’s Rachael over there if you want, although let her finish Bunburry first.’ From the spluttering sounds, it was a very sloppy blowjob, dribble oozing to the floor as Rachael’s throat was ravaged. ‘Tess isn’t bad, and Sephy’s busy cooking. I don’t want a repeat of what happened at the George and Dragon. Never had a roast joint so badly overcooked!’

‘Aye, but she was worth it! Just a slutty kitchen girl, but she fucked like a bitch in heat. Think she’s at the Pricked Rose now, one of their top girls, eager and ready all the time. But I had her first. A shame I couldn’t afford little Evelyn at the time, she would be worth keeping.’

Gregory stroked Evelyn’s head, making her purr and preen. ‘Yes, she has done rather well. And has been helping with Rachael, making her nice and obedient.’ From Bunburry’s satisfied sigh, Rachael was doing well on that front. ‘And she’s been helping me with another project. One that you may all find interesting.’

Evelyn purred again, nuzzling against his hand. ‘Mmmm, master has been very generous! Shall I go and fetch her in?’

‘Yes please, my dear.’ He leaned over and gave her a kiss before letting her stand up, everyone turning to admire her backside as she swayed over to the door and opened it, letting a chill draught into the room.

It didn’t take long for her to return, pulling on reins, Adelia in tow, oversized cock sliding into her mouth if she didn’t move fast enough. She was back in her widow’s weeds, her face covered by a veil, her waist tightly compressed, although her tops of her breasts were visible, the curves shiny with spit from her mouth, and pushed forward thanks to the armbinder she wore, forcing her shoulders back. She wasn’t wearing any skirts, just boots, stockings and her chastity belt beneath her waist. The tinkle of a hobble-chain was audible with every step, black knee-length leather boots glossy in the candlelight, metal buckles catching the light and showcasing the high and narrow heels.

‘This is Adelia Westwick.’

Evelyn gave the reins a harsh yank, a pained spluttering coming from behind the veil, dribble splashing down onto the breasts, before she was pulled further into the room, managing to keep her balance despite the restraints. Her shoulders tensed as she saw the others, but the armbrinder held easily.

Evelyn stepped behind her and took a grip of her shoulders, allowing Adelia's body to be admired – even with the long skirts, the strict corset showed off her compacted waist and pushed her breasts up.

'A lonely local widow looking for company, she has been kept in chastity for several months now.' That got a stir of attention, Davey looking at her figure with open admiration. Well, if it kept him away from Evelyn, so much the better! 'She is rather stubborn, but a few sessions on the horse, and some whipping, and some time in the cages, have made her a little more eager to please. And of course, all that time without being allowed *any* pleasure!' That wasn't entirely true, but it sounded better.

He gestured at Rachael, who hurried forward with a bottle of champagne, still shut.

'Like a wine matured to perfection, it is now time for the lovely Mrs. Westwick to be... *popped*.' Evelyn pulled Adelia's skirts to the side. She moaned and twisted her body – above her glossy boots were dark stockings, the hems around her thighs visibly wet, the holes in her chastity belt wet and sticky. Evelyn kissed her, before slowly turning a key in the lock, the click covered up by the *pop* of the champagne cork.

The reek of Adelia's lust filled the room – her pussy had been shaved specially, her folds visibly damp, her hips twitching just from the slow circulation of air in the room, desperate for fulfillment.

'Oh my, she is rather choice.' Franky knocked back his drink all at once and rose, as Evelyn flipped back Adelia's veil. 'And quite a looker as well!' Although Adelia's eyes were currently dazed, a flush starting to come over her face, Evelyn's makeup skills on display again.

'Yes, definitely worth the work. Evelyn, if you would care to prepare her mouth?'

'Yes, master.' She fiddled with the straps and harness, removing the training cock from Adelia's mouth, leaving a ring-gag in position. Adelia's tongue appeared for a moment, a flash of pink, her jaw straining to close against the rigid metal before giving up.

'Good girl. Now, Adelia is fit to use however you wish. And I'm sure she'll obey.'

Evelyn gave her a push into the center of the room, then pressed down on her shoulders, forcing her to her knees. She gurgled something, another line of spit falling onto her breasts, sliding down between the globes of flesh. A cock slapped against her face as Frankie twisted his hips, his length already growing. Adelia tried moving away, as Evelyn grabbed her head and held it in place, letting his cock slide between her forced-open mouth. Her neck stiffened, but Evelyn was too strong for her, whispering something into her ear, her tongue slithering forward and starting to lap at the shaft.

Frankie took over, grabbing at Adelia's hair, starting to slide in deeper and deeper, making Adelia gag and splutter, a torrent of bubbly spit splashing onto her breasts.

'Hmmm, nice and tight, but without resisting too much. She'd do well at the Crown and Scepter, if she has the stamina.'

Adelia choked and coughed, Frankie yanking at her hair to keep his throat buried deep in her throat, as Evelyn made her way over to Gregory. He took a seat by Adelia, out of range of any side-splatter, and she sat on his lap, close and warm, kissing against his neck, her hand slipping down to his crotch, stroking his cock.

Frankie gasped and ejaculated, cum and spit flowing out of Adelia's mouth, a bubble of the stuff forming from her nose. Her makeup was starting to run, thick black clumps flowing down from her eyes. Still, her tongue lapped at the cock as it was pulled from her mouth, licking at the crown.

'Hmmm, she is eager.'

Evelyn continued to stroke his cock, her breasts pressing against him, her perfume sweet and intoxicating, her tongue lapping at his ear. 'Have I been good, master?'

Davey grabbed at Adelia's armbinder, using it to tip her over, her face pressing against the rug on the floor, spit and cum still oozing out. Evelyn continued to stroke him, his cock rapidly growing.

'Mmm, yes. A very good girl.'

Davey slapped at Adelia's backside, the sound loud, making her grunt, cum and spit oozing from her mouth. Davey used his feet to spread her legs, probing at her slit, sniffing at it.

'Hmmm, she is desperate, isn't she? The fine tang of the desperate slut.' When he traced a finger along her lips, she shivered, trying to draw her legs together. Davey grabbed at them, finding a spreader bar and snapping the cuffs onto her ankles. He kept stroking at her, her whines getting desperate, especially when he slipped a finger into her.

'Hmm, she is ripe for the plucking! I think I'll do the honors.'

He slapped her ass, the meaty sound ringing out, before grabbing her hips and sliding his cock in. Her pussy was so wet he pushed all the way in with a single thrust, burying his cock fully into her. She grunted, spittle pooling in front of her mouth, soaking into the rug. Her eyes were rolling back into her head, the whites showing, bright and clear.

Evelyn continued to stroke him, before mounting him, grinding atop of him, her body soft except for the hard lines of the chastity belt underneath her dress, peppering his face with sweet, urgent kisses. She whispered at him urgently, her eyes bright.

'Please, master, please, please fuck me! I want to be fucked!' She was playing with her breasts, stroking her own body, moving down and grinding against him. 'Please, please, please!'

He managed to twist enough that his cock wasn't in danger of being crushed, fumbling in the wad of keys for the one to her belt. She started panting, eyes wide, head vacantly nodding. 'Yes, please! Please master!'

She pulled back, flipping her skirts to the side, exposing her chastity belt, pleading with him, her sweet begging sounds erotic to hear. As his hand with the key started to move towards the chastity belt, her sounds got more desperate, as incoherent as if she were gagged. When it turned in the lock, her face took on a slightly manic expression, and her hands moved down, tugging the belt away.

Her thighs were already slick, her lips spread as she yanked on his trousers, his cock springing out. 'Let me be yours! Fuck me, master! Use me!'

He managed to hold her back, twisting her into position until she was straddling him, and then letting her grind down, her legs straddling him, his penis sliding into her.

'Oh yes!'

He wrapped an arm around her, thrusting deep. 'You're a tight bitch, aren't you?'

'I'm your tight bitch! Use me, master!'

Her walls were damn tight, clamping around him. Her eyes were glazed and entirely unfocused, pussy-juice flowing over his shaft.

'Yessss! Yesss...' Her voice trailed off as her body tightened around him, quickly hitting a rhythm, before peaking and falling against him, her pussy still tight and quivering as he fucked

her. He looked around her – Adelia was still bent over and being fucked, making pathetic whimpering noises as Davey fucked her pussy. From how limp she was, it looked as though she had already come, before he finished, cum starting to leak from her pussy. He slapped her backside several times, before moving back.

Bunburry moved in, spreading her buttocks wide and skewering her asshole. She barely responded as he shoved into her, a thick puddle of spit flowing from her mouth. Her backside quivered, her pussy tensing, cum and juices dribbling out. She barely seemed to respond as she was buggered.

Evelyn stirred against him, kissing him on the cheek, starting to move her hips again, his cock still inside of her. She moved around to kiss him on the lips, her tongue slipping into his mouth. ‘I want more, master! Use me! Again!’

Her hips tensed and she started to ride him again, slower now, her eyes closed, smiling vacantly in between kisses.

‘Mmmm, yes....’

He let himself be ridden, as Adelia gasped and panted, the others taking turns with her, testing out her holes, her backside and pussy getting strained with sweat and cum.

Evelyn came again, still tight and oh-so-hot around him, and he could feel his own cum spilling out, wetting his cock further. She snuggled close to him, resting her head on his shoulder, barely conscious, nuzzling at his neck. It was hard to move with her on top of him, but she was light and smelled sweet and horny, her body flushed and slightly sweaty.

He lightly stroked her body, kissing her back.

‘Thank you, master.’ She murmured softly, her hands lightly resting on his shoulders. ‘Please don’t belt me again. I don’t like it, I like it when you use me! I like being fucked. Properly, not in my arse.’

‘Well, if you behave, then I might not belt you. But you are so sweet when you’re desperate and needy!’

She made a grumbling sound, pulling herself off him with a gentle slurping sound, cuddling herself close, already pulling herself close. Although it would have been nice to fuck Adelia, it was hard to move with Evelyn atop him, warm and comfortable. He embraced her, ignoring the whimpers of Adelia as she was fucked again and again, before being flipped over and her mouth being used again.

Forceful Education

Chapter One: Differences of Opinion

Miss Arahaim flicked her cane through the air, shaking her head. ‘Such a disappointment. Hands out.’ The rest of the class were silent, all of them staring rigidly ahead, not wanting to draw any attention to themselves.

Young, soft hands were produced, palms up, wavering slightly in fear. Miss Arahaim kept her features composed, despite the tinge of warmth she could feel starting to blossom within her.

‘How many strikes do you deserve, Miranda? Your clearly didn’t put enough effort in, did you?’

The young woman in front of her quivered in anticipatory fear. The finishing school uniform was scarcely the most flattering – dresses designed to be make the wearer look dumpy and unappealing, blue neck-ties and skirts of scratchy grey wool – but Miranda filled it out well, the waistline cinched in tightly, her breasts prominent against the white blouse.

Miss Arahaim used the cane to push her hands higher up, staring into Miranda’s grey eyes, watching as she bit her lip.

‘...Five strokes, Miss Arahaim?’

‘I think ten would be more fitting.’

Miranda swallowed, on the verge of tears, before nodding. ‘Yes, Miss Arahaim.’

‘Very good. Now count them.’

She tapped the cane against the palms, then brought the cane up and down in a sudden, vicious flick, feeling it impact off the soft flesh. A shudder ran through Miranda’s body as she tried not to show the pain, forcing herself not to close her hands, keeping her palms open, a red strip appearing across her palms.

‘One, Miss Arahaim.’

The rest of the class was utterly silent, no-one else daring to make a sound, everyone else’s head forward, eyes fixed on the discipline being delivered. This was how things should be! A dozen faces, full of fear, all fixed on her, as the arbitrator of their punishments or rewards. And Miranda had been getting sloppy of late, too confident of her position, so it would do her good to have her pride take something of a hit.

She flicked her wrist again, harder this time, the soft palms getting pushed downwards from the strike. ‘Two, Miss Arahaim.’

Miranda really was a soft little thing, of no particular distinction – she’d no doubt make a good brood mare for some middling member of the nobility, or a merchant with someone already in place to run his domestic affairs. She likely wouldn’t even need restraining, simply give her enough shiny things to keep her distracted between pumping out children! But she responded appropriately to pain, as something to be avoided, or endured if needed.

More strikes impacted against her hands, welting the palms, red-on-red. Miranda’s body was quivering now, as she tried to keep from crying. The way she asked for each strike was a delight – not wanting to but knowing that the consequences for not doing so would be even worse. By the time they had reached “eight”, it was clearly taking all of Miranda’s self-control

to keep her hands raised. The pause before she managed to say “nine” was almost enough for Miss Arahaime to punish her for by itself.

‘Ten, Miss Arahaime.’

Miss Arahaime made the final strike as hard as possible, viciously flicking the cane against red-welted palms. She kept the cane there for a moment before withdrawing.

‘Now, go and get your satchel and go back to your room. I want a two-thousand-word essay on Latin tenses by Monday.’ The thought of those soft, pampered hands, now red and throbbing, having to ache and agonize through the writing, having to grip a pen, was exhilarating. Miranda ducked her head.

‘Yes, Miss Arahaime.’ She winced as she had to grip her skirt to raise it slightly in a curtsy, before turning and walking back to her desk. The pain was obvious on her face when she picked up her satchel, the rough leather strap harsh on her flesh.

‘Now, does anyone else have any other questions? I do hope that your performance will be better in future.’

They all chorused back. ‘Yes, Miss Arahaime.’ Outside the classroom, a bell tolled, an uneven and discordant jangling. Whatever student was on bell duty needed to be taught moderation!

‘Then go to your next class, and do not tarry. I have an important visitor to see, who is currently speaking to the headmistress.’

They all stood, taking their satchels and books, none of them moving to help Miranda, who was having to try and carry her things lightly, trying to avoid hurting her hands. Well, it would serve as a lesson for the future!

Miss Arahaime waited until they had all filed out, then until she heard another bell toll, indicating that everyone should be in their next class, before leaving the classroom.

The wood-floored hallway outside was poorly lit, the classroom doors all shut, sounds of instruction just about audible. The walls were pea-green, anything at waist-level or lower well-marked with scuff- and scrape-marks from satchels, skirts and shoes. Even repeated canings didn’t seem to be a deterrent against that, unfortunately! She made her way through the entrance hall, the two senior prefects on door duty curtsying at her, stood in front of the doors, waiting for any latecomers trying to sneak in. A glass-fronted cabinet was filled with cups, medals, trophies and other awards, as well as gifts sent from students that had graduated.

The head mistress’ office was behind a wooden door, thick enough to block any sounds. She pushed it open, entering the inner sanctum, swiftly closing the door behind herself, stepping onto the thick rug that covered the floor.

A gasp of pain sounded out, along with the meaty *thwack* of wood on flesh. The head mistress gasped, her body rocking forward. She was facing towards the entrance, bent over her desk, wrists cuffed to the corners, her skirts lifted up in a bundle.

‘Ah, I was wondering when you would drop by.’ There was another meaty slapping sound, a wooden measuring stick being used to strike her buttocks.

‘Lord Sheffield! Of course, you are this institution’s largest donor.’

He struck the head mistress across the buttocks again. A wad of cloth had been balled up and pushed into her mouth and tied around her head, thick enough to absorb her muffled cries and her spit. Her eyes were wide open in panic and pain, as Lord Sheffield used his hand to strike her again.

‘As I was in the area, I thought I should drop by. And make sure this one isn’t making any mistakes. She is not quite as cooperative as you are.’

The head mistress groaned through her gag, pulling on the chains that held her wrists, unable to break free. Miss Arahaim approached her.

‘Not quite as uptight now, are you? But this place certainly runs a lot more smoothly than it used to, now the girls all know their places. A little corporal punishment is just the thing to keep them obedient.’

She pushed the head mistress’ head to the side, content to look at Lord Sheffield. After being surrounded by the daughters of lesser nobility and merchants all day, it was nice to have a man to look at for once! Old enough to have dignity and grace but without yet stooping into weakness, he filled out his clothing well, the bulge in his tight trousers making her mouth water, shirt and waistcoat both of the finest materials. The ring on his finger gleamed as he spanked the head mistress again, harder this time. From her grunt, she’d be sore the next time she tried to sit down!

She reached out and pilled out her hairpins, shaking her head to let her long, auburn hair tumble free of its usual tight bun. From here, she could see that the head mistress’ backside was covered with red lines, glowing from past impacts – he must have been here for quite some time already!

‘I hope I haven’t kept you waiting?’

‘Oh no, Ruth, it’s been a very instructive conversation. I’m sure that she will understand her place better in future.’ He slapped her backside again, before digging his fingers into her plump flesh, making her squirm about in further pain. It looked like her pussy had been used, semen flowing out.

‘Is there any business you wished to discuss, Lord Sheffield? Not that I object to you visiting, of course! Please visit whenever you wish to.’

‘Oh, mostly social. I’d like to introduce you to some new property of mine. I might be looking for a few more pieces, if you have any that have fallen into destitution, or maybe some of your scholarship girls.’ He clicked his fingers, and there was the soft shuffle of fabric, Miss Arahaim turning to see another young woman, who must have been standing in the corner all this time, utterly silent. Her long, brown hair fell to bare shoulders, an exquisitely embroidered corset framing a slender waist and pushing her breasts up. Her arms were bare except for a silk wrap, the shape of her legs just about visible as she moved forward. Around her neck was a thick metal collar, at least three inches high, the steel bright.

Her posture was exquisite, back straight and rigid, her shoulders so precise that they could have been used as a ruler, drawing even more attention to the curving swells of her breast and the dramatic shape of her corsetted waist. She moved to stand slightly behind him, her eyes downcast. Miss Arahaim could see the flash of metal on her wrists – she must have cuffs in place as well.

And she was beautiful! Easily the equal of the best girls from the Crown and Scepter, with exquisite makeup, her complexion clean and smooth.

‘I think maybe a companion for her, for when I’m away? And to help her with her feminine tasks. Do you have any girls that might meet my requirements?’ As he spoke, he absent-mindedly continued to maul the headmistress’ plump behind.

The woman lifted her eyes, just for a moment, meeting Miss Arahaim’s gaze and holding it as she smirked, then looking away, face fading back into bland passivity. Miss Arahaim resisted the urge to show her irritation – property shouldn’t behave with such an attitude!

‘I may have a girl or two. Hmm... There was one that you would have liked. A dainty little thing, if a little sour-featured. Little Eliza Taylor-White – dark and dainty. She had a few

issues getting on with the other girls, and had a rather intense dislike of being punished. But she has moved on – she made friends with the Lady Victoria, and they were inseparable. There was, I think, some trouble between those two and the other girls, although I believe it was finally resolved. But I may have a few others that can be graduated into your care.’

He turned away from the captive headmistress, moving to look out of the window – in an internal yard, a small group of students was being put through physical training, forced to assume uncomfortable positions, a senior student monitoring them, cane in hand, using it to strike the legs of anyone that was too slow.

His girl reached out, nails sharp, digging them into the headmistress’ behind, drawing out another gasp of pain, before sliding a hand between their thighs, teasing and stroking them.

‘You certainly do seem to have some fine specimens. Even if their clothing does not display them to best advantage.’

The timbre of the headmistress’s breathing changed, her resistance increasing. Her ankles were also cuffed in place, spread and locked against the legs of the desk. She twisted her head, trying to free herself, growling through her gag. The property looked at Miss Arahaim, then stepped back, as a leg bucked and strained, striving for freedom.

‘Hmmm, she isn’t entirely tame yet. Perhaps you should give her a few more lessons herself?’

Miss Arahaim managed to control her flush of embarrassment, and the faint smirk from the slave. Far too full of herself, that one! If she’d endured Lord Sheffield’s training though, she must be quite tough. Some time in the special detention room would probably make less smug. Maybe in the crate, or on the rack and a few turns of the wheel, see how well that body could survive being stretched, strained and hurt. Maybe the flogger, to mark up the soft skin? She was currently unharmed, at least from what Miss Arahaim could see. Although a lot of her flesh was concealed behind clothing – she might be bruised out of sight or locked into a chastity belt.

‘Grrphhh!’ A mumbled growl came from behind the gag, before Miss Arahaim slapped their buttocks. The headmistress was lovely and soft, although her backside was currently hot from the spankings.

‘Know your place!’

‘Grrr!’

Miss Arahaim looked around for anything she could use. There was a name-plaque close to hand, a triangular wedge of wood with a name-plate on the front. Miss Arahaim picked it up, rubbing the top ridge the woman’s pussy, grinding the hard wood into soft flesh, and making the woman gasp and squirm. ‘We’ve discussed this already. You are allowed to retain your position as long as you obey. Perhaps it’s time for a reminder of this.’

She pressed down on them, pushing the breath from their lungs, pushing up between their legs. They tensed, trying to resist, Miss Arahaim continuing to push her down. ‘Soft, weak slut! Know your place!’

‘Hmmm, yes, I did find her a little dry, it took some work to stir her up. I would have thought that you would have trained her better, to respond to pain in an appropriate fashion.’

The headmistress grunted again, still trying to break free, with no more success than before. Miss Arahaim ground the wooden block against their sex, feeling them start to loosen with the slightest hint of arousal.

‘My apologies, Lord Sheffield! She has proven herself rather stubborn, although she is obedient enough. Mostly – when she expresses concern for the students, I find a little punishment sorts her out. Isn’t that right?’

An indignant squeal came from beneath her, along with increasingly-pained and aroused groans, as Miss Arahaim pushed the wood forward, harder and harder.

‘Do you want to be mounted on the horse again? Know your place!’

The headmistress was starting to succumb, her sighs become less pained. Miss Arahaim felt her with a finger, finding that she was starting to loosen. Having the wooden ridge ground against her crotch must hurt! Well, she deserved it.

Miss Arahaim looked up, seeing that Lord Sheffield was kissing his woman, before glancing down at her. She felt a sting of jealousy, wrenching the wood particularly hard, enjoying the gasp of pain this provoked. She started to push the wood into them, twisting it around, feeling their flesh get deformed by the harshly-angled wood.

‘Perhaps you should discipline her more strictly? She protested my entrance as well.’ He moved over to a solid wooden cabinet, his woman in tow, then knocked on the wood. ‘Oh yes, one of the students knocked while I was waiting. I pushed them in there. Someone else in need of punishment, I think?’

Miss Arahaim could feel the headmistress’ body getting forced towards pleasure, despite her groans of resistant, the wood slowly sliding in. When she twisted it, she could feel the tightness of their slit, the wood ill-suited to its use, causing more pain as the sharp edges scraped against soft, dry flesh.

The cabinet was opened up, to reveal a cramped internal compartment, the floors and walls covered with rough wooden spikes. There was one of the students inside, hog-tied with torn clothing. A cloth rag had been pushed into their mouth. Tears glistened in their eyes as they winced at the light.

‘Ah, Bethany. This won’t be the first time, will it?’

‘Mmpphh!’ They wriggled around, causing themselves more pain as the spikes pressed against their soft and tender flesh.

‘It is always a delight to watch you work, Ruth. Perhaps you could show me again?’

She shoved the wood all the way in, ignoring the headmistress’ grunt of violated pain. ‘Of course, Lord Sheffield. This pair could both do with being taught a lesson.’

Chapter Two: Mandatory Detention

Lord Sheffield looked around the detention room, one arm still strapped around his woman, who was pressed tightly against him. Miss Arahaim suppressed the feeling that she should have cleaned up more – some of the wood was covered with sweat-stains, the metal grimy and in need of a polish, crops and whips strewn about. She would have to get some of the senior girls to clean up!

The unfortunate Bethany was suspended from the ceiling, a web of ropes holding her up, cutting marks into her body, head and legs still bent backwards into a back-breaking curve, another rope through her mouth, cutting into the corners of her mouth. She couldn't even sag or relax, forced to maintain the painful pose, eyes wide with pain. Miss Arahaim had placed several candles on her smooth back, wax trickling them downwards to hold them in place, in ever-growing pools of wax spreading over the girl's skin.

The headmistress was grunting and gasping in pain, her mouth sealed by a muzzle-gag. A leather blindfold had been tied over her eyes, her wrists shackled on chains to the ceiling. Her head flicked about, trying to figure out what was happening, shaking about in fear with every sound, mouth still stuffed with a gag.

She'd have to put on a show, something to entertain Lord Sheffield - he had moved over to lean against a table, watching her, his woman's hand stroking against his chest, making her feel jealous again. Miss Arahaim picked up a crop, flicking it through the air, watching her victim shivering, before turning and striking the student. Supple flesh yielded to the strikes, mumbled grunts sounding through the gag, the headmistress shaking again, unsure what was happening.

'I thought our arrangement was quite clear. You are to remain in your office, and be silent and obedient, and I won't have to hurt you.' She moved towards them, stepping loudly, watching as they shivered at her approach, enjoying the feeling of power. When she flicked her wrist, the crop impacted against cloth with a soft rustle.

'I don't think you'll be needing your clothing for a while. Let's get it off.'

'Mppphhh!'

They tried to protest but could do nothing except shuffle their feet around awkwardly, unable to get away. There wasn't the time to strip her properly. 'Stop wriggling, or I might cut you by accident.' She put the crop down and picked up a knife, pulling out the long skirts and slicing, material fluttering away. With the money Lord Sheffield contributed, it would be easy to buy another one! Beneath there was soft and naked skin, the pussy still violated by the block of wood, forcing her slit open, painful-looking and intrusive.

They tried to pull away, but the chains on their wrists were too short. Miss Arahaim stepped in close, using the knife to slice their corset-cords, one at a time, the stiff material opening up, bit by bit, until it finally fell away from their body, carried by its own weight. Beneath, all she wore was a thin chemise, before Miss Arahaim sliced that away as well. She had large, full breasts, her chest shaking and quivering, still trying to pull away.

'You really are more troublesome than the girls. Maybe I should shackle you to your desk? Or let some of the senior girls have their turn with you? They are very inventive.'

‘Mpphhh!’ They tensed in rebellion, before Miss Arahaim leaned forward and flicked the cane between spread thighs, too slow to close up in defense. The squeal of agony was delightful, before the cane moved upwards, striking those over-sized breasts.

‘You are here for a very simple reason. You are here to obey. You do what I tell you to. Those from the poorer families, and the scholarship girls, are to be trained for special service. They will be fit for maids to ladies of quality, or the wives for those that aren’t too picky. Those of better blood, or wealthier backgrounds, are allowed to be in charge of the others.’

She lashed the breasts several more times, watching how the skin distorted and warped under each assault.

‘From now on, I think your freedoms will be more curtailed. Those pretty ankles of yours will look nice with some fetters welded on. And the girls have to be corset-trained – I think you should be an example of what is possible, I’m sure we can shave a few more inches off your waist. Or maybe I should start renting you out by the hour at a local pleasure-house?’

Her flesh reddened under the impact of the cane, as Miss Arahaim glanced over at Lord Sheffield. Was he interested? There was a clear bulge in his trousers, his slave’s hand sliding down and stroking him, smirking when she saw that Miss Arahaim was looking. She’d have to try and get them alone sometime! She wanted him to notice *her*, especially after all the work she had put in on his behalf! This was far better than the brothel she had been in, and slowly breaking the headmistress had been a delight, with some of the girls being sold to his friends, but she’d quite like to be taken around the town by him, to let him buy her lovely dresses, be taken out to the theatre, even taken to one of his fancy clubs, where she could play with some of the girls there!

Although she wasn’t sure she liked the look of that collar – just the sight of it made her own neck itch and crawl, bringing back things she didn’t want to remember. Even today, she preferred looser clothing around her neck.

‘I would have hoped she would be entirely under your power by now. Have you perhaps lost your edge? Too much time with weak-willed schoolgirls, maybe? You used to be far fiercer when I first met you.’ His tone was mild and dis-interested, as the woman continued to stroke his bulge, which was visibly growing.

She struck with more force, trying to impress her will onto the headmistress. If the bitch would just obey her! She could see tears trickling from beneath the blindfold, before she cast the cane aside, seeking something else she could use. The whip? No, that wouldn’t do much more than the cane. She could use the candles, but they weren’t very showy. There must be something else she could do? What was around. Some clamps? Or some rope? Her mind went blank for a moment – maybe he was right, and she had been spending too much time with the soft, weak students. She tried to focus, before moving to the wall-winch and using it to raise the woman up into the air, the headmistress’ feet flailing for support. With her body stretched out, she was powerless to protect herself.

As the legs kicked about, Miss Arahaim grabbed an ankle and then twisted it, contorting it backwards and binding it into place with a belt, then repeating the same with the other leg. Next was a spreader bar, tied to each knee, forcing the legs to stay spread. Not the most elegant position, but it held the woman in place. She stroked their slit, using her fingers to tease into their currently-dry folds. ‘You should learn to enjoy this. Otherwise it will be a lot more painful for you.’ She felt the slightest suggestion of moisture, twisting her fingers more, before using her other hand to start attaching wooden pegs, all attached by strings, onto her soft and weak flesh.

‘Have you lost your touch, Ruth? You used to be far more skilled at teasing out pleasure.’

She twisted and twirled her fingers more vigorously – was the bitch frigid? There was only the faintest sensation of moisture, as Miss Arahaim desperately tried to draw out more of her arousal, before she resorted to spitting on the woman several times, spit trailing down their belly, which she gathered onto her fingers to moisten them, using that to ease her passage into her victim, slicking the way for herself.

The headmistress squirmed and twisted around, unable to escape, Miss Arahaim sliding two fingers into her. The spittle eased her passage, and the headmistress seemed to be showing some reaction now, her body starting to heat up. Finally, Miss Arahaim’s fingers started to move with greater ease.

‘Good. So you can react appropriately.’ By now, there were pegs all along her thighs and belly, the skin getting pinched tight between the gripping wood, the pegs twitching as the woman breathed. ‘You need to learn the appropriate mindset. It will make this a far more educational experience. Now, Lord Sheffield, would you care to take part yourself?’

He was fully erect now, the woman more vigorously stroking his cock through his trousers, leaning close against him.

‘Mmm, I don’t think she is entirely up to my standards. Although by all means, do carry on.’ He had an arm around her shoulders, casually groping her breasts, only half paying attention.

Miss Arahaim tugged on the cord attached to all the pegs, watching as the skin got stretched painfully tight, warped and distorted, before reaching up and unbuckling her gag, the lump sodden with spit. A long chain of white, bubbly dribble spilled out, as the headmistress gasped.

‘I own this school! You can’t do this to me!’

Miss Arahaim gave the cord another tug, enjoying the way her victim whimpered, skin getting tugged and pinched. ‘And I own you. You will do whatever I want. Or matters will get considerably worse for you.’

Her legs tensed, trying to close up, signs of arousal finally coming through.

‘You might be the headmistress, but you do what *I* tell you! You should be thankful that someone as wealthy as Lord Sheffield has taken an interest in the place and given us somewhere to send the students that no-one else will notice.’

‘Augh!’

Miss Arahaim recognized the signs of involuntary pleasure, having been forced to endure it frequently herself. ‘You’re not allowed to come unless I instruct you. For a teacher, you should know this!’

‘Don’t... don’t do this! Please!’

The headmistress was starting to twitch around Miss Arahaim’s fingers, finally starting to respond properly.

‘You’re going to be collared from now on. You’ve got such lovely skin, I think some nice metal would complement it. Nice, irremovable metal. And maybe you should make more of an effort to convince some of the parents of other girls to make donations. I’m sure you could use this soft, lovely body of yours to be *very* persuasive.’ Although the way she currently looked, with her thigh-meat, belly and breasts all warped and distended by the pegs being pulled on, was rather less conventionally attractive.

‘Please! I’m not like you are, I’m not... mmmpppphhhh!’

Miss Arahaim slapped her across the face, fingers wet with spit. ‘You could have been an ally and co-operated with me. Then we could have had our pick of the sweetest things here. But

instead you resisted, and so this is what you get.’ More slaps, marking up the woman’s face with red marks, before returning to finger-fucking her.

‘Hmmm, you don’t seem to be terribly persuasive, Ruth. On your knees and service me, and this one can have a go.’

She turned to see him gently push his slave away from himself, as Miss Arahaim dropped to her knees, glad that her skirts did something to protect him from the chill of the floor. She crawled towards him, mouth already open as the woman walked past her, in a flurry of expensive clothing and scent, a foot jabbing out at Miss Arahaim’s legs. She resisted the urge to growl – who was that bitch?

Lord Sheffield already had his cock out, looking down at her expectantly. She kept crawling forward, as she heard a pained grunt from behind her, something being down to the headmistress. Her hair was grabbed, her head tugged pulled and he took a two-handed grip, as she opened her mouth in expectation. He pulled her down, the shaft filling her mouth. She started flicking her tongue around, failing to suppress a cough as it pushed into her throat. Tears formed in her eyes as she coughed and spluttered, his hands pulling on her hair and the back of her head, forcing the entire length into her throat, making it hard to breath.

‘You are doing good work here, Ruth. But perhaps a reminder to be a little more forceful in your role? I expect you to keep this place running entirely smoothly. By the next time I visit, I want the headmistress to be entirely obedient to your will. Is this understood?’

She couldn’t speak, only make hacking, spluttering sounds as her throat was filled, his taste overwhelming her senses. She could hear the headmistress making more sounds of pain, something being done to her. The cock juddered, spitting out its load of cum, thick and heavy.

Old training kicked in, and she leaned back, holding her mouth open to show the mix of cum and spit there, tears prickling down her face.

He didn’t relax his grip on her hair, staring down at her. ‘Well, you still remember your place, at least. You may swallow.’

She obeyed, tasting his cum over her tongue. ‘Thank you, Lord Sheffield.’ She winced as he pulled on her hair, enough to pull her upwards, hurting her more.

‘Work to improve yourself. Or I may have you moved somewhere rather less comfortable.’

She didn’t dare meet his eyes, keeping her eyes downcast.

‘Yes, Master.’

He let go and she dropped to the floor, head banging against the ground. He pushed a foot onto her back, pushing her tongue. She looked between her legs, seeing the other woman’s legs move, a flogger flicking through the air, followed by the sounds of impacts. Then Lord Sheffield’s foot pressed down harder, forcing her downwards, and so all she could see was the floor, her body splayed uncomfortably along the stone ground.

The sounds of the headmistress being hurt, and the lingering aftertaste of his cum, were both making Miss Arahaim aroused. She clenched her thighs, trying to counteract the chilling coolness of the ground seeping into her, swilling the remnants of his cum around her mouth, trying to savor the taste. She’d have to work harder, make sure the bitch was fully broken! Maybe then he would notice her more and take her shopping! Or give her the money for more equipment to break and train the girls.

Chapter Three: Taking Matters in Hand

The headmistress bucked in her restraints. She was on her back, tied onto the top of a bench, face-up, rope tied around her wrists and ankles to keep her in place. She had been stripped naked, her belly now covered with red marks from a sustained caning, the welts extending upwards onto her breasts as well. Miss Arahaim flicked her wrist again, making a tit shake about under the impact.

The headmistress grunted in pain, the fat cloth wad in her mouth preventing her from making any more of a noise, her eyes glaring up at Miss Arahaim. She was annoyingly resistant! Another harsh strike made the eyes flick shut for a moment, another muffled grunt coming from behind the gag.

‘You really should surrender. It would make matters far easier. And less painful for you.’

‘Grrrph!’

‘Well, if you will insist, then I will keep hurting you.’ Another strike, this one against that lovely bare belly, then another against a thigh. ‘You made me look like a fool in front of Lord Sheffield! So I have to make sure that you’re probably trained. A loyal dog, to bark on command. And to be *silent* the rest of the time.’

‘Mmpphhh!’

From the sound of the grunt, the woman still had some spirit left.

‘Perhaps I have been too soft with you. Don’t worry though, I’ve got a few more ideas.’

She lifted her foot, stamping down on the woman’s belly, forcing the air from her lungs grinding the heel of her boot against soft and yielding flesh. ‘I have something special, just for you.’ She stamped down again and then moved away. She was using the headmistress’ office to keep her contained, keeping her tied down and locked in.

She picked up a metal device, two metal panels with screws at both ends. She tapped the steel against the breasts, before putting it into place – with one of the bars on either side of the breasts, setting the thing tightly against skin, the breasts contorting through the gap. ‘Those tits of yours need to be hurt a little more. Made nice and soft and sensitive.’

She started to tighten the screws, making sure to keep them even, the metal bars getting closer together. They started to compress the tit-meat, the large spheres getting pinched between them, bulging into painful-looking lumps. Miss Arahaim didn’t stop, as the flesh was compressed more and more, until it bulged out obscenely on either side of the metal, drawn taut.

When Miss Arahaim judged that it was tight enough, she let it rest. The skin was already going an unpleasant color, the blood-flow restricted. The woman groaned in pain, trying to strain against her bonds, her chest heaving even more, head sagging down.

‘The better you behave, the sooner until I remove it. You have a nice enough shape I wouldn’t want to cause any permanent damage. But that is up to you.’ She cupped a breast, smiling when even that soft touch caused them to squirm about in pain. ‘Would you like me to fetch the long pins?’

She reached up to her hair, pulling out a three-inch hairpin. The headmistress managed to exert herself enough to raise her head, neck straining. Her nostrils flared as she tried to suck in

enough air, panting in pain. When Miss Arahaim poked the point against the compacted flesh, the headmistress whimpered. 'This is entirely your own fault.' She moved the point against a stiff and erect nipple, pricking the skin. 'Maybe I should push it all the way though?' The skin started to yield to the point, as the headmistress sobbed and whimpered. Was she trying to plead? Miss Arahaim pushed harder, the hairpin sliding into flesh, all the way through and out the other side.

'Mmmpph! Nppphhh!' Her body was gleaming with sweat, the breast-binder stopping her large breasts from moving, the nipple penetrated by bright metal. 'Pllllppphhh!' Her eyes were wide in pain and fear, hair stuck to her forehead.

'Hmm, should I get another pin? Or use a paddle?'

'Nnnppphh!'

'The paddle, then.' She picked up the heavy wooden bat, feeling the weight of it in her hand, clapping it against her palm. Then she swung it down on the un-pierced breast, feeling the tight flesh absorb the assault. The woman screamed again, at least as much as the gag allowed her to, her breath now ragged and raw. Another strike, this one just a tap, made her cry out in pain again.

When Miss Arahaim swung the paddle again, they screamed even before the impact, ankles and wrists straining against the rope, the rough hemp scratching around her limbs, her whole body tense for a moment, before sagging back in defeat.

'You see? The sooner you give in, the easier this will be. And if you were to learn to enjoy it, then it will be far better.'

She brought the paddle down against their crotch, pulling out another pained and gagged scream. Another strike against their pussy, and they sagged down, head sinking from sight, although she could still hear their whimpering, enjoying the sight of their suffering and tormented body.

Another strike to their crotch made them scream again, although more quietly this time. Next she struck a tit, making the rope tauten as the headmistress uselessly pulled again the ropes, unable to break free.

'From now on, I think I need to make you more acutely aware of your position.' Miss Arahaim used her hand to feel between the woman's legs – there was actually a trace of moisture there, fear apparently serving as arousal. 'Oh? Are you starting to enjoy this? Well, I'm going to use you as a special treat for the girls. The best behaved will be allowed the pleasure of your body. I do hope you are skilled with your tongue, otherwise they might take it out on your flesh. Now, are you going to obey?' She plucked at the pin, still stuck through a nipple, pulling at the flesh, and creating another mumbled cry of pain. 'Good. I'm going to ungag you now.'

She moved forward, letting her skirts flutter along their body, even that slight touch making them moan, before stooping, slapping them across the cheek, and ungagging them.

'Now, who owns you?'

Tears were streaming down her face, her lips chapped and flanked, as Miss Arahaim grabbed her hair and yanked on it.

'You do! You!'

Miss Arahaim let their head drop. 'Good. It wouldn't do for the girls to know their headmistress is a slut, so I'll be kind enough to keep you hooded. Who knows, it might even encourage you to be a little harsher with them when I send them to you for punishment?'

There was a knock on the door, making the headmistress squeal in fear.

'Ah, the first you can reward.'

Miss Arahaim shoved another gag into the woman's mouth, this one a snugly-fitting penis-gag, a shaft running out of her mouth, surrounded by leather padding, tight enough that air whistled through a hole in the cock. Then she quickly pulled a hood over the top, twisting it around until the headmistress' eyes showed through, wrapping a collar around the woman's neck to keep it in place.

The door opened, two students stepping through, both in their uniforms, looking about themselves uncertainly. Miss Arahaim beckoned them over, standing up and brushing down her clothing. The headmistress wilted in shame, unable to cover herself.

'Good afternoon, girls. As you have done so well on your studies, then I have arranged an extra lesson for you. The sort of thing that you might need to do when you are housewives, to keep your servants in line. Matilda, Ethel, close the door and then come over here.'

They both moved close, looking intrigued, probably glad they weren't being punished themselves. Ethel grabbed for a crop before Miss Arahaim tutted at her, watching as her hands dropped to her waist.

'Now, this one has some spirit still, but the two of you can help with that. Ethel, pinch her nose.'

This order was obeyed, the headmistress unable to move her head enough to evade clutching fingers. As she was forced to breath through the gag-cock, spit started to bubble out of the tip of the shaft, streaking down the side of the shaft.

'You may have staff that refuse to accept their place in the domestic hierarchy. Pain is an easy way to convince them otherwise. Matilda, take this paddle and strike them on the thigh.'

It wasn't the best of blows, but it made the headmistress twitch again, more spittle flowing out and down, lubricating the shaft.

'Just like with an animal, making them inhale your scent as they are hurt can also serve to break their will. Pull that footstool over to support their head, and then mount them.'

Ethel moved with focused speed, wrenching the headmistress' head up by the hair and sliding a stool into place, before lifting her skirts to show off her toned, smooth legs, her stockings at odds with her lumpy woolen skirt. Her slit was already wet as she positioned herself, spitting onto the shaft again and using her hand to smear the stuff around, then slowly squatting, letting the tip penetrate into her.

'Now, take it nice and slowly. Matilda, continue to hurt her. Notice how her breasts are compressed by the metal – that means they will be very sensitive. Try striking the one without anything stuck through it.'

As soon as this order was obeyed, the headmistress' legs strained against the ropes, Ethel making a happy sigh as breath pushed against her. She would make an eager wife or mistress for someone, her large breasts straining against her blouse. There was the dull thud of another strike, wood-on-meat, Ethel gasping in delight.

As she reached towards the pierced nipple, Miss Arahaim raised her hand and shook her head, Ethel stopping. Then she reached forward herself, giving the metal a slight tug.

'It is always best to be careful when breaking the flesh. While inflicting suffering is fine, it is very easy to cause permanent damage, and that can lower the value, or make the servant unfit for duty. Moderation is key – bend them to your will, but do not break the body to much.' She pulled the pin out and tossed it onto the desk with a light clink.

Ethel was ferociously pumping her hips, clearly enjoying the sensation of an actual cock, rather than her hands, her eyes rolling back in her head. Matilda raised the paddle, Miss

Arahaim stepping behind her to correct her posture and grip, before the paddle was swung down in a vicious strike, right against the exposed twat.

‘Good, that’s the spirit. Another strike, and then use your fingers to tease her. A mistress should be able to give pleasure as well as pain.’

Fingers reached forward, ineptly stroking and flicking at the exposed crotch, Miss Arahaim wincing. The girl presumably treated herself with more gentleness? Or was she one of those that liked it rough, or simply that heavy-handed?

Still, it provoked a response, the folds slowly loosening and moistening, one finger entering, then two, the woman getting spread open and violated. Ethel continued to ride her face, biting her lip in daze-eyed focus, before throwing her head back in the throes of an orgasm. She sagged down, pushing her mount’s face down onto the stool, cock still buried deeply within her cunt.

Miss Arahaim had to slap her across the face to get her attention, grabbing her around the throat and pulling upwards, until she pulled herself off the cock, still a little dazed-looking. Miss Arahaim slapped her again, some sense starting to return to her eyes. Spit and pussy-juice bubbled out of the cock, as the headmistress sucked in desperate breaths.

Matilda’s fingers continued to violate the woman, now more easily able to slide in and out, as her lust finally start to lubricate her slit. Her hips moved, at least the small amount they could, trying to get herself off.

‘Ethel, your turn. Her breasts. This one has nice large ones, and they’re especially sensitive now.’ They were starting to turn a dark purple color, the blood unable to circulate properly. ‘Hmm, permanent damage might be a little much. Unscrew the press.’

Ethel twisted the screws, at first the wrong way, crushing the skin even more, before twisting them the other way, releasing the brutal pressure. Dark bruises had already formed where the metal had pressed against the flesh, lines on the top and bottom of each tit, as their shape slowly returned to normal.

‘Now Ethel, you may strike them.’

The cock-gag bobbed about as the headmistress desperately shook her head, not wanting to be hurt. But there was no way for her to avoid the strike of the paddle, right onto a bruise. The headmistress gave a miserable and pathetic howl, before she was hit on the other breast.

‘Nppph! Nphhh! Mphh...’ Whatever words she was trying to say were utterly incomprehensible through that gag, sweat now staining her body, making her body start to gleam.

‘You see? This is fear. Matilda, you may ride her face. Ethel, continue to punish her, but also tease her. And don’t just focus on her breasts, use the rest of her body as well.’

Another slap of the paddle, this time against a soft and defenseless belly, another hand stroking and teasing an unprotected cunt, with rather more delicacy now, fingers skimming over the outer lips, more skillfully drawing out the beads of lust, before sliding a digit into the woman.

‘Excellent.’

Matilda straddled the cock-gag, dropping her weight inelegantly onto the shaft, her body bouncing up and down, a vapid smile on her face as she worked towards to an orgasm.

‘Good, tease her, but don’t let her come. Feel how she tightens and try to judge how close she is, without letting her climax.’

Ethel seemed to be enjoying it, a wicked grin on her face as she probed and fondled with her fingers, skillfully keeping the headmistress on the edge of pleasure, without tipping her over.

As Matilda heaved herself towards an orgasm, Miss Arahaim inspected the headmistress. Her tits would bear the mark of the press for a while!

‘Ethel, stop.’

The girl obeyed, pulling her fingers out and wiping them on the headmistress’ belly.

‘Now, I hope this was an instructive lesson. If you behave well, then you may be allowed back. Off you go, both of you – to your next lesson.’

Matilda sounded disappointed, but levered herself off the penis-gag, taking a moment to collect herself, pulling her skirts back into place.

‘Thank you, Miss Arahaim.’ Despite her post-orgasmic daze, she still managed to curtsy. Ethel unleashed a final stinging slap with the paddle, before putting it onto the side and curtsying herself. ‘Thank you, Miss Arahaim.’

They let themselves out, and Miss Arahaim waited until the door shut behind them, before turning back to her victim.

‘Now, if you behave, then I will let you have some freedom.’

She lifted a boot and stamped down, hard, on a bruised and tortured breast, savoring the squeal of pain.

‘Or, if you don’t, then I think all the students can take their turns with you. I hope you’re tough enough to endure them all.’

She ground her heel down, before shifting and stamping against their belly inside.

‘You are here to help the girls, and to be abused, for their education. I hope you realize your place now. I’ve got a nice cage, just for you. You won’t be seeing most other than this room. If you’re a good girl, then I *might* allow you a cushion.’ She pressed down again, forcing the air from the woman’s lungs.

The cords were tied so tightly that Miss Arahaim had to get a knife to slice them, dark bruises formed where the ropes had been. The headmistress was so worn out that she couldn’t even lift herself up.

‘I’ve got you a lovely collar as well.’

It was shiny black leather, new and shiny, and with a very shiny lock. She pushed it around the headmistress’ neck, clicking it shut. ‘Maybe I’ll give you a metal one later.’ Miss Arahaim pushed the headmistress off the bench, using the collar to drag her along.

The cage was in the corner of the room – not even waist-high, with strong metal bars.

‘In you get.’

The headmistress didn’t resist, letting herself be dragged into the cage, having to stoop and squat. Once inside she had no hope of standing, only able to crawl around a little inside, the look of misery on her eyes delicious and arousing, the penis-gag still in her mouth, the cock slick with spit and pussy juice. Miss Arahaim locked the cage shut.

‘I will have to make sure you are good and broken for when Lord Sheffield next visits. Stupid bitch. By then, you’ll be good and obedient. Isn’t that right?’

The headmistress gave a desperate and pathetic sob, hunching up in her cage.

‘Rest well, slut. I’ve got plenty more punishment in mind for you.’

Learning the Craft

Chapter One: A Hot Embrace

The gag-prong in Eliza's mouth made it hard to swallow properly, the thing forcing her lips wide, the mask covering her face. With it in, she couldn't talk properly, couldn't manage more than mumbled gag-speak, like how Lady Melissa's slaves communicated. But it made her face anonymous and terrifying, at least to judge by Isabella's reaction. The other girl's eyes were wide with terror, and she shook her head in refusal, straining on her bonds, leather cords easily taking the strain.

There was no chance of her breaking free. She was tied, by Eliza's command, onto a horizontal X-cross, leather straps tightly wound over her ankles, thighs and wrists. Without anything to support her head, she had to strain to look up, desperately trying to keep Eliza in sight. Her once beautiful brown hair was now a tattered and dirty mess, and the dildo pushed into her throat made her even less capable of speech than Eliza was. Behind the mask, Eliza smiled, taking pleasure in her one-time tormentor's terror, remembering the pain and humiliation the woman had subjected her to, her and Victoria. Her coterie of bitches had taken turns stripping Eliza bare, whipping her with stinging nettles, or pushing them into her corsetry and forcing her to endure the pain through their lessons.

Well, now it was time for revenge. Eliza twisted her tongue around the prong inside her mouth, managing to swallow some of the spit welling up.

'Pllleaappphhh!' Isabella looked at Victoria for relief. She was sat on a comfortable chair, overseeing matters, her own face covered by a mundane mask. Victoria shook her head, and Isabella whimpered, her hands and feet tensing as Eliza approached.

She ran her hand up Isabella's bare foot, taking pleasure in her futile squirming. Such a simple trick, but it seemed effective – even without causing pain, touch them places that made them move, force them to react and see how they coped. Isabella certainly seemed weak, isolated, bound and cut off from any allies or support. Her clothes were now just rags – tatters of embroidery that clung to her body, doing nothing to contain her breasts or hide her crotch, with a thick leather belt locked around her waist. There was a clamp on each breast, joined by a chain.

Isabella's strength failed her for a moment and her head sank down. Eliza reached forward and slapped between her legs, watching as her chest heaved in a breath, the head coming back into sight, eyes dark and weary. The girl should certainly be far more obedient now! Maybe this could be used as a way to get back at the other bitches? She smiled around the prong – the group of them, naked and powerless against her punishment! That would be a delight.

But she was still having fun with this one. She moved out from between the legs and walked around the side, stroking her gloved hand up a leg, then over Isabella's flank, tickling a breast and tugging on a clamp-chain, noting the sheen of sweat that clung to her skin.

The room was warmer than normal, the sweat from heat for once, rather than chill. The reason for the heat was obvious – a small and controlled gas fire burned beneath a metal tub, keeping the contents the right temperature. She wasn't allowed to leave any permanent marks, but Lady Melissa had been letting her use the library, and there were so many options! To be

allowed to learn from such a tutor! She must have made some noise, as Isabella strained against her bonds again, the straps tightening but too strong for her to break.

When Eliza released a breast-clamp, Isabella whimpered, pain probably surging in her. Well, that could be payback for when she had gotten her friends to hold Eliza down and pinched her breasts until they were blue-black with bruises, while mocking her slight size. The memories just made Eliza want to hurt her even more, twisting the other clamp savagely before removing it.

Next was tenderizing the skin. She took a flogger, a sturdy handle attached to half-a-dozen soft leather cords and started to strike it against Isabella's flesh, making sure to target her oversized breasts.

As she did so, she glanced over at Victoria. Behind the mask, her expression was impossible to read, but from how she fidgeted, she was enjoying it. Although beneath her heavy dress, she was locked into a chastity belt, so wouldn't be getting too much pleasure from it. There was also a collar locked around her neck, and cuffs at her wrists and ankles, all hidden beneath her clothing. Eliza tried not to think about it – she enjoyed the sense of power and dominance, but it always felt unsatisfying with another woman, she preferred the tougher, stronger bodies of men, quivering beneath her blows, the thought of what else they had, that women lacked, making her loins quiver.

She was willing to make an exception for Isabella though. She flicked her wrist forward, the cords cracking against Isabella's belly with a satisfying slapping sound, light red marks appearing. They would heal and fade in a few hours, but it felt good to make them.

She leaned forward, moving in close to Isabella's face, her head shaking in desperate refusal, then made a gesture at Victoria, beckoning her up. Although Victoria was far above her in social rank, she obeyed, deferring to Eliza in these matters, moving as planned and supporting Isabella's head, holding it up for her.

Then Eliza moved between the Y of Isabella's legs, reaching out and stroking the tufts of hair growing there, using a finger to probe at her slit. She was still dry, needing more training before she could enjoy such things. Eliza began to probe and stroke, wishing she could just spit instead, but Isabella was enough of a slut that it only took some light caressing until she started to get wet. Given the isolation and pain in which she was kept, then she should welcome any touches that didn't bring pain.

Not that Eliza would allow her full release. Instead, after getting her warm and soft, Eliza bent over, staring Isabella in the eyes, savoring the terror there, seeing herself reflected as a masked and powerful figure. Then she reached towards the tub, taking the ladle there and scooping up a full load of the hot wax.

Isabella had gone stiff with terror, not even begging anymore, every limb rictus-tense, unsure what was about to happen. Eliza tipped the ladle, and the molten wax poured down onto Isabella's soft, red-lashed belly.

'Mmmmmpppphh!' She strained against the restraints again, and Eliza strapped another band over her body, just beneath her breasts. The wax was already drying into a white skin, and Eliza got another ladle-full and prepared to pour it. Isabella was making urgent gasps and grunts, as Victoria put a hand over her face, limiting her air supply. Eliza poured this one over a breast, the tortured nipple getting covered with molten wax, flowing and then drying.

Tears were streaming down Isabella's face, her chest heaving and making the soft wax crumble and flake. Eliza poured more onto it, creating a crust that soon covered her stomach. When she poured more between her victim's breasts, they started to go limp, Victoria releasing

her grip on Isabella's face, letting her gasp in urgent breaths. Her eyes had gone vague and empty, staring into the middle distance until Eliza slapped her cunt again, dragging her back to attention.

She tried to keep track of which parts made Isabella jolt around more – molten wax on her inner thighs seemed particularly effective, making her twitch and spasm, while her hips seemed less sensitive.

When Isabella's entire body was covered, it was in a layer so thick that even her breathing didn't make it crack or flake. It must have been stifling beneath it all, the stuff restricting breathing, molding itself tightly to every curve of her body. Her breasts were now misshapen and blobby, the mounds covered with streaks and streams of the stuff.

Isabella's breath was coming in ragged puffs and gasps, Victoria sometimes covering her nose or pushing the penis-gag deeper into her throat. Eliza used one hand to reach down and spread her victim's lips wide, then took the ladle, full of liquid wax. She held it up, watching as Isabella tried to shake her head in refusal, but Victoria's grip was too tight. The tears welling up in her eyes made Eliza smile, at least as much as she could around the gag-prong. She could feel her arousal growing – she'd have to beat Victoria later, give her a strap-on and use her as a sex-toy.

She tipped the ladle, molten wax streaming down, onto Isabella's folds. She screamed, or at least tried to, the sound muted and distorted by the gag and Victoria's hands. It quickly dried into place, molding itself to her flesh, forming a flexible skin. Eliza gave it a moment to dry, and then pulled at it, pulling at the skin beneath, reddened from the heat.

'Bipph!' It was a shame that she couldn't talk properly with the mask on – she wanted to let Isabella know her place, to make her suffer and hurt, to be degraded and broken! But it would be problematic if her identity were to be known, and there was a certain power in being faceless and anonymous, as she shoved a finger deeply into Isabella, then she withdrew it and pushed against her other hole, teasing at the entrance.

Despite her suffering, Isabella had enough awareness to whine and shake her head again, not wanting to be penetrated there. She poked just the tip of her middle finger in, feeling the sphincter tighten and try to reject her, pushing in, pushing through the resistance, until her whole finger was inside of the woman. They grunted at the violation, especially as she swirled the digit around, feeling the heat and tightness of their hole. It was supposed to be a good way to show meat their place – although Victoria seemed to quite enjoy it. She pulled out, watching as the wax flexed, the skin beneath getting stretched before shifting back to normal. Her asshole stretched open for a moment before closing – maybe a plug could be inserted, to teach her that she was meat? At least until she was released from here, hopefully more humble and less of a bully!

She returned to the wax, pouring more and more of it onto Isabella's body. By now, Isabella's body was so covered in wax that she probably couldn't even feel it, wax drying on top of more wax, her body coated in layers of dried, white wax. When she moved, at least the small amount that was possible, some of it flaked away, but most of it was so thickly layered that it bound her body, sealing it against the wooden cross.

Eliza put her face close against Isabella's, reveling in the fear she saw there. That was key – a slave should fear their master, should know that pain and suffering could easily happen. And Isabella was already there. Next, she would need training, to be forced towards pleasure while being hurt, to make them linked, to make the meat *want* pain, even as they feared it. At least that's what Lady Melissa taught!

So now that the meat had been hurt, it was time to force them to feel pleasure. That meant breaking through the wax. She took the flogger, flicking her wrist the way that Lady Melissa had shown her, using her wrist, not her arm, to focus the force. Then she struck it against Isabella – her aim was slightly off and the blow struck against Isabella’s belly, knocking off chunks of wax. Her next strike was on-target, hitting between Isabella’s legs, dragging away more of the wax.

Eliza nodded at Victoria, and she started to stroke Isabella’s head. The cords of the flogger snapped and cracked against wax-covered flesh, until her pussy was exposed. Now Eliza switched to gentleness, using her fingers to carefully stroke at Isabella’s flesh, teasing and caressing her, rubbing her nub until she started to slick. The wax on her chest was starting to swell and heave as she took deeper breaths, eyes dazed with lust as well as fear now. Eliza started to finger her, being as soft and gentle as possible, taking her to the edge and holding her there.

Then she nodded at Victoria again, having to exaggerate her motion to be seen, Victoria removing the penis-gag.

‘Please... Please...’

Eliza didn’t know if she was begging for release from the pain, or for pleasure, but that she wasn’t screaming was a good start. Eliza pinched her nub, making her squeal, before returning to her gentle stroking. When Isabella begged again, Eliza shook her head, drawing her hand back and slapping at the now-moist flesh. Isabella gave a satisfying grunt of pain, biting her lip to stop herself making more noise.

Eliza made a hissing noise, hoping that it sounded threatening. From how she flinched away, it certainly seemed to have the desired effect. Now that “fear” had been established, then it was time to force pleasure onto her. She began to pump her fingers in and out, using two, then three at the same time, feeling her fingers get pulled in.

Isabella came, shaking and juddering, fluids gushing out, her body going limp, head sagging down. Eliza hissed again, the sound going unheard, Isabella not reacting. A bell rang above them – time to end the session. She took a final ladle-full of wax and poured it over the now even more tender crotch of her victim, watching her tense up, uncertain if Isabella was even conscious.

They left her there, still tied to the wooden cross, wax coating her body, the few bits of her skin visible shiny with sweat. As they left, Victoria walked close, wrapping her arm around Eliza’s, walking close to her,

Chapter Two: Pre-Party Preparations

Walking around with the prong in her mouth was annoying and degrading, but she could still feel the tingle of pleasure from dominating Isabella. It had taken several sessions to break her to this point, to start turning her into malleable meat. Quite what would happen to her on release, Eliza didn't know – she had been sent to this place to make her more obedient, but this was probably not what her father had intended! But taking the bitch and making her into a fucktoy was satisfying, even if Eliza would rather have a man to punish. It just wasn't as satisfying with a woman! She would have to mount a cock onto Victoria and use her later.

They returned to the entrance area, stepping into the dressing rooms. Victoria removed her mask, as Eliza grunted at her, gesturing at the mask locked around her head. She wanted to be able to talk again! And to be dressed normally. The body-sheathing guard uniform was far too tight and showy, too much flesh on display, even if her face was covered. Victoria took the key and held it up, shaking it, Eliza grunting again in irritation. She'd make sure to give Victoria a good slapping later!

She turned around and bent her head down, feeling the strap against the back of her head as the key slid into the lock, clicking open, the mask falling from her face. She felt grimy and dirty underneath it, her sweat having built up on her face. It was easier to breathe as well, and she stretched her lips and jaw, glad to be able to move it properly again.

The guard uniform was easy to strip out of, although the trousers took some wriggling to remove. Victoria's eyes followed her body, and Eliza turned slightly away, enjoying the twitch of frustration in Victoria's eyes. Her friend was clearly aroused, probably having enjoyed the sight of Isabella being tormenting just as much as Eliza had enjoyed doing it.

Victoria helped her dress, pulling a light shift over her body, and then putting her corset on, tightening it around her body. The tightness was pleasurable, shaping her body and making her feel protected and safe. Her heavy dress fell to her ankles, swishing as she moved. A high-necked top with long sleeves covered her up almost entirely, increasing her sense of security.

She twisted her shoulders, shifting her outfit into place. She ran her hands through her hair, pulling it into shape, before tugging on the chain around her neck, the key flashing into sight. Victoria's eyes flashed and she bit her lip, wanting the key to her chastity belt.

'That was pleasant.'

Eliza stretched, glad to be out of the tight leathers, enjoying the way that Victoria's eyes followed her movements. 'Yes. Isabella deserves punishment, and I think she is starting to break. She'll be an obedient wife, I suppose. I have to let Madame D'Aubrec know of our progress though. Come.' Victoria gave a swift nod and moved behind Eliza, falling into step. 'Good girl.' She patted Victoria on the head, smiling back at her friend.

Madame D'Aubrec's office wasn't far, concealed behind a statue of a woman, with actual metal manacles locked around the wrists and ankles, a golden collar in place. It was a little excessive, nothing like the tasteful restraint of the decorations that Lady Melissa had in place. She pushed on the base, and the thing rotated to reveal a short corridor. One of the guards was there, a tall and powerful woman, wearing the same uniform that Eliza had been wearing – tight

leather trousers and a dark vest, her arms bare. Her face was hidden behind a mask, plain and white except for the number “34” marked onto her forehead. Her blonde hair was cut into a short bob, her hands in leather gloves. Eliza smiled and curtsied at her, 34 acknowledging her with a nod of the head and standing aside to let them pass.

As they moved past, 34 reached out an arm to stop them. Eliza turned to face them, and they stroked her face, brushing away stray strands of hair and tidying her up.

‘Thank you.’

34 nodded and gave her a pat on the head, then let them pass.

D’Aubrec’s office was still a work in progress, with stacks of unpacked crates filling half of the space, unsorted papers piled up, an ornate desk virtually hidden beneath stacks of restraints, whips and crops.

‘Ah, the little princess and her queen!’

Eliza suppressed a sigh of irritation as a figure stepped out from behind a wooden crate. They were dressed in tight clothing – white breeches and a shirt, their gender ambiguous, cheeks rouged. The collar around their neck was more ornamental than restrictive, a thin band of leather decorated with golden thorns. Still, they were an apparently-trusted servant of Madame d’Aubrec, so Eliza made herself smile and curtsied at them, hearing Victoria shuffle behind her.

‘The mistress d’Aubrec, she is away on business. Your playtime was fun, yes?’

Their grasp of the language was still poor, but slowly improving. ‘Yes. Isabella is starting to break. I think she will soon be at the, um, point d’obeissance? Do you know how much longer she will be a guest for?’

‘A guest? Ah, you English, so polite. She will be released when trained, to be made *obeissante*. A lovely bride, white and fettered, no?’ Their smile was sharp and fanged, a heavy perfume filling the air, making Eliza’s nose itch, and she resisted the urge to sneeze.

Eliza smiled back, trying to seem hard and vicious as well, not wanting to show any fear or intimidation. ‘She should certainly be obedient, I think she is learning to enjoy it.’

‘Excellent work. The mistress shall be told.’ They approached, running their hand down Eliza’s face, making her skin crawl. ‘Most impressive, little one. You show talent as a trainer, should you ever be sent to this place, the guards would be glad.’ Eliza couldn’t be sure if that was a threat or not, the person’s face far too close to her own, intruding into her personal space. She wanted to push them away but instead collected herself and stared back at them.

‘I thank Madam D’Aubrec for the use of her facilities. When she returns, kindly convey my respects to her. It has been most educational and pleasurable.’

‘*Oui*, of course. And a letter for your own mistress.’

They moved away, the thick scent moving with them as they approached the desk. It took several tugs on a drawer to open it, having to use enough force to make a heap of papers fall over, before returning with a thick envelope. It was addressed to Lady Melissa.

Eliza took it and bowed her head. ‘Of course. Unless there is anything else, then we shall take our leave.’

They nodded back, turning towards the pile of paper they had knocked over and starting to tidy it up, breezily waving a hand at them in dismissal.

After the closed-in darkness and confinement of Madame d’Aubrec’s facility, it was a relief to be back outside again, in the fresh and open air. Another of the guards – 87, was that a new one? – escorted them to the outer gate, the metal barrier sliding open to let them out.

It was only a short walk through the green and rolling countryside to return to Lady Melissa's manor. Eliza looked back over her shoulder – the contrast between the two buildings was stark – one a dark block of stone and metal with heavy walls and tiny, barred windows, the other an elegant and grand house, surrounded by well-kept gardens. It would be nice to bring her sketchbook sometime, draw the two as an example of contrasts in action. From here, Eliza could see the inner compound of Lady Melissa's menagerie, a metal cage raised high and catching the sunlight. Someone must be getting punished! Amidst the topiary sculptures and antique statues were whipping posts and other tethers, all currently empty.

Victoria pushed herself close against Eliza. 'That one always creeps me out! Do you think they're a boy or a girl?'

'I'm not sure. But I don't think Lady Melissa likes them either, she always looks annoyed whenever they come to deliver a message.'

'I wonder if they're trained? They seem to have a lot of freedom but they do have that collar.'

'Yes, they must be trusted by Madame d'Aubrec. They seem to do a lot of her work. I would assume they are her property, or they willingly agreed to be collared.'

Victoria's hand, almost unconsciously, rose to her own neck, where a collar was hidden beneath the high neck of her dress. Only a slender one, but prettily made. It was fun putting it on each morning, and the chastity belt as well. Having Victoria pressed up against her was nice, although she still wasn't sure how she felt about having to punish Victoria every morning. It was nice making Victoria into her bitch-pet, or punishing her and hearing her squeal and gasp, but she wanted to have a slave of her own to punish and train! And if Victoria's parents ever found out, then she would be in a *lot* of trouble, if she weren't sold off as meat. But she couldn't refuse the orders of Victoria, and it was fun.

Not quite as much fun as watching Katherine's boy and his reactions whenever she punished Victoria or tormenting the boy herself though. Could she get someone like him? She quite liked his size and bulk, but if he were ever to run wild, he would be hard to get under control. And he could probably lift her up and carry her off without trouble, drag her away and despoil her. Even in his belt, he was still dangerous, although Katherine trusted him, more than she should. The look on his face was delightful when he was being teased and hurt! But she couldn't afford even a cheap slave, and she had nowhere to keep them. She couldn't stay as a guest of Katherine's forever!

Victoria set a brisk pace, spurred on by the afternoon sunlight and the pleasant breeze. Sheep baa'd at them as they passed, a few shepherds and farmers doffing their caps in respect. It was a nice walk, pleasant and warm. And it showed Lady Melissa's estate to fine advantage! The gardens were lovely and green, the flowers bright and set into immaculate patterns and shapes. They were approaching from the rear, the large windows of the house catching the sun, and now Eliza could see that something was happening in the lower gardens, several wooden frames set up and holding slaves, equipment being set up as well.

Victoria pointed. 'I wonder what that's for? Melissa did say she was expecting guests.'

'Yes, a few of her friends from London.' A knot of unease settled into her stomach – would they be friendly?

'Perhaps there will be some demonstrations? Maybe you can help out – you'd like that, wouldn't you? And you're really good. You certainly like to practice on me.' She hugged Eliza, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

‘Lady Melissa is far superior to me! And she was training from when she was eighteen and wrote her first papers a year later. I’ve never even trained anyone, other than helping Katherine or Lady Melissa!’

‘You’ll do fine, you’re good at it. You’re certainly good at training me. Mmm, the way you do those things to me!’ Victoria gave a happy shiver. ‘I don’t suppose...’

‘The belt is staying on.’

Victoria deflated with a slight whine. ‘But I’ve been a good girl!’ She pouted as Eliza patted her on the head.

‘You have. And you are a good assistant when we’re working on that bitch. But the longer you go without, the more intense the sensation will be when you’re allowed release.’

‘After this long, I’m hoping it’ll be very nice! But, um, you will let me out soon, won’t you? Please.’

Eliza patted her on the head again. ‘Good girl.’

Victoria purred at her, a flush spreading over her features.

‘A good girl gets rewarded.’

‘Mmm, yes, reward me please!’

They reached the estate walls, circulating around until they found a gateway. A well-dressed servant bowed at their approach and let them in. With their eyes downcast, they pointed further inwards. ‘The Lady Brimton requests that you prepare yourselves in readiness for dinner.’

They both nodded in acknowledgement of the words, but there was no need to reply to a servant. It seemed there would be food and entertainment tonight. Eliza wondered what Lady Melissa had planned – it was a nice warm day, so they would likely be outside. Maybe there would be whippings as they ate, or the servants would be dressed in revealing clothing and get punished if they made any mistakes? Whatever it was, Lady Melissa would surely have planned it perfectly!

They entered the house through a side-entrance, through a warm and humid greenhouse. A gardener rose from their labors and bowed, before fading back into the greenery to tend to something. The house itself was as perfect and clean as ever, the ornaments and decorations immaculately placed and dusted. A pair of maids pressed themselves back against the wall, their eyes downcast as they curtsied, their leather muzzles and metal collars clean and bright.

Eliza knocked on the guestroom door before entering. Katherine was at her desk, waiting something, probably a letter. Behind her, his muscled body stretched out on a frame, was her boy, his almost-naked body making Eliza’s heart leap – she wanted to play with him! There were some scratches and lash-marks on his body, but he was mostly uninjured, and even seemed to be sleeping, supported by the metal around him.

Without interrupting Katherine, they moved into the dressing room. Most of the clothing in here was Katherine’s or Victoria’s, with Eliza unable to afford as many outfits for herself. They began to undress each other, their clothing both needing assistance to remove and unlace.

Victoria’s soft, warm flesh appeared from beneath the heavy dress. Her large breasts spilled out, Eliza feeling the weight of them, enjoying the frustrated sigh that Victoria made. With her clothing removed, Eliza could see the band around her neck. And between her legs and around her waist, the bright band of the chastity belt. Eliza flicked it, smiling at the way Victoria shivered.

She sat down, stretching out her leg, rolling her stocking down. ‘Down.’

Victoria obeyed, sinking down onto all fours, head up and looking at Eliza.

‘Kiss.’ She pointed at her foot, and Victoria crawled forward, lowering her head to kiss at Eliza’s bare foot. The sensation was soft and sweet and warm, Victoria’s hair brushing against her skin. ‘Good dog. Your mistress desires pleasure.’ She spread her legs wide, gesturing down at herself.

Victoria crawled forward, tongue already extended as she moved closer, her breath tickling against Eliza’s inner thighs.

Her tongue easily slid into Eliza, flicking about her folds, before twisting upwards to caress her nub. Eliza leaned back, letting her hand rest on her friend’s head, imagining it was a man between her legs instead.

‘Yes... good puppy... just like that...’

As Victoria kept licking and sucking away, her own hands scrubbed at the chastity belt, trying to get herself off. Eliza opened one eye and shook her head, making Victoria whine. ‘Naughty... puppy.’

Victoria couldn’t talk, not with her tongue otherwise occupied, but made another grunting whine. It felt so good! Having someone at her command was a pleasure by itself.

It didn’t take long for her to climax, sinking back and pushing Victoria away, ignoring her disappointed sigh. It took her a few moments to collect herself, shaking away the languor of bliss, tapping Victoria on the forehead. ‘Good puppy, good girl. But we need to get ready.’

‘Can I...?’ Victoria tapped her fingers against her chastity belt again, and Eliza shook her head.

‘No. Although you have done well, little puppy.’ Looking down on Victoria felt good, a level of power and security she didn’t normally have. Anywhere else, she would have to be Victoria’s subordinate and hanger-on, but here she could command and dominate! Such a shame they had to leave it. But they would be able to see Lady Melissa punish and train slaves again.

She gave Victoria a pat on the head, stroking the blonde hair. ‘Dress me.’

Even her finest clothing was a little shabby and worn, especially compared to Victoria’s. But it was nice to be dressed again – she shivered as Victoria’s hands brushed her chest, the silver-white line of her scar, stiff and cold, reminding her of old darkness. The corset, as always, made her feel comfortable, bound within the tight and stiff material. And being tended to by one of such high rank as Victoria was a pleasure by itself, a transgression outside the normal order of things.

‘Lady Victoria, perhaps you should go out like that? I’m sure you would draw attention.’ She gestured at Victoria’s almost-naked body. ‘Your breasts already draw quite a lot of attention, a lot of men seem to like them.’

Victoria laughed nervously. ‘I only want to do this for you.’ She crossed her arms over her chest, until Eliza lightly pulled them away.

‘But you like being my pet, my *bitch*?’ The profanity was a taboo delight, something not fit for her tongue, but pleasurable to apply to Victoria, to sully her further.

Victoria gave a happy shiver, but nodded and smiled. ‘I am! Although it is a little cold in here. May I dress myself, mistress?’

Eliza pretended to hesitate before answering. ‘You may. Now remember, you’re Lady Victoria, not my pet. Good girl.’

Dressing Victoria was pleasurable, giving her the chance to stroke and tease her friend, drawing her fingers against the lush, curvaceous body, groping at her large breasts, stroking her belly and then rattling the chastity belt. Listening to Victoria’s sigh of frustrated denial was nice as well, a sign of the power Eliza had over her.

It was to be a formal party, so full dress was required – Victoria's soft skin was soon hidden behind layers of fabric and corsetry, sleeves coming down to her wrists and hiding the cuffs locked on there, stockings getting slid up her legs, a full and heavy dress swishing into place.

Doing each other's makeup took a little longer, taking turns to submit to the brushes and pads and tints to color each other's faces. Their roles shifted, Eliza now working as though she were a lady's maid, ensuring that Victoria looked as good as she could, picking out jewelry to accent her clothing, as well as brushing her hair, taking her golden curls and pinning them into place. A few gold and jeweled hairclips completed the look, showing off Victoria's wealth.

It took less time for Victoria to tend to Eliza – she had far less options, with the same items having to go with virtually every outfit. Victoria kept trying to buy her more, but Eliza didn't want to feel any more indebted to her friend.

When they were done, they looked at themselves in the mirror – elegant and refined noblewomen, at least in theory, with Victoria wearing the most expensive fashions with diamonds sparking from her ears and in her hair. Next to her, Eliza knew she looked drab and dark, her dress a faded black, several seasons out of date and no longer fitting as well as it should, too tight around the hips and bust. She needed to get it taken in to fit her better, but she didn't have the money herself, and didn't want to rely on Victoria's credit.

Katherine joined them, wasting no time in dressing herself, her dress brightly colored, if not as expensive as Victoria's. Of course, as Lady Melissa's niece, she had been lent a few choice items of jewelry.

'Aunt Melissa said her friends were from London. I wonder if they'll be friendly? You were having fun with the last ones.' She gave Eliza a quick hug. 'And you're helping Madame D'Aubrec as well! I'm sure you'll have plenty to talk about.'

Victoria pushed against her possessively but didn't say anything, before pulling away and helping Katherine, Eliza assisting as well. It didn't take long to finish preparing, and then they left. The boy twitched in his restraints, lost in some dream, his cock currently shrunken.

Chapter Three: Impressing Peers

Victoria led the way, Eliza moving in her wake. The other guests, whoever they were, were already present – a dozen or so people, most noticeably older. All of them were well dressed, in smart and tailored outfits, all showing their wealth and status.

Their attention was focused on several of Lady Melissa's pieces, their bodies suspended in metal frames, spread-eagled to hold their limbs taut. All of them were well-trained enough not to fight against their bindings, and had been tended to, their faces made up and hair tied back. There were two women and one man, all well-proportioned and clean, their skin currently unmarked. From the implements neatly arranged onto tables, that probably wouldn't last for long though.

Eliza looked up at the man – he was tall and slender, with a large leather gag plugging his mouth, made so that there wasn't any spittle dribbling out. She idly considered which of the tools she would use first – he was likely already obedient, but taking a whip to him might be pleasurable. Or perhaps a crop – something to feel out his toughness and endurance a little more? She would have to lock eyes, obviously, show him that he couldn't control what he saw anymore. Maybe blinders? His neck was already wrapped in a heavy collar, and the frame allowed him to be moved.

She looked at the mechanism – the whole thing could be rotated around, so his body could be rotated, to bring his head down if needed, or to bring any part of him in range of a whip or crop. There was no water basin to dunk him under, but the lack of control he had was something that could be leveraged to influence him.

The quiet murmurs of the others were suddenly silenced as the doors to the main house were opened, Alicia striding out, her full skirts whispering around her legs. She curtsied at them all, keeping her head lowered for several breaths, before speaking.

'Lady Melissa will be with you shortly. Until then, kindly entertain yourself – these pieces are suitable for any use and have been trained to respond positively to pain. If there is anything you require, please allow me to help.'

One of the other guests, a middle-aged man, picked up a stiff leather strap with several holes in it to ease the swing. He approached one of the women, who tensed reflexively, the leather smacking against her thigh. She couldn't move to avoid or lessen the strike, simply having to accept the blow. Another strike clapped against the opposite thigh, before he flicked his wrist upwards, striking right between her legs. That last blow was enough to knock the air from her lungs.

A middle-aged woman, that was wearing her years less gracefully than Lady Melissa, approached Victoria.

'Good afternoon. You must be Victoria, Lord Birmingham's daughter? You have some of his look. And your mother's taste as well! She always was something of a trendsetter. It certainly seems as though your father is doing well, though. And your brother is rather busy, or so I hear.'

Eliza turned away from their conversation, entirely ignored. She returned to the table of implements, casting her eye over the offerings – apart from the usual whips and canes and paddles, there were several metal devices, clamps to bite and metal bands to bind around breasts or balls, with screws that could be turned to tighten them as needed.

She picked up a short cord that had been knotted into hard lumps and drew her arm back to flick it through the air, feeling the weight and length of it. The knots made it shorter than expected, their weight making it harder to accurately swing it. It would hurt more though, the lumps made to impact harder against the skin.

‘A certain simple effectiveness in it, isn’t there?’

The sudden question almost made Eliza drop the cord in surprise. She reflexively flicked her wrist again, only just managing to twist her body enough to make it miss the speaker – a young man, plainly dressed, although his clothing was clearly tailored for him, despite the lack of colors and ornamentation.

‘You must be Miss Katherine, Lady Melissa’s niece?’

Eliza shook her head, having to cough to clear her throat. He was younger than most of the other guests, closer to her own age.

‘Eliza Taylor-White.’

‘Oh, your father is in shipping? Owns some warehouses in St Katharine’s docks? I didn’t know you were acquainted with Lady Brimton.’ He looked around, seeing Katherine, talking to another guest. ‘Ah, so that must be Miss Katherine. I assume you are her friend then?’

Eliza nodded.

‘You appear familiar with some of the tools? There is a certain pleasure in the whip, but I prefer metal, both for ornaments and for something more permanent. Have you had the chance to visit d’Aubrec’s facility?’

Eliza nodded, unable to resist smiling at the memory.

‘Really now? That is a surprise, she is being very inhospitable with the invitations! The sheer scale of the place, the amount of meat she could process... She’s been trawling the London prisons for anything with appropriate looks. And a few pieces of finer breeding. What’s it like? I only know it by reputation and rumor.’

Eliza described the place – the cavernous inner space, the cells with no ceilings to allow the guards to monitor the meat, the display chambers where nobility could oversee the work being done. At least once the place was finished! And the guards themselves – masked and faceless, only identified by number. She didn’t mention Isabella, of course, but did describe the tools on offer, the single-bar prisons and frames that could hold someone over tanks of icy water, or empty and dark pits, to just leave them there.

He nodded, sounding interested and engaged, asking more questions, picking through the whips and other implements. He took a pair of clamps and clacked them a few times, and they drifted over to one of the bound women. She already had marks now, from the attentions of the other guests, welts forming from strikes. Eliza watched as he spun the frame, the woman rotating until she was upside down. Her slit was already moist, deriving some pleasure from the suffering she was enduring.

‘Well, Miss Eliza, where do you think this lovely piece would feel it most?’ He clicked the clamps again, then ran his hand down the woman’s body.

‘She appears to be conditioned to find pleasure in it. So it would be best to encourage that.’ She reached out and stroked the moist slit, tweaking at the short curls of pubic hair.

‘As you wish, Miss Eliza.’ He gave a slight bow and a smile, although it seemed more teasing than malicious, she thought. A clamp went onto one of the woman’s lips, and her body tensed, her torso shaking around as the other clamp was attached.

‘Perhaps thigh-straps would have been useful? To keep her spread nice and wide.’

The chain did dangle in a rather awkward fashion, although when Eliza reached out and tugged on it, the meat gave a satisfying gasp. ‘Yes, that could work. Maybe bells as well? To teach her not to move.’ She made her hand into a claw and scratched her nails down the belly of the woman, feeling warm and soft flesh, breath quickening. A coil of heat started up within her, and she felt herself smile, glad of having some power and influence.

Victoria and Katherine were both locked in conversation with others, Victoria especially.

‘So, have you trained any servants yourself? You seem quite knowledgeable.’

Eliza kept her eyes focused on the meat, pulling on the chain again, not wanting to meet his eyes. ‘I, um, I’ve read a lot.’

‘Ah, a student of Lady Brimton? Have you read her newest text? Some quite interesting knotwork in there, a chafing harness. Although you would be able to sympathize with the sensations caused more, I would think, as I, ah, do not have the appropriate equipment.’ He gestured between his legs. ‘Rough rope might cause rather more permanent injuries on me!’ He made a melodramatic wince, and Eliza tried not to make a very un-ladylike giggle. ‘Ah, the lady of the house is here.’

Lady Melissa strode out, the crowd going silent and watching her. She was, as always, well-dressed, and tugged on a leash, dragging two more servants along behind her, two of the maids. They were wearing modified versions of their uniforms, the fronts of their skirts removed to show their crotches, their dresses cut low to show their breasts. Their skin was already marked up with welts, and their arms were bound behind them in leather armbinders, their movement slowed by the iron balls fettered to their ankles, dragging over the floor.

‘Good evening everyone.’ She didn’t even have to raise her voice to be heard, everyone going quiet so that she could be heard. ‘I do hope you will enjoy the entertainment I have laid out for you’. She pulled on the leash, then grabbed at the collars of the maids and pulled them forward. One had a mouth held open by a metal ring, the other had a dildo protruding. ‘Some further choice meat for your consumption. Tend to your betters.’

The two maids walked forward, their steps slowed by the heavy metal they had to drag with every step, crushing the grass as they advanced, before dropping to their knees.

‘Food will be presented shortly – as the weather is so fine, then our food and pleasure can be dealt with here, I feel.’ She moved forward, all eyes watching her, exchanging pleasantries with the other guests before approaching Eliza and the man. She reached out and tugged at the collar of his shirt, pulling it back to reveal a leather band locked around his neck, decorated with bright red roses.

‘Now, Peter, you know your mistress doesn’t like you hiding your status, even if she does trust you enough to let you off your leash.’ She tapped him on the bottom of his chin, forcing him to look up into her eyes. ‘She is training you well, but there is some way to go still.’ Still keeping her grip on him, she turned to Eliza and smiled. ‘Eliza, I trust you are enjoying yourself? You certainly seem to be spending a lot of time at Eloise’s establishment.’

‘Yes, it’s a wonderful place! So many facilities.’ A stab of loyalty kicked in. ‘Although your estate is far better equipped, of course, and your servants better trained.’ Absently, she tugged on the chains again, pulling another squeak from the captive.

‘I prefer a more personal touch. Eloise is aiming for rather more... quantity. Although I daresay they will be well-trained and obedient enough. There is a certain strange charm in it, I suppose, but it is a little cold and impersonal for my tastes. Some of her ideas are interesting though. And I suppose it will be nice to have more visitors up here. Peter, I hope you won’t be a negative influence on her, she shows promise. And lacks your fondness for gambling.’

‘No, Mistress. I was speaking to her of your latest work.’

She tapped him on the cheek with her fingers in a light slap. ‘Very good. Now, go and fetch us drinks, as befits your place.’ She released him, and he stepped away, bowing elegantly at the waist before walking away.

Eliza curtsayed at Lady Melissa, afraid to meet her eyes.

‘Peter is a good boy, although is given a rather longer leash than I think ideal. He was once free but was overfond of gambling and so ended up in his current state. He has some skill at training himself, and his mistress occasionally permits him correspondence. The Lady Falmouth – you may have heard of her?’

Eliza made a squeak of agreement.

‘Somewhat into her dotage, but she has impressive knowledge. I’m sure she would be interested into talking to you, if you would care for an introduction?’

Eliza nodded her head in vague bemusement and shock. ‘Yes, thank you, Lady Melissa!’ She curtsayed again.

‘You show promise. Continue with your training; you certainly have the proficiency for it. If you have any questions, don’t hesitate to ask. You are an adept student.’

Their conversation was drowned out by wet hacking and coughs, as one of the guests started to face-fuck a maid, the ring-gag forcing their mouth open. Eliza saw both Katherine and Victoria look away in distaste, moving towards each other for reassurance. The other maid had been pushed over, and one of the female guests was riding her face, long skirts covering her victim’s face entirely, but from the expression on her face, it was enjoyable.

Fortunately, other servants appeared with wheeled trolleys of food, giving a convenient pretext to look away and get some food, as Lady Melissa went to tend to her guests.

Victoria reached past her, picking up a cherry tomato from a salad bowl. ‘Who was that man you were talking to?’

‘He belongs to Lady Falmouth. I think he used to be free?’

Trying to talk with the sounds of a throat being vigorously used, was quite hard, the noises distracting, especially when one of the men came, all three of them stepping out of the possible line of splatter.

‘Ah, the mademoiselle? *Educatif et divertissant, non?* A shame my mistress has other engagements. A little too *frivole*.’ They were dressed in their usual, androgynous outfit, Eliza’s eyes flicking over their body again. The bulge between their legs could be a cock, or a cloth bulge, or a chastity belt. And the slight curves on their chest could be petite breasts, or simply how the fabric draped? The collar around their neck hid their throat, making it impossible to tell if they had an Adam’s apple or not.

Victoria wrapped an arm around Eliza’s waist, drawing her close in a protective embrace. ‘There is enough here to keep us entertained.’ She drew herself up, Eliza glad to be able to sink into her protection. Although she could see why Lady Melissa wanted to have some time with them – there was something about their manner that just *grated*, to say nothing of taking a whip to them, stripping away their clothing to see what lay beneath.

A group had gathered close to one of the frames. The woman that was restrained there had playing cards pinned to her body, covering her breasts, navel and pussy. Bright red welt-marks seared were crimson on her skin, her mouth held open with a leather plug.

A whip cracked out, missing the cards and hitting her on the hip. She grunted in pain, as the whip was passed to someone else. This time when it sang out, it accurately hit one of the cards, ripping it away from her flesh. There was a polite smattering of applause.

‘You should have a go, Eliza!’

‘*Oui*, a little game makes events more pleasurable.’

Eliza tried to step back, but Victoria pushed her forward, and someone pushed the whip into her hands. She shifted her grip, feeling the weight and balance of it – as expected of something supplied by Melissa, it was well-crafted and in good condition. The target’s chest was heaving, their breasts moving, with a card still pinned onto each nipple, another left on her navel.

She took a deep breath, then flicked her wrist, making the whip sing through the air in a horizontal slash. It ripped away one card, then the other, sending them both tumbling to the ground.

Someone clapped her on the back, as another maid attached more cards, the target wincing as her skin was penetrated.

‘Bravo, young lady!’ Several of them, none of whom she recognized, congratulated her. ‘Excellent whip-craft!’

The foreigner took the whip, flicking it through the air, before their arm flicked from side-to-side, moving faster than Eliza could follow. The sound of several strikes cracked together, as the cards ripped apart into shards, as they managed to rip away all the cards in a flurry of blows. Then, with a melodramatic twist of their shoulders, they reeled the whip in, managing to somehow twist it back into a coil.

The applause was polite and desultory, almost everyone looking annoyed, before another target was supplied, the whip getting handed back to Eliza. She flicked her wrist again, this time ripping away the card from the navel, then attacking several more times, welts starting to raise up on her skin. The woman moaned from the strikes, her sounds garbled by the gag.

‘You are very desperate to please, aren’t you?’ She flicked her wrist again, scoring a hit against right against a hip-bone, where there was no padding to protect them. ‘An eager little slut, surrounded by her betters.’

‘Mmmpphh!’ Their head shook, in something that might have been a nod.

‘Would you like to serve everyone here?’

Their hair shook about as their head shook in a vague nod.

‘If I ungag you, will you be a good girl?’

‘Yeephhhh, Miphtreph!’

Being called “Mistress” sent a thrill through Eliza, squirming with delight against Victoria. ‘So if your gag is removed, will you be a good girl?’

‘Yeephhhh!’

One of the others stepped forward and fiddled with the girl’s gag, twisting it out, as she was freed from the frame. She immediately dropped to her knees and opened her mouth wide, tongue flicking about, and it wasn’t long before one of the men approached, turning his body to conceal his shaft, sliding it into the woman’s mouth. Eliza turned away, still able to hear the gulping and slurping.

Victoria shuddered and pulled her away, wincing at the sounds. The sounds of the forceful blowjob were not particularly alluring!

'Impressionnate, mademoiselle.'

Eliza acknowledged the praise, despite her dislike of the speaker. A maid passed by, and they helped themselves to some wine. The flavor was rich and strong, sending a warmth into her belly. The crack of leather on flesh, or flesh-on-flesh filled the air, along with the scent of sweat and other fluids.

Chapter Four: Aftermath of the Party

Eliza stirred, feeling a warm and heavy weight wrapped around her. She tried moving, having to push against an arm. Large breasts pressed against her face as she started to wake. Victoria must have slipped out of her restraints while sleeping, wriggling around to embrace Eliza as she slept. Eliza twisted around, trying to break free, her senses drowning in the feeling and scent of Victoria. A leg had been thrown over Eliza, further pinning her down, a feeling of oppressive heat and closeness.

Eliza kept wriggling, slowly squirming free, escaping the tight embrace. Victoria twisted around, trying to stay close to Eliza despite her slumber. Once she was out, the warm summer air seemed cool compared to the pervasive warmth of Victoria's body. Her shift was sticky and clammy, with a mixture of her sweat and that of Victoria. It had been a sticky, fitful sleep, not helped by the wine they had drunk, both getting giggly on the wine. She tried to remember if she had done anything embarrassing, but her memories seemed blurry, most of the evening that of punishing and disciplining the servants.

Victoria wriggled and mumbled something, her soft curves vanishing back beneath the blankets, one wrist and one ankle still cuffed to the bedposts, the rest free. She wrapped a dressing gown around her body, belting it tightly, pulling it up and making sure it covered her body entirely, sliding her feet into ankle-length boots.

She stepped into the passageway outside – the morning sunlight was delicious and warm on her skin, although the hallway was a little less immaculate than unusual, with stray discarded clothing dumped along the walls, a pair of maids cleaning them up, folding them and putting them onto a trolley. They both curtsied as she passed – one of them was wearing a short skirt, her thighs marked with not-yet healed whip welts. Had she been one of the display pieces from yesterday?

Both of them kept their eyes down as she passed, spit slowly oozing around the gag in the short-skirted one's mouth. As soon as she was past them, she heard the rustle of fabric and the tap of heels as they moved, returning to their cleaning.

From the angle of the sun, it was still early, and it was likely that no-one else was up yet. She could trouble one of the servants to prepare her some food, but it would be more polite to wait for Victoria. But maybe a slave had been left somewhere, that she could have some fun with?

After the garden party, then they had drifted inside, where more "entertainment" had been provided. Vague memories swam through her mind, through a wine-addled haze. She didn't normally drink much, not liking the hazy way it made her feel, but she felt safe here, even with the other guests present. She had recognized a few of the names from the newspapers or having heard them elsewhere, but associating them with actual *people* had seemed surreal, especially when she was wrapped in her wine-haze! Victoria had stayed close as well, the other guests knowing who she was, treating her with respect, thanks to her father.

She smiled, remembering watching Lady Melissa, the way she had wielded a crop, delicately forceful, using it to chastise an errant servant with several swift blows, before

strapping them onto a frame and ripping their clothing away, in a series of smooth movements that had left the maid stripped bare except for their under-things, exposed and vulnerable, and then invited the guests to take their pleasure upon her.

Feeling like an intruder, she pushed open the doorway into one of the rooms that had been in use yesterday – the smell of stale wine and sweat wafted out. The place was still in disarray, with clothing and equipment haphazardly discarded.

She wasn't alone – the unfortunate maid from last night was still in here, suspended from the ceiling by a complicated rope-work harness, her body stretched so that one foot just barely touched the floor, the other raised up here above her head, rope bound into her hair to connect that to her raised leg, arms tied behind her back. Despite how uncomfortable the position looked, she was asleep, with a long line of dribble falling down from her gagged mouth onto her breasts belly and staining the floor.

She shifted slightly, twisting slightly around, the curves of her buttocks twisting into sight, a metal buttplug visible between her well-welted cheeks. Eliza could see dried cum on her body, along with more welt-marks all over her flesh. What would Lady Melissa do? Although the girl was probably quite obedient already and had certainly seemed happy enough with her usage yesterday. Although she didn't want to get any of that dried cum on her hands – on the side were some gloves, which she gladly slid on, feeling better once her hands and arms were sheathed in the black leather, which came up past her elbow.

Some teasing first, maybe? To make the subject more receptive to pain. She teased a nipple between her fingers, lightly stroking it, before tickling her fingers down the belly and stomach, their breath hitching as she rolled a finger into their navel, body shivering, straining on the ropes. Their eyelids fluttered, consciousness slowly returning.

Her fingers teased lower, tracing slow circles onto the woman's skin. As she pressed onto reddened welt-marks, they made more pained shivers, trying to pull away but without being able to, the ropes tightening. Curious, Eliza pulled at the harness, making it pull on the skin. They twisted more strongly, and she could see that their body was marked by the rope, the coiled hemp having impressed itself into her skin, leaving a sore-looking indentation that must trail all the way around her skin. She wondered how long the marks would persist for – if the maid were to wear one of the skimpier uniforms, then the coiled marks would be visible to all.

When Eliza started to stroke their thighs, running her fingers up and down the well-toned flesh, they shivered again, sounding happier. She stepped back as a thick blob of spit slowly welled up from behind the gag, catching it on her fingers, then tickling at their cunt directly.

Their head reeled back before the ropes tightened, their hair tightening painfully, their eyes snapping open. Bleary-looking brown eyes stared at her, blinking away shards of sleep, a quiet moan coming from behind the gag. They shook against their restraints, legs tensing before she winced and stopped, realizing that it only hurt.

'Mmmppggghh!'

Eliza gently stroked them, their body heating up rapidly. This one seemed more receptive than Victoria, her body swift to react, nipples visibly stiffening. She looked around to see if there were any toys she could use, eyes falling on a discarded metal clamp, a bell dangling on the other end. She stooped to pick it up, careful to keep her robe closed, before squeezing the metal several times, making the metal clack together.

'Would you like this?'

'Nnnppphh?!'

She pushed the metal against their body, holding the thing open, enjoying how they shivered as she traced it over their body, using it to pinch at their flesh, dragging it towards herself to stretch it out. Then she moved it over a nipple, still held open, watching in delight as their eyes widened further, a low moan escaping their lips.

She used her other hand to more aggressively finger them, teasing apart their folds, her spit-slicked finger easily sliding in.

‘Well, would you like a pretty bell?’

Their head moved, just slightly, attempting to shake in a “no”. Eliza slid her finger further forward, curling it around inside of them, in a way that always got a reaction from Victoria. Their eyes went even wider, another long rope of dribble falling from their mouth.

‘If you stain my robe, I will punish you more severely, do you understand?’

There was a slightly disgusting sucking sound as they tried to keep from dribbling more, slurping all their spit back, desperately trying to swallow.

‘Good girl.’ She let the clamp go, letting it bite into soft flesh, crushing the tender nipple, the bell immediately making a soft chiming sound. They grunted in pain, nostrils wide as they tried to suck in breath, bubbles of spit already starting to seep around the gag.

She kept fingering them, feeling how they tightened around her, although the ropes stopped them from moving their hips more than a fraction. They were making desperate sucking noises as they tried to keep the spit from overflowing their mouth, bubbles of the stuff starting to form.

‘So eager!’

‘Mppphh...’

Eliza withdrew, noting their disappointed whine, before sliding two fingers into them, her other hand reaching around between their thighs, reaching upwards until she found the hard lump of the buttplug.

‘Did you like having this inside of you all night? You were certainly enjoying being used by your betters.’

‘Mmmpph... Yeph...’

She pinched a buttock, making them tense up, their leg rising off the floor. This pitched their whole weight onto the rope harness, sending them into a shuffling judder as the rope pinched and pulled at them, the bell ringing and chiming as they desperately fought for balance, all the pressure-marks from the harness probably igniting with pain. They brushed up against Eliza, forcing her to shoulder their weight for a moment before they managed to establish their balance.

She spanked them, although the angle was too awkward to get much force behind it, then slid her fingers around onto the metal plug, firmly gripping it, then pulling it slightly out. Their body resisted at first, a tormented wheeze sounding out, but then the thing started to move, their sphincter yielding to the pressure she was supplying. She pulled it partially out, distending their hole as she continued to twist her fingers around, hearing the sounds change as their pussy slicked itself.

When she let go of the plug, it slid back, the servant’s body sucking it back in. Eliza played with it, pulling it in and out, before giving it a harsh yank and pulling it all the way out, tossing it aside.

Their body tensed, toes curling, their eyes desperately fixated on Eliza, her brown hair now stretched out fully by the rope, raised leg tensed as well. ‘Pleepphh? Miphrph...’ They trailed off, pussy tightening around Eliza’s fingers.

‘You certainly seem enthusiastic.’

They made truncated and desperate nods, at least as much as they could with their head and hair bound in the ropes. ‘Yeph! Yeph!’

She made a play of pretending to think, slowing her fingers, although she could feel her own heat building. Having someone beg for release, submitting themselves to her dominance was deeply satisfying! And there was no question of who was in charge here either!

‘You were certainly happy to serve last night.’

There was another deep sucking sound, the servant still trying to keep from dribbling, although her eyes were starting to roll back into her head, her focus wavering. Eliza slowly ground fingers in and out of her, all the way into her, before twisting her hand to use three fingers.

‘Grrphhh!’

Eliza couldn’t tell if that had even been a word, but pulled her fingers out entirely, smiling as she heard their pleading gasps. When she moved behind them, out of their sight, the ropes creaked as they tried to twist around to keep her in view, Eliza spanking them, but only lightly, and they settled down. Their harness ran through a hoop in the ceiling, and then was attached to a hook on the wall, the knot securely tied off. It took several moments of fumbling before she managed to get it undone, hearing an “oof” from behind them as the servant fell to the floor.

They lay there, body still bound into the harness, legs still strained from the posture they had been forced into. They tried to crawl, but couldn’t muster up the strength, legs refusing to obey them, as they mewled piteously, scrabbling on their belly.

‘Over here.’

They managed to twist around towards her, wriggling like an oversized worm. When they got close, she knelt down and removed their gag, the thing drenched with spit. She tossed it aside, as their tongue slid from their mouth expectantly.

‘You certainly are well-trained.’ She tried to make her voice cold and hard. ‘I was hoping to punish you.’

Their response was warped and distorted, their lips still warped by the removed gag. ‘Sorphy, Mistrph Elipha...’

Her heart skipped a beat at being called “Mistress”, and by someone that had been trained by Lady Melissa! But she tried to not show it, instead pushing a booted foot forward. It had been splashed with wine during the night, a sticky stain visible on the dark leather. Before she could give an order, the woman’s head had bobbed forward, tongue licking at the leather, lips kissing away the stain.

Eliza twisted her foot around, letting the servant clean her boots, until the leather was shiny and bright, spit-cleaned. When one had been cleaned, then she brought the other forward, letting that get cleaned as well.

When that was done, she stamped down onto their back, although not hard, enjoying the feel of their soft body beneath her boot, pushing into them with the heel, just slightly.

‘You are obedient, aren’t you?’

‘Yes, Mistress Eliza. Pleaph let me serve.’ They sounded almost *happy* – apparently this one was very well-trained and obedient. ‘Please may I... be allowed pleasure?’ The tinge of fear in their voice sent another quiver of delight through Eliza – that someone might be *scared* of her, might worry about her opinions was a potent delight!

She leaned forward, putting more weight onto them, hearing their breath get pushed out of their body, and undid the harness that bound their arms. As the rope slithered away from their body, she could see the marks it had left more clearly – a sinuous, snake-like pattern that wove

itself around them, red coils and twists stamped into their flesh. With her larger breasts and softer skin, what would Victoria look like after similar treatment? Although the amount of trouble she would get in if anyone found out...

She stamped down again, before moving off them. 'Roll over. You may begin touching yourself, but may not finish until I command.'

They moved with speed despite their bruised and tormented skin, rolling over and spreading their legs wide, revealing their wet pussy. 'Yes, Mistress Eliza! Thank you!'

Her fingers pushed into herself, Eliza stepping to the side in case they sprayed their fluids at all.

'Stop.'

As soon as she gave the command, she was obeyed, the woman whining for a moment but obediently removing her fingers, her breasts panting, the rope-marks warping and shifting.

Eliza stepped forward, grinding her foot against them. They groaned in delighted pain, pushing back against her, their hips bucking and rolling. She shifted her foot back and forth, until their body suddenly sagged, a loud and pleased moan escaping their lips, before their body sagged back down, limp and relaxed. Their eyelids fluttered shut again, as they drew themselves up into a ball, lips composed into a dazed smile.

Eliza wiped the toes of her boot onto their back, leaving a trail of pussy-juice on sweaty-flesh, then leaning over to stroke them. 'Good girl. Very obedient.'

They murmured something, barely conscious, the room now silent, Eliza looking down on them with satisfaction, wanting to touch herself now. Although in here, another servant might come by and see her, and if she returned to Victoria's room, she would have to tend to her!

Her thoughts were interrupted by a sudden intrusive cough, and then a male voice spoke.

'That was impressive work, Eliza.'

She turned around, startled and shocked. In a dark corner she could just about make out a young man's face, staring out from behind the bars of a cage, the thing tall enough to let him stand up, his hands shackled above his head. He was wearing a shirt, but her gaze went down his body, his bare cock fully erect, staring back at her.

'I don't suppose you could pass me the key? I think it's over in that corner.' A shackled hand gestured at the far corner of the room, where there was a heap of empty bottles along with various discarded cuffs, shackles and crops. 'I am meant to be attending breakfast.'

She hunched her shoulders protectively, tugging at her robe to make sure she was fully covered. How much had he seen? Although he'd clearly enjoyed it, his cock fully erect, pointing right at her. She cast about for something she could use to protect herself, finding a cane and holding it in one hand, her other holding the top of her robe shut.

He looked at her with a worried expression, especially once she swished the cane through the air a few times.

'My apologies, Miss Eliza, I should have spoken sooner, but you appeared to be doing so well, that I didn't want to interrupt you.'

He tried to move backwards within the cage, but there was no space, and his cock was so erect that he couldn't withdraw it inside either. She gingerly poked it with her cane, making him wince.

'Put that... *thing* away!'

'Ah, I will most certainly try, Miss Eliza. But your skills were most impressive and, ah, arousing to see in action!' He smiled at her, then grunted in pain as she tapped the cane against his cock, trying to push it back.

‘Filthy! Disgusting!’

The thing wasn’t shrinking at all, despite her jabs at it. He winced when she overextended and poked him in his sack. ‘My apologies, Miss Eliza. I am not allowed release, so, um, am prone to such things...’ He trailed off, as Eliza felt her face start to burn, a bone-deep blush settling in. She poked again, making him gasp with pain before she let the cane drop to the floor and retreated. She heard the breakfast gong sound and made a beeline for the door – she would have to get ready! And release Victoria from her bondage. Although her body felt fever-hot, a shame and humiliation settling into her, from being seen. She’d have to take it out on Victoria!

Chapter Five: To Build a Name

‘That looks quite tight! I wonder what it would feel like?’ Victoria was pressed tightly against Eliza, warm and slightly overbearing, her hand holding Eliza’s. She gingerly reached out and poked a cane into exposed thigh-flesh. Another of the maids, this one blonde, was suspended from a hook on the ceiling, rough rope bound about their torso in octagonal shapes, roped around itself into a harness. The rope-work emphasized their breasts, another rope wedged deeply into their crotch. There was a wooden platform beneath her feet, but the top was covered with spikes, forcing her to shift her balance continually. The tips of her knuckles, bound into fists, were just about visible behind her back, poking over her shoulders. Even her “gag” was another strand of rope, cutting deeply into her lips, knotted around her head.

Eliza tried to follow the rope around the woman’s body – it looked like a single length, cleverly looped around, again and again, made into a single harness. ‘Maybe I should try it on you? Although your breasts are larger.’ The thought of those rope-impressions on the maid were still in her memory – what would Victoria’s flesh be like, with the lines etched into it?

The woman whimpered, shifting her balance, seeking a comfort she couldn’t find on the spiked board. Eliza twisted a finger around the rope and twisted it even tighter – it tightened into her crotch, and she whimpered in pain. She had been shaved between her legs, making it even easier to see how the rope chafed. Thin welts were starting to form already, although she hadn’t been mounted there for long.

Eliza reached into her bag and pulled out her sketchbook, trying to get down the details down for future replication. Victoria was a little more heavy-set as well, so would suffer more on the spikes. Although given they would likely impede her ability to walk for quite some time, that probably wouldn’t be feasible, other than as a threat.

Another servant, one of the footmen, was also being punished, or possibly being used as a demonstration, Lady Melissa having been rather vague. He was suspended with rope as well, although there was nothing around his crotch, cock dangling free. Eliza felt her cheeks color whenever she saw it from the corner of her eye, the thing flopping about, looking smaller and less firm than that of Katherine’s boy.

She managed to get the lines of the rope down, getting Victoria to prod them with the crop to turn them around, so she could see their backside as well, the rope tight beneath their buttocks, a complicated series of knots around their wrists. Her pencil flicked over the page, shading in lines and shadows, the lines of rope taut against flesh, sketching the slightest shadow of her hair, but more focused on the way her hips flowed with the curves of the rope, and how the harness pulled against itself.

Victoria made a pleased, almost purring, sound. ‘Your sketch is lovely! I wonder where Lady Melissa got the idea? It seems very ornamental.’

‘I think her husband sent some notes back from wherever he is. Somewhere outside of the Empire?’

Eliza reached out and tugged on the rope again, the “wearer” sighing as the pressure shifted. A shadow suddenly fell over them.

‘Impressive work, Eliza.’ Lady Melissa stepped towards them, in her usual tight corsetry and full-length dress. ‘I am glad to see you are attending to your studies. I hear that you have been using my facilities.’

Eliza curtsied. ‘Thank you, Lady Melissa. It is an honor to be allowed to use your staff and your equipment!’ She felt herself blush even more, her tongue fumbling as she tried to find something to say. Lady Melissa’s expression was light, a slight smile on her face as she stared down at Eliza. ‘And, uh, thank you for introducing me to your friends.’

‘They were speaking highly of you. It seems you have made quite an impression.’

‘Mmpphh...’ The maid behind them made a long, tired wheeze, her feet shifting on the spikes. Without looking, Lady Melissa’s hand flicked out, a crop striking against soft thigh-meat, the maid biting back another whimper.

‘Tha... thank you, Lady Melissa! It’s all thanks to your training!’ She curtsied, fumbling with her sketchbook, dropping it to the floor, having to fumble around to pick it up.

‘Now, that maid of Katherine’s is still being rather troublesome. While I am all for my maids showing a certain amount of initiative when it comes to pleasuring gifts, she has become of a nuisance. She is currently in the oubliette – I will have to ask Katherine if she wishes the girl to be sold, or trained. She’s certainly eager enough! She might be a little more than you can manage though, at least until you have a little more experience. It seems you have made quite an impression on young Peter as well; he was singing your praises earlier.’

Eliza felt herself flush deep, her face prickling with shameful heat, Victoria looking at her doubtfully. ‘He, uh, saw me a few times, practicing on some of the girls.’

‘Well, you certainly made an impression. If you are ever in a position to visit Lady Falmouth, she would likely welcome the company.’

‘Yes, thank you. Um, of course. Should I have occasion, I will try and visit.’

‘Now, these two were found engaging in forbidden relationships. While they will, of course, be belted, what do you think would be an appropriate punishment for them?’

Eliza tried to recover herself, thinking what would be appropriate. The girl’s eyes were teary as they stared at her, the rope stretched across her mouth twitching slightly as her tongue pushed against it. She looked over at the man, trying not to see his bobbing shaft.

‘You appear rather more experienced with women than men – perhaps you should practice a little on some males? There are some interesting differences. Why don’t you pick one of these errant servants, and punish them for me? We can see if it makes any difference to their behavior.’ She sighed. ‘And they were both so well-behaved. I think that maid of Katherine’s is a bad influence! Quite unlike that boy of hers, *his* behavior is exemplary.’ She gestured across the room, where Katherine was stood, making polite conversation to some other guests, her boy close behind her, kept on a tight leash, his eyes appropriately downcast.

They both paused for a moment to appreciate him, his well-muscled build, shown off in the thin shirt and tight trousers he was wearing, with iron fetters around his wrists and ankles, the bulge of his chastity belt visible between his legs.

Eliza mumbled something, not sure what to say, as Lady Melissa regarded her with a steady expression. She hadn’t said something wrong, had she? She tried to fight the rising panic from within herself, before Lady Melissa took her by the shoulder.

‘Hmmm, you certainly show potential – I do hope you will keep working at it and improve yourself. I have told a few acquaintances about you. Dame Ayles was also interested. She owns the Titan. He is as large as the rumors say! Quite impressive to see in action, and Alicia was able to take his entire length.’ She made a gesture with her hands, the palms a goodly distance

apart, Eliza's blush deepening when she realized what was being referred to. A thing of that size!? Surely that would cause some discomfort, if taken fully! She curtsied again, trying to hide her now-furious blush as her thoughts drifted towards thoughts of having something like that at her command, or maybe even inside of her.

Lady Melissa chuckled. 'Well, choose which of the two you will bring to heel. I expect great things of you, Eliza.'

Victoria pushed up against her, putting a comforting hand on her back and whispering in her ear. 'I think we should take the girl. She's quite pretty.'

But Lady Melissa had said she needed more experience with men! Although she wasn't quite sure what to do with them – outside of Katherine's boy, who it felt entirely natural to tease and torment, she had no experience with men, or their special parts. She couldn't really argue with Victoria though, and so nodded. 'I will take the girl, Lady Melissa.'

'Of course. See that she is kept in line. Now, show me where you would start.'

Eliza just barely managed to suppress a panicked squeak. Here? What should she do? She looked up into their pain-filled eyes, as they shifted about on the spikes again, their soles bruised and lacerated. She grabbed at the rope harness with one hand, her other sliding into the shaved crotch, fingers pushing into them. They were already wet, despite the rough rope sliding over and chafing their skin, their body shaking as she probed into them. Their feet tensed on the spikes, rising onto their toes as pleasure tingled into them, despite the further pain this must have caused. The rope bit even more tightly into their flesh, compressing their breasts, pressing into already-sore skin. As a group started to gather, Eliza glanced around nervously. She didn't like being looked at like this! Then she saw Peter there as well, and involuntarily twitched, yanking harder than she had intended to on the rope, the victim grunting in pain as they were dragged along the spikes.

Her words came out in a rush. 'May I take this one to Lady Victoria's chambers? For some private work.'

'Of course.' Lady Melissa clapped her hands, and Alicia appeared, unhooking the rope that bound the girl to the wall, lowering her weight entirely onto the spikes for a moment, before lifting her off them and putting her on the ground. Eliza took the ropes, the harness still in place, and pulled them, watching as the girl managed to hobble, clearly in pain. 'This way.'

They made a pained, warbling noise, but managed to stagger behind her, although they had to walk slower than Eliza liked, as they left the judgmental eyes behind.

As soon as they were outside of the room, she relaxed with a sigh, Victoria taking her in an embrace, ignoring the soft whimpers of the girl behind them. Victoria stroked her hair, the gesture both comforting and patronizing together, before giving the rope halter a tug herself. 'Why don't you train me as well? All that time watching you and Isabella makes me want to be your pet again! Maybe you could have two pets, hmmm?' She hugged Eliza more tightly, kissing her on the cheek, pressed so tightly that Eliza could feel the chastity belt, even through Victoria's skirts. She turned her head and kissed her back, sharp and hard, pulling the collar of Victoria's dress down to show her collar, running her fingers along it, taking pleasure in the way that Victoria started to blush herself, letting out a deep sigh as her focus wavered, eyes glazing.

'Hmmm, two slut-pets? I wonder, how would Lady Victoria like to be compared to a commoner? I have been invited to see the Titan – perhaps I should take slut-Victoria? A huge cock, penetrating that oh-so-noble cunt of yours!'

Victoria whimpered, now needing Eliza to support her, as they continued back towards Victoria's rooms, the roped girl making soft moans of her own, as her tormented feet touched the cold floors.

Chapter Six: Training a Pair

Eliza yanked savagely at a strap, making it as tight as she could around Victoria's body. Her breasts were warped and distorted by rope wound around them, the flesh already sore and sensitive, at least to judge by Victoria's reactions when Eliza pinched her breasts. The strap around her waist pinched it in strictly, even more than a corset, as well as having several convenient rings for grabbing or tying things onto. Her breathing was already labored, her arms tied up high behind her back. It wasn't as neatly done as it had been on the servant, though; she still needed a lot more practice.

'Try and break out.'

Victoria twisted around, her arms and chest straining as she tried to move her arms, the rope cutting deeper into her flesh as she moved. She rolled over on the bed, legs twisting until Eliza grabbed an ankle and snapped a cuff around it, connected by a short chain to the other ankle. As Victoria pulled on her arms, it tightened the cords around her breasts, binding even more tightly around the soft flesh.

Watching her flap around and wriggle gave Eliza time to check on the girl. She had been well-behaved enough, although had winced as the ropes had been loosened. She was currently hanging by her wrists from a hook on the ceiling, her toes just barely touching a stool, body sweaty and stained from the position, brown hair clinging to her shoulders, back and breasts. Eliza ran a nail along one of the serpentine rope-marks, pressing hard, enjoying the sound they made as they tried to pull away, pushing harder to force them to suffer.

She moved behind them, slapping their buttock, and wrapping a hand around their throat, feeling their strained breathing. She was fully dressed, still in her full dress and corset, pressing herself against them, letting her breath tickle against their neck.

'Lady Melissa says you used to be well-behaved, but you were pleasuring yourself with that other servant.' She squeezed around their neck, feeling their blood pulse through their veins, then releasing enough that they could suck in a breath.

'Juliana was meant to keep watch! She said no-one else was around!'

Eliza used her other hand to scrape down their back, pushing hardest against the parts where rope-welts were still visible.

'So you were using your body for your own pleasure, without begging permission from your mistress?' Maybe this would be more effective with gloves, to reduce the human contact? But then she wouldn't be able to use her nails! She felt down their back more gently this time, savoring the way the girl shivered and twitched at her touch.

'I'm sorry, Mistress Eliza! But, I'd been in a belt for months, and... I needed it!'

Eliza let them go, then kicked the stool away, their entire weight dropping onto their wrists, their feet kicking about, unable to touch anything.

'That is no excuse! You belong to Lady Brimton. Your body is hers; you are not allowed pleasure without permission. And so you must be punished.'

She looked over at Victoria, still wriggling around on the bed, the ropes showing no sign of yielding. That was good – she'd managed to get the knots right! Victoria rolled over onto her back, avoiding putting pressure on her compacted breasts.

'Eliza...'

Eliza ignored her, squeezing one of the breasts of the servant, feeling their nipples, pinching at them. Their feet still twisted around, as she felt their body. Lean legs, probably from all the work she had to do, and a very firm backside, her arms surprisingly toned. And trained by Lady Melissa as well – this one would probably fetch a good price, if ever sold. The look of frustration in Victoria's eyes was pleasurable as well. Victoria's face was starting to redden, from arousal and exertion, as she struggled against the ropes, without any success still.

'You have been badly behaved, and so need to be punished. As does Lady Victoria. Now, what should I do with the two of you?' She pinched the nipple as hard as she could, squeezing their throat to stifle their pained sound. 'Juliana is being punished herself, she is in need of further training. Far too eager. Do not follow her example.' She made her voice as cold and commanding as possible, trying to imitate Lady Melissa.

Their voice was squeaky and pained, as she gripped their throat, nipping at their neck, making them squeak. Victoria wriggled about again, rolling onto her front then quickly rolling over again. 'I'm sorry, Miss Eliza! But it felt so good...'

What would it feel like, to have someone *inside* like that? She'd played with herself, using a fake penis, but a real one, bigger and hot, throbbing inside of her before blasting cum into her... The girl twitched and struggled, before Eliza realized that her grip had tightened around their neck, and let go, letting them drag in several pained breaths.

'You are not to speak unless ordered.'

They nodded their head, hair sliding over skin, and then Eliza moved over to Victoria, looking down at her. The familiar sense of power sent a thrill into her; having someone of such exalted rank in her power, roped and powerless, made her aroused, even if it was only in the confines of this room, and if she'd rather play with Katherine's boy.

'And you, Victoria.' She backhanded a breast, the flesh discoloring already, Victoria wincing in pain. 'You are such a lovely *slut*. Desperate and begging.' As Victoria opened her mouth to protest, Eliza stuck two fingers into her mouth, making her splutter, and managing not to wince at the sticky dribble that started to ooze over her fingers. 'I think you need punishing as well, don't you? You want to be used, don't you?'

Victoria's tongue licked at her fingers, lips hot and dry, her eyes staring desperately up at Eliza, pupils dilating as she fell into her submissive state. Eliza withdrew her fingers, wiping them deliberately against Victoria's hair until they were dry. 'I don't think you need that mouth, do you?'

Victoria's voice was slow and dreamy. 'I want to taste... mpphh!' Eliza pushed a double set of metal rings into her mouth, pushing one behind her friend's teeth, the other in front, forcing her mouth open, tongue wagging. 'Maybe if you're a good girl.' She stroked at Victoria's face. 'Would you like a blindfold?'

'Nppphh!' Victoria shook her head, her loose hair fanning out, ropes tightening against around her breasts. 'Then you can watch. If you can control yourself, then I will reward you. Otherwise this stays on.' She rapped a knuckle against the chastity belt, making Victoria shiver. 'Maybe I should hood you and take you to the Titan, have your precious, blue-blooded holes ravaged and abused.'

Victoria shook her head, eyes starting to tear up. 'Nppphh!'

‘Well, if you aren’t wet when I’m finished with this one, then I can have some fun with you afterwards. Otherwise, the belt stays on.’

Victoria whined again, going silent when Eliza moved her hand over a breast, even a gentle stroke causing more pain. She picked up a metal spike and then grabbed Victoria’s leg, scraping it along her thigh, then down the sole of her feet. Victoria gasped in pain, trying to kick free, but Eliza easily kept her under control.

Then she turned back to the servant, who had been quiet during all of this, probably wanting to stay out of trouble. Her eyes darted up to meet Eliza’s, before looking away again, her body still stretched out by her own weight.

‘Now, what to do with you?’ She savored their soft whimper, their pained reaction as she stroked their body, before taking a large dildo, and tying it around her waist. It flapped about more than she liked, having only the waistband to secure it, but was intimidatingly large, glistening darkly. ‘As you seem to like getting used, then perhaps your capacity should be tested.’ She took a belt and grabbed their leg, bending it back on itself, strapping the ankle against the thigh, before kissing them on the lips. She heard Victoria make a sound of annoyance behind her, relishing the feel of soft flesh so close, the sweet scent of their fear as their muscles strained.

Their free leg kicked against her own, her skirts absorbing the flailing impact without harm, but she withdrew from the kiss then slapped them across the face. They whimpered but didn’t speak, keeping their eyes downcast as she grabbed their throat again, her other hand moving to their crotch, fingering the dampness between their legs.

‘Juliana is a bad influence, but you want to be a good girl, don’t you?’

‘Yppphh...’ Their eyes were growing hazy already, as Eliza kissed them again as she squeezed their throat, limiting their breath, making them squirm powerlessly. It was easy to spin them around, so that she was now facing Victoria, who was making her own quiet and panting whines, her hips grinding against the bed despite the chastity belt sealed around her waist. When she met Eliza’s eyes, she flinched, looking guilty – there would probably be a wet spot beneath her already!

Eliza took a moment to bring the stool back, granting the girl some measure of stability as she balanced with one leg on the stool. Spit was shining on her chin now, her lips trembling, eyes wide and fixated on Eliza, who slapped a breast, watching with delight at the reflexive inhalation. She used a hand to guide the cock into place, feeling the slippery resistance as she started to push it into them, her other hand still tight around their throat, squeezing whenever it sounded like they might speak.

‘If you dribble onto me, then that pretty little mouth of yours will be sealed.’

They tilted their head back, partially lost in a daze, their breath now hot and urgent against Eliza’s face. She began to push in and out of them, taking it slowly, feeling their resistance fade as she slid into their pussy, deeper each time. It was tempting to simply shove all the way in at once, simply to see what would happen, but Lady Melissa probably didn’t want her servants broken too badly.

Victoria’s sounds were getting more desperate and plaintive, her hips still grinding against the mattress, arms straining against the rope. Her eyes met Eliza’s, and then she looked away, her face flushing a deep crimson. Her obvious discomfort pleased Eliza, made her feel more comfortable as she started to grind more deeply into her victim, feeling their walls part under the assault of the oversized shaft as she pushed into them, keeping a firm grip on their throat.

She couldn't tell if the sounds they were making were words, begging gasps asking for release, or simply distorted pants, but, either way, she kept going. Beneath her dress, she could feel her own heat building up, desire starting to seep into her core, their breasts squashing against her corset. As she squeezed their throat, she craned her neck, kissing a nipple, then gripping it with her teeth and pulling her head back, stretching out the flesh. She couldn't tell if they'd even noticed though – were they so lost in cock-lust that they were lost to other sensations? She let it go, flesh springing back, letting go of their throat and slapping them across the face several times until some light returned to their eyes, all while thrusting away.

Their body tensed, a wordless cry slipping from their lips as they came. They fell forward, bound leg tensing and flapping, knocking lightly against Eliza, slowly going still as she continued to grip their throat. 'Now you've had your treat, time for some training.'

She pulled her dildo out of them, then twisted the lever on the wall that released the hook, dragging them off it. They slumped to the ground, shivering and panting, Eliza stamping down on their back, hard enough to leave a boot-print in place, poking and kicking them towards the bed, before snapping their cuffs together behind their back. Victoria was still watching, eyes wide, obviously forcing her body to be still, although Eliza could smell her lust in the air, even see a darker spot on the mattress beneath her.

'Up on the bed.'

Even with her leg bound, and still weak from her orgasm, the girl was able to move well, pulling herself up with her arms, moving next to Victoria. Victoria tried to wriggle away, but only managed a slight shift before Eliza shook her head, Victoria obeying. As the girl moved into place, Eliza unlocked Victoria's chastity belt, pulling it off her body. Her crotch was slick already, her desire shamefully obvious.

'Two silly sluts to play with.' Her hand flicked out, back-handed slaps to whatever flesh she could reach, both of them making happy, pained squeals. 'I wonder how good you are at tongue work?' She pulled at Victoria, spinning her around until her face was close to the girl's crotch. 'The two of you are to pleasure each other. The weakest, the least able to resist the pleasure, will be locked away.'

The girl wasted no time, thrusting her head forward between Victoria's legs, tongue visible for just a second before she started to kiss and lick away. Eliza slapped a buttock, before moving around the bed, watching the two of them writhe and twist together. Victoria was already slick with sweat, the ropes slacking slightly as they absorbed the moisture. Eliza untied her gag, throwing the dribble-soaked leather onto Victoria's hip and watching as it slid down her skin, staining her pale skin. Her efforts were less effective than the servants', although she had also been locked in chastity for quite some time, making her very sensitive!

Eliza made a disappointed sound before pinching soft buttock-flesh, making Victoria grunt again, now in pain, the servant girl's head still buried between her thighs. 'Do you want to be locked away again?'

That served to spur her on to more activity, trying to twist her legs away from the thirsting tongue. Eliza thought she heard a mumbled plea, but it was hard to tell, with the two of them buried in each other. Victoria's desperation was clear though – she tried to retreat, wriggling away on the bed, before Eliza pinched her backside again, gripping and twisting pliable flesh. 'Keep going, *pet*.'

Victoria panted and gasped, her body suddenly spasming as she was pushed too far, coming and gushing onto the mattress. Her body went limp except for her panting chest, fingers slack, the rope loosening and tightening as she breathed.

Eliza pulled them apart, looking down at Victoria and shaking her head. ‘Disappointing, Victoria. I was hoping for more fortitude. And so back into your belt. And you...’ She pinched the maid on the shoulder. ‘As a reward, you may service me.’

Victoria’s eyes opened wide, and she opened her mouth to speak, before Eliza covered it with her hand, shaking her head, pushing down until Victoria gave a slow blink of acquiescence. ‘Would you like to watch?’ She withdrew her hand.

Clear indecision was written on Victoria’s face, before she nodded. ‘Yes... Yes, Mistress.’

She clambered onto the head, letting her dress trail over Victoria’s body, noticing her she went slack at the touch, hearing it creak before she straddled the servant-girl. Her tongue was already out of her mouth, probing the air, as Eliza settled her skirts over her head, kneeling on top of her. She felt a wet probing against her leg, a kiss against her thigh, and had to rearrange herself several times before the tongue stroked against her inner thigh, silky hair caught beneath her knees.

She closed her eyes, letting herself imagine it was Katherine’s boy between her legs, his cock growing hard from desire, to be teased and hurt, his broad chest covered with lash marks, powerful limbs bound to a sturdy bed. A cock would surely be more satisfying than a tongue!

Although, as it curled and twisted around her parts, it made her tense and twist, spiraling around inside of her. She gasped, arcing her back, wrapping her arms around herself, enjoying the feeling of protection it gave her, pushing her hips down onto the girl beneath her. She delved further into the fantasy, imaging herself having men at her command, their flesh available for her pleasure. To have a man between her legs, their cock buried deep inside of her, only coming when she permitted it!

She grabbed between her legs, finding their head somewhere beneath her skirts, pushing herself downwards and feeling their tongue slide even deeper into her, before sagging backwards as she came.

It took her several long moments to collect herself, the pleasure consuming her, before the girl started to twist around. She lifted her skirts and moved, listening as they sucked in air, desperate to breath. Then she looked down at Victoria, stroking her soft, squishy tummy. ‘Time for your belt again.’

Victoria whimpered back, shaking her head, straining against her bonds again, without any more success than before. Eliza rose as smoothly as she could, finding the metal curves, smooth and cold, savoring the look in Victoria’s eyes, as she pushed it into place, making sure it was securely locked.

As soon as it was in place, Victoria sagged in defeat. Eliza kissed her stomach then slipped a blindfold over her eyes and loosened the tit-ropes, the skin now an unhealthy-looking tint of white.

‘Now, you need to be back in your uniform as well, don’t you?’

The girl didn’t respond, lost in a stupor until Eliza pinched her several times. She looked up at Eliza with a daft smile plastered across her features. ‘Yes... Yes, Mistress...’

With more pinches, she was induced into movement, Eliza releasing her bindings. When she tried to kiss Eliza, she got a slap across the face, before letting herself be bound back into chastity. ‘For your impertinence, you may go like that. Return to your quarters.’

The girl glanced down at herself – entirely naked other than the belt, her body sweat-stained, marked with bruises, pinch-marks and the winding indentations of the rope still present on her flesh. With guests around, she would be lucky to get back to wherever her rooms were without getting stopped by someone else. Well, that could be part of her punishment.

She curtsied, breasts bobbing. ‘Yes, Mistress Eliza. Thank you for your punishment.’

Eliza held the door open for her, and she looked both ways before leaving, walking just shy of a run, stopping at the end of the hallway and cautiously peering around, as Eliza shut the door. Victoria was slumbering, her chest gently rising and falling, and so Eliza returned to her sketchbook, trying to capture the ropework from all angles again, to make it easier to recreate.

Chapter Seven: A Token of Faith

The black leather hood puffed in and out, the female wearer made forcibly anonymous, locks of their hair now littering the floor, the material around their nose pushing in and out as they tried to breathe. A thick metal collar banded their neck, a rigid pole stretching horizontally out, their arms locked to it, palms up. Were they sobbing, or was that just Eliza's imagination? They were entirely naked save for knee-high black leather boots, brutally high heels forcing them onto their toes, their legs, belly and breasts all stripped red with whip-marks. They could barely move, a metal bar securely bolted to the floor running up into their crotch, a dildo buried inside of them.

Lady Melissa's arm twisted, the crack of a whip sounding out, another muffled cry coming from behind the hood, the trays shaking. Eliza watched as their sweat-slicked chest puffed in and out, their petite breasts shining in the firelight, the juices between their thighs obvious.

'Could you lower the pole, Eliza? I think Juliana may be more compliant now.'

Eliza moved forward, stepping over a discarded whip, able to smell the sweat and lust pouring off the woman. The lash-marks were scored deeply into their flesh, striped all over their body, and Eliza couldn't resist pushing a finger against one, making them shiver in pain, another whine coming from behind the hood.

She was able to find the catch on the pole, the bar dropping down, the slick dildo sliding out of their pussy. They would have stumbled if she hadn't wrapped an arm around their waist to steady them, feeling sweat starting to soak into her sleeve from even that brief contact. Their legs wavered, now bereft of the support of the one-bar prison, but they managed to stay standing.

'Thank you, Eliza. Juliana will, I imagine, be a little less proud when the hood is removed. Although may need her hair restyled.'

Her tears and sobbing as her hair had been hacked away had been something to see! Fat, ugly tears had rolled down her cheeks as scissors had snipped her soft curls away, leaving only tatty stubs and stumps, before a gag and then the hood had been applied. Juliana swayed, legs weak, as Eliza pushed at sore skin again.

'I think some more time in the oubliette, and then she can be turned over to Alicia. That should teach her a suitable lesson. Would you care to belt her?'

'Yes, Lady Melissa.'

The chastity belt lay discarded on the floor, the metal dirty. Eliza picked it up, then spat on the metal bulb, preparing it for insertion. She tapped the metal a few times, watching as Juliana shivered, her hands pulling at the horizontal bar. The bulb slid into Juliana's backside with ease, her body well-used to such things, and then Eliza clipped the rest of the metal into place. As it sealed away her crotch, Juliana whimpered, Eliza stilling her with a pinch to her back, twisting and squeezing reddened flesh between her fingers, feeling the way her body reacted, a sharp intake of breath. Then she put her hand on the back of Juliana's neck to keep her under control and looked at Lady Melissa.

'Shall I take her to the dungeon?'

Lady Melissa nodded, as she coiled up her whip, placing it on the table. 'Yes, thank you.' She gave Eliza a reserved smile. 'You show much promise, and it has been a pleasure teaching

you. I do hope you will stay in touch once you leave? I would look forward to receiving any correspondence from you.’ She held up a hand, something shining brightly – a key on a neck-chain. ‘If you wish to unbelt any of the servant, to punish or reward them.’

Eliza tried not to gush or babble back but could feel a smile rising up inside of her. ‘Yes! I mean, um, yes, of course. Thank you!’ She unlocked Juliana’s hands from the bar, then dragged Juliana over by the scruff of the neck, ignoring their whimper. Despite its small size, the key felt heavy in her hand, through the power and responsibility it imparted onto her. That Lady Melissa would trust her with such a thing!

‘See if you can acquire a piece to work with yourself – it would do you some good to practice more. I will send some letters of introduction ahead of you, to introduce you to others as well. But while you are here, you may train with my servants.’

Eliza curtseyed, ignoring the pained splutter from behind the hood, as Juliana was shoved and pulled around.

‘Now go put her away. She will not be suitable for public display for some months, but could perhaps be mounted and used somewhere, with her mouth exposed. She certainly seemed to enjoy that. Perhaps you could submit some suggestions?’

‘Of course, Lady Melissa.’ Eliza curtseyed again and twisted Juliana around, forcing her to totter along. With her sight blocked by the hood, her arms forcibly extended and her heels forced high, her balance wavered and tottered, seeming as though she would have fallen without Eliza supporting her. From behind the hood, Eliza could hear the occasional wet sob or slurp, as Juliana sucked in stray slobber – the inside of the thing was probably drenched in sweat and spit!

She scratched her nails down their back, making them cry again, body shaking. Their sheer vulnerability was arousing, their body unable to fight back, face and mouth stolen from them. As soon as she was out of sight of Lady Melissa, Eliza leaned forward and nibbled their back, tasting their sweat, nipping their skin between her teeth. They shuddered again, as sunlight washed over them both, Eliza moving from Lady Melissa’s practice room to the better-lit portion of the manor.

She pushed Juliana through the wide and sunny chambers. A happy squeak sounded from ahead her, followed by the wet sound of a mop getting wrung out, as a maid rested the shaft of the mop in the bucket, dipping their head and lifting their skirts in a curtsey, showing off their thighs, stockings and chastity belt. They looked at her from under their eyelashes, red-tinted lips curving in a smile.

‘Good afternoon, Miss Eliza.’ The marks from the rope harness were still just barely visible, slight red lines around her shoulders. ‘Please let me know if there is *anything* you need, that I can assist you with.’ She licked her lips, leaning further forward so that Eliza could see down the lace-trimmed top she was wearing, showing off her breasts. ‘Anything at all.’ She looked around, checking that no-one else was close by. ‘If you wish to practice that rope harness again, Miss Eliza?’

There was the sound of a door opening, heels tapping against wooden floors, another maid entering at a rapid pace. This one was wearing an even skimpier skirt than the first, the hemline so short it showed her chastity belt without needing raising, a muzzle gag and posture collar locked around their neck and lower mouth, although they mumble-grunted something Eliza couldn’t make out, the first maid looking at them with irritation. It took Eliza a second to place the two of them – the first was the maid that Eliza had punished for fraternization, while the second was the one left over from the party. They glared at each other, the gagged one grunting again, as Juliana twisted uncertainly.

‘Please allow us to escort you, Miss Eliza.’

The gagged one stepped forward (far too close!) and pressed herself against Eliza, her uniform thin enough that Eliza could feel her body heat. Her eyes were wide and happy-looking, before the other maid pushed her back.

‘Florence enjoyed your attentions previously. But that’s no excuse for such behavior – it is unbecoming in a servant. But please allow me to escort you.’ She dipped her head even lower in respect, her hair falling forward and rubbing against Eliza’s body.

That got a grunted response, probably something rude. Juliana was twisting around as well, body shaking against the restraints, wet and slobbery sounds coming out. She pushed Juliana against the wall, securing her collar to the wall by a convenient hook.

‘Both of you, down.’ They both obeyed, dropping onto all fours, their heads down but their eyes following her movements. She walked around them, noting how they both tensed as she moved out of sight, stamping down hard on the ground to make more noise. They both held themselves well, showing off their bodies, and she flipped a skirt up, to reveal toned thighs, the metal gleaming between their legs. As her fingers brushed their flesh, they shivered again, an enthusiastic “mmrrrrmmm”, like an oversized cat. She flicked the belt, the sound becoming one of disappointment, before she backhanded them across their buttocks, careful to avoid the metal, hard enough to leave an impact mark.

‘Hmmm, what to do with you?’ Fortunately, there were plenty of tools close at hand, a cabinet containing a variety of paddles and more. She drew one out – a sturdy wooden thing, flat on one side and spiked on the other, holes drilled through it to make it easier to swing. She tapped it against the back of the gagged servant, hard enough to make them grunt.

‘Both of you need to be further educated.’ She rapped the paddle against the chastity belt, making the metal ring. ‘If you’re really good, maybe I’ll let one of you out for a small time.’ They both immediately stiffened, their postures suddenly rigid and perfect. ‘Hmm. The two of you would make good pets, wouldn’t you? Bind your legs and arms, seal those mouths of yours, let you be used by whoever desires you.’

The rumps wriggled, and Eliza couldn’t tell if it was fear or pleasure, nor did she really care. Instead, she flipped the paddle over in her hand to use the spiked side and cracked it against both backsides, impressing marks into the flesh. ‘I wonder which of you can endure the most?’ She spanked both of them again, impressed by their lack of protest. Victoria always squealed, even when gagged, although she seemed to enjoy making the noise, almost as much as she enjoyed being hurt. Several more strikes, and their backsides were both starting to glow, a pleasing cherry red.

Eliza drew back, pondering what else to do. She had been granted the honor of a key to the servants, in order to train them, so she should do more than just give them a spanking. What else was in the cabinet? She looked over the options, pulling out clamps connected by a chain and a collar-leash. She moved around in front of them, kneeling, rubbing the ungagged one on the head, ruffling their hair, listening to their happy sound. ‘Open.’ Her mouth dropped open, tongue sliding out. Eliza clipped a metal clamp onto their tongue, pulling on it. Dribble started to well up, as Eliza ungagged the other one, unsealing their muzzle-gag, stroking their head. Their tongue popped out of their mouth, their eyes bright as Eliza attached the other clamp, the two of them now joined by the clamp-chain.

‘Well, you are obedient, at least.’ The clamps shook against teeth, the two of them not able to speak without dribbling everywhere, trying to keep their heads upturned to avoid making a mess. ‘I think more equipment is needed. Follow.’ The leash snapped onto the chain, giving

her something to pull on. She could hear their uneven crawling behind her, hands and knees slapping against the floor, and tugged on the leash, making them both make slobbery groans as their tongues were pulled.

She'd given up on trying to remember which rooms contained which equipment, but trusted that there would be something appropriate inside. She pushed a door open, to reveal a lush and opulent chamber, full of gilt and red brocade, padded leather and polished metal catching the light, with several ornate thrones at one end, facing several wooden crosses. One of them was occupied, the binding chains clinking as Peter pulled at them. His wrists and ankles were bound in place, a leather band around his waist, his cock dangling between his legs, a gag knotted about his face.

Eliza froze, sudden cold cutting into her, trying to keep her composure. He mumbled something, a large gag stretching his jaw, as Eliza tried to recover herself, dragging the two maids forward, the sounds of their movement silencing as they crawled onto the expensive rugs covering the floor. She forced herself to look into Peter's eyes, pretending a confidence she didn't feel. The way he froze in place was gratifying though, as she moved closer, hearing her dress hiss and slither along the floor. She held herself straight and rigid, glad that her clothing forced her to have good posture, giving the leash another tug, enjoying the sounds of pain from behind herself.

'I wonder which of you two is most skilled.' She wrapped the leash around her arm, forcing the two of them to draw level, both to her left – they really were like well-trained dogs! The brunette darted in to kiss at the hem of her skirt, but she pushed them back with a foot, shaking her head, making them whine in disappointment. A splat of spit fell from her mouth, immediately soaking into the rug, darkening the material slightly.

Peter looked at her, then looked away, before she grabbed his chin, trying not to show any discomfort. She gripped tightly enough it probably hurt, his eyes darting around, mouth warped around the gag. 'I wonder how good your self-control is? For all your airs, you're nothing more than these girls, are you? Just *meat*, to be trained and used.' She could feel his neck muscles tighten, but he couldn't look away, and felt herself quicken, before feeling something brush against her hip.

She glanced down, seeing that his cock, tiny and limp just moments again, was now full and hard, pointing up at her, rubbing against her skirts, the eye staring at her. Her hand tightened, making him splutter in pain, but she managed to restrain herself from jumping back, away from the thing. Was it radiating heat, or was that her imagination?

'This... *thing's* self-control seems lacking.' She shifted her grip to his throat, feeling the faintest traces of rough stubble on his skin, prickling her hand. He mumbled something, but she squeezed and he spluttered and stopped. Spit, sticky and damp, flowed onto her wrist, and she let go long enough to slap him across the face, enjoying the sound he made, lower-pitched than the feminine gasps she was used to.

With her other hand, she pulled the maids forward, pulling upwards and forcing them to stretch upwards, neither willing to properly stand, until they were close enough for her to release their clamps, their stretched-out tongues flicking back into mouths, out of sight. Before they could drop back down, she grabbed a handful of hair from each of them, twisting her hand to get a good grip and dragging them forward. Their tongue slid back out of their mouth, soft lips spreading wide into a round "O", as Eliza held them barely away from the cock.

Peter was taking deep breaths now, Eliza still staring into his eyes, her grip tightening as she felt passion start to move through her. 'I wonder, how well can you resist, *slave*?' She squeezed his throat, preventing him from even trying to respond. 'You, use your mouth.'

She pulled the brunette forward, the tongue licking along the shaft before she thrust them forward, the cock vanishing into their mouth. Their neck strained and she pushed them back for a moment, before she relaxed and let them take over. They clearly knew what they were doing – she tried to follow their movements, how their head swayed back and forth, hands coming up to stroke the dangling ball-sack, but didn't want to look away from Peter's eyes, as they started to water, his gaze growing distant until she squeezed his throat harder again, making him fight to breathe.

'If you get any mess onto my clothing, then there will be consequences.' Not that she could think of any at the moment, but she didn't want cum on her skirts! The head-bobbing immediately slowed down, although she could just about see the maid's cheeks bulging as she shifted the cock around in her mouth, probably using her tongue to play with it. Down around her ankles, the other maid had settled into a kneeling position, her mouth wide open, her face flushed, nipples erect enough to be visible through her clothing.

As Peter gasped, Eliza yanked the maid backwards, a thick rope of spit joining her mouth to the cock, the shaft now shiny and wet, the foreskin rolled back to reveal a pale crown. He pumped his hips forward, clearly wanting completion. She slapped him, then again as his eyes shut, until they opened again. She shoved the brunette aside, and they crawled away, as the other one shuffled forward, moving her head up and bringing it down onto the cock, gulping it down in a single motion, cheeks puffing out. The brunette pushed herself close against Eliza, nuzzling her face against her skirts while making happy noises.

As Peter gasped, Eliza ran a hand down his body – he was less muscled than Katherine's boy, significantly less wide across the shoulders, but she could still feel his body tense, and was glad of the restraints. She pushed against his chest, before pinching his nipple, smiling at his grunt of pain. 'I wonder, are you well behaved?' She stroked his chest again – there were no lash marks, and only a few light scratches, at least until she made her hand into a claw and dug her own nails in, scraping down his skin, leaving red furrows marked there.

That made his head tilt back, although she couldn't tell if it was pleasure or pain.

'Do you think you deserve to climax? Or should you be teased more?'

The slobbering gulps beneath her eased off, the maid listening to her. Although from the grin on her own face, she was enjoying this as well.

'Pllleappphhh...' He managed to gasp through his gag, as she slapped him across the face again, then moved away, sitting on one of the thrones, making herself comfortable.

'You two. You may both pleasure him, but only with their mouths. Whichever finishes him, I will reward.'

They both immediately shot forward, bodies knocking together, tongues out. Neither was able to get the cock into their mouths, not with the other one blocking them, so they had to settle for kissing and licking at the shaft, covering it with dribble. She looked up, locking eyes with Peter again. 'And if you can resist them, then I'll give you a reward. But I don't think you will – I'm sure you're nothing but a beast within, seeking to pleasure yourself on any woman you can. You should be belted, and only allowed out if you're well behaved.'

His body was shaking now, chains clinking and clacking, as the maids kissed with his cock in the middle, their tongues dancing over the crown, each of them trying to push the other away. He tried to protest, but couldn't form any intelligible words through the gag, as his hands curled

into fists, sweat shining on his skin. The brunette managed to twist around somehow and take the cock into her mouth, thrusting her head forward, the length vanishing into her throat.

The other one made a disappointed whine, knocking her shoulders against them, trying to dislodge them without success.

Peter gasped, his hips twitching forward and the brunette making choking sounds. She turned around to face Eliza, her mouth open, full of white-tinted spittle, her tongue covered with the stuff. She moved towards Eliza, mouth still open, proudly showing off her achievement.

‘Swallow.’

The order was obeyed, the mouth closing as they gulped. Wet sounds of disappointment came from the other maid, as she kissed and licked at the rapidly-shrinking cock, trying to restore it to vigor. Peter had slumped in his restraints, energy spent, at least for now. Eliza patted the brunette on the head, before they dipped their head, nuzzling under her skirts, licking at her boots. Eliza kicked them away, ignoring their disappointed whine – she didn’t want cum-soaked spittle on her shoes! They looked up at her, hope in their eyes.

‘I did promise you a reward, didn’t I?’

They nodded enthusiastically, wriggling happily in place, drawing their skirt up to show off their chastity belt, presenting the lock to Eliza. She held the key up, enjoying the way their eyes followed it, breath hitching and quickening, their eyes closing in anticipation as she moved towards the lock, sighing as it clicked open, the metal falling away from their body.

Their hands moved inwards, stopping only when Eliza shook her head, the disappointed whine only adding to her pleasure. She stretched out a leg, pushing it against their crotch, feeling the slipperiness down there, as they started to shake their hips back and forth, grinding against her.

As they closed their eyes, she slapped them, not hard, on the cheek, eyes flying open.

‘Thank... you, Mistress... Eliza...’

She stroked their head, listening to the desperate sounds of slurping coming from the cross, the other maid trying to coax life back into Peter’s cock. Eliza smiled down at the brunette, enjoying their desperate whimpers as they moved themselves to climax, letting her gaze drift back to Peter, imagining having him at her mercy, using that cock for herself.

Chapter Eight: Dinner and a Private Show

There was a clatter of crockery, the brunette maid stepping forward too quickly, knocking shoulders with the blonde. They hissed at each other through their gags, before the blonde stepped forward, pushing the other one back, presenting Eliza with a wine bottle, pouring her a measure. She leaned in close enough that her hair brushed across Eliza's shoulder, her breasts prominent. Eliza nodded, then took a sip of the wine – it was strong, the rich and sweet taste flowing over her tongue, holding her glass up until it was filled. The maid then shot a look of triumph at the brunette, before retreating, standing decorously back until needed again.

Victoria's chair scuffed across the floor as she twisted it closer, her hand reaching beneath the table to stroke Eliza's knee. 'What have you been doing with the maids? Those two seem to follow you around a lot.' She took a sip from Eliza's wine-glass before handing it back, her hand sliding over Eliza's thigh. 'I would like some time with you. You could train me some more.' Her corsetted breasts pushed against Eliza, as she moved right to the edge of her chair.

'Sorry, Victoria.'

This close, she could see the collar, barely hidden beneath Victoria's dress, the thing visible beneath the fine fabric. Most of the other guests had left, and Lady Melissa herself was engaged on some other business. Peter, despite his status, was sat opposite them, chatting with Katherine. His occasional looks at her made her squirm awkwardly and try not to blush, as Victoria's hand twisted between her thighs, Eliza glad of her thick skirts. Victoria had been getting very clingy recently, wanting to be tied and spanked and petted almost constantly. It now only took a slight rattle of her chastity belt to excite her, reducing her to lustful squirming, without any hope of release.

'I've been quite busy recently. It's very educational though.'

Victoria looked up at her, eyes wide as she kissed Eliza's neck. 'You will let me out soon, won't you? I've been a good girl, I need some... special touches.' Her hair brushed against Eliza, the smell simultaneously relaxing and annoying. She reached back, keeping her hand under the table, groping through Victoria's skirts until she encountered the solid metal of the chastity belt.

'Oh? The Lady Victoria wants to be treated like the dirty slut she is?' She kept her voice low – it seemed unlikely the servants here would care, but it made Victoria squirm and blush. 'I think you should return to our room and prepare yourself. I have laid out some clothing for you.'

Victoria's eyes went wide, her hand suddenly retreating back from Eliza's legs. She gulped nervously, before taking some wine. 'I... yes, Mistress Eliza...' She moved to stand, but Eliza kept hold of her skirts. She gulped again. 'I'm sorry, Mistress Eliza. May I be dismissed, to prepare myself?'

'Yes, you may.' She let go, Victoria standing up hastily, her decorum mostly absent as she strode away. Katherine and Peter both looked up curiously, Eliza trying to hide a sudden blush behind her wine, although she could taste Victoria on the glass.

'Victoria is feeling a little under the weather.' She would have to wait here long enough to allow Victoria to prepare herself. 'How is your training going, Katherine?'

‘Oh, Aunt Melissa says he’s mostly obedient. He certainly reacts well to the lash. But he’s a good boy, so didn’t need to much work.’

‘I’ve heard good things about your training, Miss Eliza.’ Peter leaned forward, his shirt collar open to show the band around his neck. She tried not to think of his cock, the hot length of it, but felt herself stir. ‘Several of the maids are quite fond of your lash-work. They seem also eager to be punished by you. Somewhat unusual, most of the time they fear punishment.’

There was a self-conscious clatter from behind her, some plates getting jolted together. The maids were both obviously blushing, squirming awkwardly, looking at Eliza out of the corner of their eyes before glancing away. She had noticed them loitering around, always brushing against her, or showing off, almost flaunting, their bodies, and competing with each other for her attention. They were certainly compliant, and certainly didn’t seem to need training, but they reacted positively to pain, frequently ending up sodden and panting as she punished or trained them. It was equal parts annoying and flattering – they were like troublesome cats, butting their heads against her for attention and headpats. Or whipping and beatings, in this case!

‘They are good girls. *Mostly*. Although they could do with being less needy!’ But they seemed to be helping to keep the other servants away or hadn’t told anyone else that she had a key for the chastity belts. All of them were sealed into chastity, so she would have expected them to welcome the chance at release! ‘They react well to punishment. That one seemed to enjoy the horse, especially.’ She gestured at the blonde, who curtsied and lifted her skirt to show her thighs and the metal of her chastity belt, head bowed.

‘You certainly seem to have a skill for it. Have you practiced on men much? Other than that time you, um... *encountered* me.’

Eliza felt a blush sear onto her cheeks, Katherine looking puzzled for a moment before blushing deeply, looking between the two of them.

‘You, with...’

‘It wasn’t like that! And he’s property anyway, even if allowed more independence than most.’

Peter spoke. ‘It was rather intense, although you seem a little stiff, not quite as graceful and smooth as the Lady Melissa, or my own Lady Falmouth. But I’m sure that will come with time. I’ve not been used as a contest before though – that was certainly new.’ He seemed entirely relaxed about the whole thing, casually spearing a chunk of meat from his plate and eating it, a gentle smile on his face as he stared at Eliza. Prickling heat stabbed out over her body, and she tried to sink into the comforting embrace of her corset, glad of its tightness. She stared back at him, trying to slow her breathing and find an inner calm.

‘You are... useful to train the girls on, and with.’ Was her voice calm and even? ‘Although you have been trained well yourself.’

‘Yes, the Lady Falmouth was *very* thorough. It was partially my own fault, but one can be taught to appreciate such things, given enough time and an incentive. And she is quite adept at providing such things.’ He unconsciously tugged on his collar, before returning to his food. ‘I am allowed a long leash but must nevertheless be drawn back at her command. But it seems as though perhaps you have a leash yourself? A shame you are not of the highest blood, but must be beholden to another.’

Katherine was now looking confused, looking between the two of them in confusion as Eliza responded. ‘I think you should remember your place! Unless you wish to have some time in the dungeon?’

He chewed contemplatively. 'That might be interesting. You certainly seem skilled, and the girls speak highly of you.' A gagged giggle came from behind her, from one of the maids. 'I would be flattered if you were to turn your attentions upon myself. Although would request that you don't make any marks that are too lasting, as my Mistress dislikes others damaging her property. But I'm sure you can moderate yourself, if needed?'

Eliza dapped at her lips with a napkin, before rising. 'I think I will check up on Victoria.' That might help to dispel the awkward feeling burning in her chest, of uncertainty and doubt She'd have to take it out on Victoria! The maids both curtsied, showing off their chastity belts again, as she left the dining room, trying not to appear rushed or worried.

As soon as the doors had shut behind her, she raised her skirts and hurried through the darkened hallways. She wanted to tie Peter down, ravage and break him! And to feel his throbbing cock inside of herself, lowering herself onto it, teasing and controlling him, before fucking him. What would it feel like to have someone come inside of her? It was supposed to be hot, and looked sticky. Was it like cream? Not that she ever wanted to have to suck a cock, that sounded unpleasant, from the coughing and spluttering sounds that came from the maids whenever their throats were ravaged and harshly used.

She slowed as she returned to their rooms, slowly pushing the door open, hearing a breathy whimper. Several candles had been lit, pools of golden light illuminating the room. Victoria was down on all fours, naked except for her restraints. Her legs were bound so that she was on her knees, thick leather bands holding them in place, pads on her knees. Her chastity belt shone, but her collar had been changed for a heavy leather one, metal rings shining, clips connected to leather wristbands to bind her arms along her neck. One hand was bound into a little leather sack, the other still loose, although she wouldn't be able to twist around enough to release herself.

Her mouth was filled with a plug, held in place with a ring-gag, blinkers strapped in place to limit her vision. Her large breasts swung as she heard Eliza and tried to turn around, but a leash ran from her neck to the bed, and she made a choked sound as she moved too far, leash snapping tight and strangling her until she stopped moving.

'Eliaph?' A bead of spit oozed through the plug, sparkling for a moment before oozing to the floor. Eliza moved to stay out of sight, although Victoria probably knew it was her. A number of tools had been laid out on the bed, ready for use. Victoria stirred uncertainly, flinching as Eliza tickled her tummy, then stroked a breast.

'Sloppy slut.' She pinched the teat, before sliding chained clamps off the metal, the chain slithering off the mattress. 'Unable to follow instructions.' She clacked the clamps, before attaching them onto a nipple, twisting it around then attaching the other clamp, the chains dangling between her breasts.

'Now, what should I do with you?' She stroked fingers along Victoria's flank, before sealing her other hand into a leather sack, the hand forcibly bundled into a fist. 'But let me remove this thing first.' She tapped the chastity belt, Victoria making an enthusiastic whimper, shaking her buttocks in anticipation. 'Such an eager slutty bitch!'

There were more happy grunts, the clamp-chain shaking about as Victoria wriggled happily. Eliza unlocked the belt, pulling it off Victoria's body. It was drenched with her scent, her pussy clearly desperate to be fucked. Eliza lightly stroked it, smiling as Victoria whimpered, pushing her backside upwards and trying to get more pressure, to get herself off. Eliza spanked her, a swift strike to each buttock in turn, the impacts making her shake about, her thighs already sticky with lust.

‘And you forgot your hood as well. Or do you want to be taken out like that? So that everyone can see you like this?’

Victoria shook her head, chain jangling. Eliza set herself down on Victoria’s back, hearing Victoria grunt as she took the weight. She plucked off the blinkers, before pulling Victoria’s hair into a single lash, through a hole in the hood, before sliding it over her head, making sure to settle it so that Eliza could see out, the plug in her mouth aligning with a hole in the hood. She tucked it into Victoria’s collar, nice and snug around her neck.

‘Such a nice pet.’ She patted Victoria on the head, getting a contented, buzzing purr back. ‘Now, a lady such as yourself wouldn’t want her maidenhead taken, but I’m sure an alternative can be found.’

‘Mpph?’

Eliza tangled a strap-on in front of Victoria’s face – this was a large one, the leather shaft ringed with shafts and lumps, aggressive and dangerous-looking. ‘Where do you think this will go?’

‘Mpph!?’

Eliza pulled it back out of sight, dismounting from Eliza and moving behind her, buckling the cock around her waist. It helped her feel more dominant and powerful, and seeing “Lady” Victoria, daughter of one of the powers of the land, bound and powerless, ready to be used and hurt. She spread the buttocks wide, spitting between them, before taking a secure grip on Victoria’s hips, pushing the tip of the cock against the knot of her pucker, pushing just the tip in.

Victoria grunted, wriggling her hips, pushing herself onto the thing, helping it to push it into herself. Her backside started to consume more and more of the cock, her hole getting spread wide, the bumps of the cock spreading it even wider. Eliza spat onto the shaft, helping to lubricate the thing, Victoria gasping, dribbling around her gag.

There was a knock on the door, before it suddenly opened. The two maids stood there, Eliza feeling a flush of shame, Victoria still shaking her backside, wanting to be penetrated and violated more. The brunette pulled on the blonde’s leash, both of them curtsying.

‘Mistress Eliza, this one needs punishment, and Miss Alicia sent us to you.’ Their eyes adjusted to the darkness, Victoria not having noticed as she kept trying to push herself onto the shaft.

The blonde was gagged, the brunette having to speak for her. ‘My apologies, Mistress Eliza. I thought all the other maids were secured for the night...’

Victoria shifted, now hearing them, trying to curl up and protect herself, Eliza still buried in her ass. She slapped a buttock again, Victoria’s grunt sounding more desperate now. As Eliza pushed further into Victoria, grabbing her hips to stop her moving away, feeling her body tighten in resistance, she felt more confident.

‘Secure her to the bed, and I will tend to her shortly. And then you may help me with this one.’

Victoria was trying to protest more vigorously now, her feet twitching about, tit-chain jangling, but it was easy to keep her under control, withdrawing and then pushing the dildo deeper and deeper into her. The maids moved together, the blonde letting herself be stripped before getting pushed onto the bed, spreading her limbs so that she could be secured in place. Eliza felt Victoria’s insides yield as she was violated, a continuous stream of dribble now flowing from her mouth, mixed with confused and burbling cries.

‘Put that on and tend to her mouth.’ Mid-thrust, she twisted awkwardly and pointed at another strap-on – not quite as long, but still large enough that it would strain Victoria’s throat.

‘Mph!?’

‘Yes, Miss Eliza.’ The maid’s shorter skirt allowed her to properly strap it into place, around her waist and between her legs. Seeing the thing dangling there aroused Eliza, and she thrust forward with vehemence, Victoria grunting as the cock shoved into her, fully buried inside her body.

Victoria tried to move her head, but the maid grabbed her hair and used it to force Victoria’s mouth into place, plucking out the plug, before sliding the dildo into place. The tone of Victoria’s splutters changed, the cock larger than the plug, pushing her tongue out of the way. She was struggling more now, but was thoroughly pinned into place, unable to break free, penetrated at both ends.

The brunette kept her eyes down, refusing to look Eliza in the eyes, despite being opposite each other as they both fucked Victoria. ‘My apologies, Mistress Eliza. I did not know you were disciplining another servant. Although I do not recognize this one.’

Victoria made a wet, slobbery sound, probably a protest, but went quiet as Eliza clawed her back. They leaned forward, lips pursed and bright red, bright red, freshly painted, the ring of their collar bright and shiny. Eliza let go of Victoria’s hips and grabbed the ring, pulling them close, their eyes closing in anticipation as their faces moved close together. Then she slapped them across the cheek, grabbing their face, squeezing their face.

‘You may assist me. But behave and be silent, or I will have you sent to the oubliette.’

They managed to nod, Victoria still making pained noises, sandwiched between them.

‘Good. This *meat* can be left in place and I will deal with her in the morning.’

She pulled back, slowly withdrawing the cock, watching as Victoria’s hole closed up, slow to recover from the intrusion. Victoria’s thighs were shivering, damp with sweat and pussy-juice, and her body quivered as Eliza stroked between her legs, feeling the soft dampness of her bush, teasing and stroking before withdrawing her hand, as Victoria’s throat was abused more. Victoria tried to whine in protest, but could only cough and splutter, as Eliza moved away, handing over a blindfold. The brunette took her hands off Victoria’s head, buckling the padded leather into place over her own eyes.

‘Strip, while I tend to this one.’

On the bed, the blonde was still and quiescent, entirely naked except for collar, cuffs and chastity belt. Eliza slapped their belly, enjoying the meaty *thwack*, before blindfolding them as well. Their mouth, pink and wet, hung open, tongue out. There was a double-headed penis gag, and she pushed this into the void, the tongue sliding around it uncertainly before being forced down, a leather panel covering the bottom half of the woman’s face entirely, black leather cock poking upwards. A bubble of spit appeared, popping and running down the shaft, starting to lubricate it. When Eliza pinched their nostrils shut, this flow of liquid increased. That should make it easier to use!

The thought of a cock pushing into her, filling her, spreading her wide, made her heart race, and suddenly her clothing felt hot and confining; too tight, compacting and controlling. But she couldn’t remove them by herself! Still, she settled herself over the spreadeagled maid, their sounds stilled as she straddled their head, their sounds absorbed by her skirts and petticoats. It took some maneuvering to find the cock-shaft, and she had to reach down and grip the slimy thing, before moving above it, facing down the maid’s body, their bare chests moving up and down as they breathed.

‘You. Stand.’

The brunette stood, her strap-on dripping with Victoria's dribble, as she whined unhappily, unable to see or speak on the floor.

'Approach, and remove the strap-on.'

It was only two steps, the maid standing close by, body hot, lust and sweat hanging in the air.

'Un... undress me!' She could feel little stabs of breath, through the narrow tube of the penis-gag, pushing against her bare slit.

Skilled hands pulled at her clothing, untying ribbons and laces, moving with swift efficiency, as she felt her arousal increasing, fever-heat burning within her. She looked at their face – the blindfold was thick leather, entirely opaque, they definitely couldn't see her. Her clothing was pulled away from her body, the heavy dress getting laid out on the floor, her corset being released from around her body. The candle-heated air brushed her flesh, her body soft and pale, expect for the silver slash of a scar across her stomach.

She lowered herself onto the cock, slowly and gently, savoring the penetration, letting herself tighten around it. It was warmed by the maid's spit and breath, and she could feel it inside of her. She closed her eyes, wrapping herself in a fantasy of having a man beneath her, tame and obedient, a cock, a *real* one, throbbing and hot, inside of her. Having them beg and plead for a release she *might* grant, and then cum, pushing into her...

She grunted, feeling her own release rising up, powerful and urgent, blotting out everything else, even her fantasy fading. She had to grab the headboard behind her to steady herself, panting in air, stroking her body, feeling her sweat-slicked flesh, small breasts, the way her hips curved inwards.

Eliza pulled herself upwards with a feeling of mild disappointment, the satisfaction of being filled fading away. The brunette was still stood by the bed, her arms crossed behind her back as though cuffed there, dribble-stained cock still about her waist. She grabbed them by the collar, just about able to reach and making them stumble onto the bed, before Eliza shoved her again, rolling her onto her back, grabbing another set of cuffs and using them to restrain their arms.

She checked the blindfold was still in place, then twisted a nipple, their body arcing upward. Eliza grabbed at their chest, digging her nails into their flesh and twisting and wrenching, enjoying their sounds of pain, playing with them a little, giving herself time to recover, putting her face close to theirs and letting her hair trickle over their bodies.

They twisted around, Eliza slapping their cheeks again, finding a gag to push into their mouth. They made an unsatisfied sound but couldn't do anything about it, as Eliza pushed herself onto the dildo, faster now. She was so wet it slid in easily, filling her, and she twisted around to let the raised bumps and whorls push and twist inside of her.

'Yeessss...' She couldn't hold back from a long and breathy sigh, rolling her hips on top of them. The cock itself was inanimate – surely a real one would feel better? Their own hips bucked, the dildo knocking against the chastity belt. She lowered her head, running her lips against their shoulders, before getting flesh beneath her teeth and nipping at it, then letting go.

She spread her legs wide, letting the cock slide fully into her, holding the position, and the satisfying feeling of it, before starting to grind up and down. She stroked her own body, playing with her breasts, ignoring the confused sounds from Victoria.

As her passion stoked within her, she slowed down, savoring the sensation, letting it build, a slow and steady pulse rippling through her entire body. She squeezed her own breasts, then let a hand drop between her legs, stroking herself, stroking around the cock, feeling her folds, hot and wet, teasing at her nub.

Thoughts of men, real cocks, filled her mind, and her grinding intensified, passion peaking as she climaxed. She sagged down, overwhelmed, not bothering to dismount, happy at the sensation of being filled, only rising herself upwards when she wanted to sleep. She could still hear Victoria shuffling around, unable to see what was happening, before the sounds of leather settled down. She pushed the maid to the side, pulling blankets around herself. The maids both lay still, Eliza taking some comfort in their slow and regular breathing, reaching out and wrapping an arm around the brunette, enjoying their warmth as she started to slumber herself.

Chapter Nine: In Which a Leave Is Taken

Eliza swung the crop – this one had a heavier head, several metal studs embedded into the leather pad adding an extra sting to the impact. Victoria and the blonde were both restrained in front of her, bent onto their backs with their legs pushed back and their ankles tied to poles by their heads. Their hands were also cuffed to the posts, Victoria anonymous in her hood, her large breasts soft and tempting targets. She flicked the crop again, savoring the solid impact, the smack against Victoria's left breast, making the tit deform for a moment. It was a lovely thing, the perfect length to allow for stinging momentum behind each strike, the heavier head and metal studs making the hits sting more, at least to judge by the reactions of her targets.

Victoria's pussy was wet and swollen, desperate for release, her body shaking, a gagged cry coming from behind the hood as Eliza bought the crop down against the spread and swollen lips. 'So desperate and needy. What a desperate, horny slut you are.' She tapped with the crop now, the leather head tapping against Victoria's wetness, coming back visibly damp, Victoria whimpering. She bought the crop down in another harsh and stinging strike, feeling the impact through her wrist, before drawing back and turning to her other victim.

'And you. You made a mess at breakfast.' She swung at the blonde maid even harder than she had struck at Victoria, catching a nipple with a metal stud, changing her angle for a swift double-strike onto the side of the other tit. They squealed through the bit in their mouth, spit dribbling onto their chin. 'You should be thankful that Lady Melissa isn't here, otherwise she would punish you even more. What do you think she would do to you?'

She stepped forward, digging her nails into the sole of their foot, stabbing into the soft and vulnerable skin, the toes curling up. But the maid couldn't kick her legs to escape, uselessly straining them against the metal restraints that kept her locked in place. Tears were forming in her eyes, her makeup starting to run, as Eliza kept applying pressure, before releasing her nails, looking at the crescent-marks she had impressed into the flesh. That would tenderize them for future use.

Victoria was wriggling her hips, pushing her sodden crotch towards Eliza, mumbling out wet splutters from behind her hood and gag, probably wanting to be allowed release. Eliza reached her arm and flicked the crop several times, harsh strikes against engorged lips until Victoria stopped making noises.

'Now, you need to be taught a lesson, don't you? Perhaps I could put you into the box?'

The maid shook her head, at least the same amount she could, eyes wide in panic.

'Oh, so that scares you?'

More frantic nods. And not without reason – the box was a tiny metal crate, with spikes on the inside, suspended by a chain on either side and made to rattle and shake, the occupant unable to rest, left there until deemed fit for release. She drew a nail over their belly, their bent-back position making it seem pudgy and soft, as she scraped at the skin, feeling their heat, the sweat beading down their body.

'Lady Melissa would be very upset with you. Such a silly girl! So you need to be taught a lesson. Perhaps you could be left on the pole for a few days?' That didn't draw quite as much

fear as the box, but still made her sob. Eliza moved her hand to their crotch, teasing it with her nails, before drawing back and unleashing a stinging strike against it. She wasn't as aroused as Victoria, but was still clearly enjoying being abused, wet and ready. 'I could let the footmen have you, I'm sure they would enjoy that.'

That got an uncertain mewling sound, thighs and cunt tensing. Well, if she had been in her belt for a long time, she might be desperate for release, even if it involved being spread and used by anyone that wanted to. She started to stroke them, lightly fingering them, savoring the way the woman reacted, desperate for climax, needing a release. She stared up at Eliza, making begging, whimpering sounds through her gag, trying to push her cunt forward as Eliza withdrew, eyes wide and full of tears.

'This is a punishment, after all.'

There was a cough from behind her, the brunette maid bowing her head, holding metal clamps in her hand, and a cruel-looking spiked wheel on a handle. 'Mistress Eliza, please forgive me. But these are rather... unpleasant, without allowing release. Or at least they were when Lady Melissa used them on me.' She shuddered, presumably at the memory.

'Hmm, thank you.' Eliza put the crop aside, taking the items – the clamps she was familiar with, while the spiked wheel rolled smoothly, the tips not sharp enough to break the flesh, but pointy enough to be very strongly felt! One clamp went onto the maid's outer lip, pulling on the chain to expose her, her nub gleaming and exposed. Eliza reached forward with the wheel, watching the maid's eyes widen as it approached her softest parts, carefully pressing the metal against her.

She pressed harder, watching the flesh deform, watching her body tense up as the pressure increased. She rolled the wheel, shifting the pressure and pain, moving it slowly across their folds, before spiking it against their protruding nub. That got a definite reaction, feet twitching, the body shivering, but unable to move away. Their breathing was hot and heavy now, sliding around the gag, their jaw tense around the bar, biting hard onto the padded leather. She tried using it like a tiny crop, flicking her wrist to tap it forward, smiling at their gasps and sighs. Then she reached forward with the other clamp, clacking it threatening, holding it just above their most sensitive part. Their eyes were massive now, toes wriggling, arms straining against the restraints without success.

Eliza released the clamp, crushing their bud. The effect was immediate, their back arcing up as much as possible, body shaking, making the clamp shake about, but it was so tight she couldn't shift it. She kept shaking about, pupils dilated, breath coming in short and pained pants, Eliza smiling at them, glad of her power, standing up straight and watching their futile struggles. It sounded as though they might be trying to plead with her, but between the pain and the gag, they couldn't do more than mumble incoherently, streams of spit now flowing from their mouth, down their chin and onto the bench or the floor, tears flowing from their eyes.

Eliza left them to their suffering, turning back to Victoria. She couldn't see, but was clearly able to hear, her head shifting about uncertainly, shaking fearfully in her restraints. Eliza grabbed her foot, jabbing a spike there, and then rolling it down, pressing hard. Victoria squirmed, trying to kick out and get away from the pain, but the restraints held. Eliza pressed harder, smiling at the painful-looking furrows she left, moving onto the softest part of the foot, rather than the calloused heel. That made Victoria twitch even more, her oversized breasts shaking about.

'Those need punishing as well, don't they?'

Victoria inhaled and her ponytail flicked about as she tried to shake her head, as Eliza moved the pinned wheel to the large, soft tits, rolling it back and forth, before using her finger to stop it rolling, scraping it across the flesh. Victoria whimpered, having no choice but to endure whatever punishment Eliza inflicted upon her.

A gong sounded from somewhere outside, the blonde shaking again, the brunette standing up straighter. Eliza looked at her, not comprehending.

‘The lady of the house has returned. May I please be dismissed?’ She actually looked worried, rocking nervously on her heels.

Eliza glanced at the suddenly-rigid Victoria. If Lady Melissa were to find them like this! ‘Yes, you may. Tend to your mistress, I will resolve this matter.’

‘Thank you, Miss Eliza.’

The brunette turned and left, skirt swaying as she rolled her hips while walking to the door, letting herself out. As soon as she had left, Eliza moved towards Victoria, her hand now shaking, fumbling for the key, trying to get the leg-shackles open. Victoria shifted around, grunting from behind her gag and hood.

‘I know! I’ll try and get you out.’ One leg was released, almost kicking Victoria in the head before hitting the ground. She put a hand on Victoria’s chest, trying to calm her down. Hopefully Lady Melissa would take her time returning! The key fell from the lock of the other shackle, and Eliza scrabbled to pick it up, fumbling it back into the lock, this time managing to get the thing open, the newly-freed foot catching her in the chest. She managed to stay standing, the strike knocking the air from her, and she had to resist the urge to slap Victoria’s belly. The arms were next, wrists rattling against the metal, before the lock popped open, Victoria pulling her hand out, as Eliza managed to free the other wrist. Her hands came up, fumbling around her neck, managing to pull the hood off her face – she looked sweaty and still over-excited, as her fingers fumbled with the gag.

Eliza swept a sweaty strand of hair from her friend’s face, fingers fumbling at the leather strap of the gag, finally managing to get it untied. Victoria tried moving her head forward, choking and spluttering as her throat caught against the collar.

‘Sorry! Let me get that.’ Fortunately, all of the locks used the same key, the collar popping open, Victoria able to pull herself off the bench, the wood stained with her sweat. She moved close to Eliza, kissing her on the lips and mussing her clothing, before trying to pull her hair into some form of order.

‘Where are my clothes?’ Her hair swiveled about, hair flicking against Eliza, who pointed at a heap in the corner. Victoria held her arms up, Eliza moving to help her dress. Victoria’s body was sweaty and hot, a few marks still on her skin, as Eliza began to dress her, as quickly as possible.

The winces and hisses of pain were pleasing, but Victoria’s clothing was fiddly, with lots of ties and hooks. She wrapped the corset-boning into place, before cinching it tightly, Victoria getting reshaped into an hourglass shape, trying to smooth her clothing fully into place. She looked quite flustered still, her face red still, hair a mess despite her attempts to pat it into place.

Her chastity belt had been discarded on the floor, and Eliza picked it up, lifting Victoria’s skirts and managing to fumble it into place, trying not to pinch any skin as she sealed it shut, then tweaking the skirts back into place.

‘Is that necessary?’ Victoria kept trying to make herself look presentable, the flush slowly fading from her face. ‘I like being owned by you, but I would like to... you know.’ She blushed again. ‘Climax. Fully.’

Eliza tried to make herself feel dominant again, but it was hard when Victoria was fully dressed, taller than her, dressed in obviously nicer clothing, and her social superior.

‘Um, maybe?’ She smiled up at Victoria, wishing she had a crop in hand, something to make her feel more authoritative. Beside them, the blonde wriggled in her own restraints, the clamp still tight on her bud, face wet with tears. Victoria reached out and flicked it, the girl’s entire body going rigid, their gag swallowing some of their scream.

‘That looks more than I want to handle...’ She tweaked the metal, the girl now showing her suffering, clearly trying to beg for release from the pain. When she released the clamp, they made another muffled scream, as the pressure was released. Victoria looked at the clamp, testing it on a finger, finding it quite strong. Her attempts to stroke the maid’s pussy, to sooth it, looked like they only hurt the girl more, Victoria withdrawing her hand and sliding it into Eliza’s palm, slightly tacky with pussy-juice.

‘We should go and greet Melissa. Am I presentable?’ Victoria smoothed down her clothing – Eliza pulled out a handkerchief and used it to wipe some of the tears, smeared makeup and grime from her face. She was still very tousled-looking, but hopefully it would be assumed that she had been enjoying the servants, not being abused herself!

She let Victoria pull her through the house, wishing she had the easy confidence of her friend, who was moving with all the assurance of her rank and wealth. Although there was no sign of anyone else – normally there would be a maid cleaning, or several footmen tending to their duties, but the hallways were empty.

As they passed a window, Victoria pointed outside – all the servants were lined up outside in tidy ranks and rows, with a single gap, probably where the blonde should have been stood. Lady Melissa’s carriage was there, the butler opening the door for her, as she smoothly stepped out, looking as flawless as ever. She swept her gaze over her servants, all stood with perfect poise (how long had she taken to train them that well?) before giving a tiny nod. She strode towards the house, Alicia emerging from the carriage behind her, arms twisted around and bound behind her neck, managing to keep her balance as she moved to stay close to her mistress.

As soon as she started to move, several of the footmen moved forward, carefully taking her luggage, carefully moving it so as not to jostle the contents. They were probably just clothes, but they were large enough they could hold a person, although not very comfortably. Maybe she had bought some new meat? Although what would tempt someone like Lady Melissa into making a purchase, when she had her menagerie, and all her servants, already?

They hurried through the halls, managing to make it to the grand entrance-hall just as Lady Melissa swept through the doorway, Alicia just a few steps behind. Victoria took a deep breath and smoothed her skirts again, before squeezing Eliza’s hand. ‘You’ll have to tell her what you were doing with those two maids, I’m sure she’ll be impressed. And maybe we can have some more special time. I like being your pet and...’ She looked around, although there was no-one else around to hear. ‘And your *slut*. Just not those clamps! And could you please actually let me finish?’

‘Oh?’ Eliza gripped Victoria’s hand. ‘A good pet would be allowed to come. But I like you restrained and vulnerable.’ She held Victoria’s gaze, trying to assert her will, as long as Victoria didn’t order her to do anything. Victoria shifted her hips, making a face.

‘Mmm, I like you being rough. I don’t think you put mt belt on quite straight though.’ She shifted her hips, as Lady Melissa swept towards them. Eliza curtsied, Victoria only dipping her head, as Katherine walked in, her boy on a leash behind her, cheeks flushed and pink, distinct against her white dress.

‘Lady Victoria, Eliza. I trust you have been enjoying yourselves? It seems as though you have been training them.’

Eliza kept her eyes down and neck bent, in deference to Lady Melissa’s rank. ‘Yes, Lady Melissa. Thank you for the use of your equipment. And your staff are very well-behaved.’

‘They do sometimes need a little reminder of their place! But they are good girls and boys. Mostly. And Lady Victoria, I hope you have enjoyed yourself? You appear a little... mused.’

Victoria squirmed, gripping Eliza’s hand for reassurance. ‘Yes, it has been enjoyable. I must apologize for my appearance, we were in the middle of disciplining one of the maids.’

‘Yes, they do sometimes need taking in hand. Now, Eliza, there is a matter we must discuss.’ Victoria tensed, squeezing Eliza’s hand. Katherine looked uncertain as well, tugging her boy close. ‘If you would walk with me?’

‘Yes, of course, Lady Melissa.’ She had to shake off Victoria’s hand, stepping uncertainly forward, Katherine giving her an uncertain smile. Lady Melissa extended her arm, Eliza taking her, acutely aware of the large difference in height. Being short was inconvenient! Lady Melissa slowed herself to allow for Eliza’s smaller stride, smiling at her niece as they walked past Katherine.

They moved down the hallway, towards Lady Melissa’s study. Below them, the servants streamed back into the main hall, returning to their duties.

‘I do hope your time here has been educational. You are certainly adept at learning the craft and seem to have a firm grasp of the fundamentals. I will certainly commend you to my acquaintances.’

Eliza just about managed to remember to keep walking, a warm fuzz flowing into her chest, up into her head and over her face. ‘Thank you, Lady Melissa! Thank you.’ She was steered through a doorway, into what must be Lady Melissa’s personal study – sketches were framed on the wall, between paintings and carvings showing various forms of erotic torment. A wooden rack was illuminated by golden sunlight, currently unoccupied, but well-used enough that it was stained with sweat and other fluids on the parts where the occupant’s flesh would touch it.

‘You are requested to return to your father. He has requested your presence in the capital.’

Eliza’s heart sank. She didn’t want to leave here, to go back to London!

‘Somewhat regrettable, yes. You are, of course, welcome to return whenever you wish. You may keep the eye. I also have something of a favor to ask. The... friend... of yours, currently in the care of Madame d’Aubrec, is fit for a return to society. I’m sure she will be more obedient now. I would like for you to travel with her. And young Peter needs to be returned to his mistress as well. Some company for the journey – and you may, of course, punish either on the way, should it be needed. To try to avoid marking the woman up though – she will likely be getting displayed shortly after arrival. Peter could likely do with a reminder of his place though, he is likely to need disciplining en route.’

Eliza sighed, trying to hide her disappointment, Lady Melissa stroking her arm. ‘I will make the arrangements for you, and you may borrow my carriage. I will have the servants prepare for your departure.’ She smiled at Eliza, trying to comfort her. ‘A shame, to be sure. But you will return soon, I am sure. And I will give you some letters of introduction for you, should you wish to seek out further training.’

‘Yes, Lady Melissa. Thank you.’ She managed to make herself smile, looking up at Lady Melissa. ‘It has been an honor to stay with you, and I thank you for the use of your home.’

‘It has been pleasant watching you start to come into your own. Although you may wish to be a little more circumspect with Lady Victoria. Her father would likely be displeased should he

discover his daughter is being harmed, even if she enjoys it. And for a woman of her status to take part in such things is somewhat scandalous, even if not entirely unique.'

A hot-cold flush spilled through Eliza – Lady Melissa *knew*? 'Um, well, I...'

'Do not worry yourself, I'm sure you have tended to her needs well. But be careful.'

'I... Yes, Lady Melissa. Thank you.'

'It is my pleasure. I have prepared a few texts for you as well. Some reading, to ease the journey, and hasten your proficiency. But I have been told that you are to make all possible haste to London.'

The door to the study opened, Alicia stepping through and curtsying, smooth and elegant. 'The carriage is ready, Mistress.'

'Very good. Go and say your goodbyes, Eliza. And please, do write me.'

Eliza ducked her head again in respect, walking backwards out of the room. As soon as the door shut, she took a deep breath, trying to untangle her emotions. And then walked away, as fast as she could – she would need to pack!

Chapter Ten: A Long Journey

The carriage rumbled along, the road uneven and bumpy, with every pothole making it shake and judder, and making Eliza very thankful for the well-padded seat. She had one of Lady Melissa's books open, but wasn't reading it. Peter was sat opposite her, smartly dressed, his shirt partially unbuttoned to show the top of chest, and also his collar. His trousers were tight enough that she could see the bulge of his chastity belt, the metal sealing away his cock. Every time she thought about it, the *thing* sealed away, she had to look out of the window to try and steady herself. She wondered what his owner had done to train him. Whipped and lashed him? Tied him down and stroked him, then denied him release? Or maybe she had inserted one of the metal rods into him, utterly denying even the hope of release?

He caught her looking and smiled, and she looked away, fighting away a blush. She wouldn't have this reaction if he were strapped down, in a more suitable position! If she could, then what would she do to him? Definitely force him to pleasure her with his mouth, use that tongue of his to give her pleasure, and make him taste her. If he had a female owner, he must be talented at such things, surely? Would he make a good pet? He wasn't as brawny as Katherine's boy, he might look good down on all fours. Although that knowing smirk of his was ill-suited to such a position – his mistress must be very relaxed to allow such an attitude! Or perhaps he was more respectful with her?

There was a sob, and the clink of chains, as the third occupant of the carriage moved. Isabella was dressed in a plain shift, the material thin enough to show her body through it. Her wrists and ankles were all connected by chains, short enough that she couldn't move her hands up to remove her blindfold or earplugs. Through the shift, Eliza could see the darkness of her pubic hair, Madame d'Aubrec not having given her a trim before discharging her from care. She had been bundled into the carriage by some of the numbered guards, sobbing and crying, probably not aware of what was happening. And with her mouth sealed by a secure plug-gag, she couldn't even ask what was happening.

Peter leaned forward, his own cuffs attached with a long chain. Lady Melissa had locked them onto him personally – presumably Lady Falmouth had a key herself. They did little to hinder his movement, the bright red leather and shiny metal complimenting his clothing, matching his collar.

'Lady Melissa was very impressed with you. It is rare for her to take an interest in someone, especially as young as you. Her general opinion of our generation is, well... generally not good. Although you may have been fortunate enough not to hear her complaints. Her and my own mistress once worked me over while delivering a rather lengthy diatribe about the foibles of the young. While their strikes were pleasurable, the speech was a little tiresome.'

Isabella shifted again, her chains clinking. Peter leaned over and flicked her arm, the slight touch making her jump and shiver fearfully, pushing herself against the carriage wall, away from him.

‘This one certainly seems a little twitchy. Madame d’Aubrec’s training methods are certainly rigorous – I imagine that she will be obedient now.’ He flicked her again, making her whimper. Should he be doing that, as another slave?

He caught her expression.

‘My apologies, Mistress Eliza. Would you like to torment her? I should ask permission first.’

‘Yes, you should. And I suppose we should do something to pass the time.’ And this might be the last chance she had to hurt Isabella! The carriage rocked again, as Peter reached underneath his seat and slid out a small chest.

‘Ah, I thought so. Lady Melissa does like to have some equipment on hand at all times. I think we have several hours before we reach our inn for the night.’ She must have blushed, as he chuckled. ‘Don’t worry, I and this one will be locked away securely, you will have a chamber to yourself. Unless you wish for some company?’ She could feel the blush now, creeping up her face.

To try and steady herself, she looked through the chest – it looked a little disordered and chaotic, the contents thrown around by the motion of the carriage, and all looking a little used and battered. Still, there was a good selection – the whip couldn’t be used in the close confines, but rope was always useful, and she could see several crops and floggers, with small metal clamps and a few other things rattling around the bottom.

She picked up a paddle and swung it, knocking him on the arm, although without much force. It struck against his upper arm, pushing him back. She poked it against his face, keeping him back until she had a moment to collect herself, trying to make herself feel cold and commanding.

‘Less of your impertinence! You may assist me, but stay silent unless asked, or if you want to be punished yourself.’ She tapped the paddle against his cheek, pushing harder to make him turn his face. ‘Now, would you like to help?’

He ducked his head, looking contrite. ‘Yes please, Mistress Eliza.’

‘Good boy. Now, remove her gag.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’

He was a lot more attractive when he was obedient! When he touched Isabella’s cheek, she flinched, but she was already pushed up against the wall, unable to move away. She tried to move her hands up, but the chain wasn’t long enough, as Peter tugged on the straps of the gag, managing to get it unbuckled. A leather prong slid out of her mouth, wet with spit, staining her dress transparent, before he tossed the gag into the chest.

Isabella whimpered, her tongue flicking out of her mouth for a second, lips twisting as she tried to stammer and splutter.

‘Please... please let me go! My father will pay you...’

Eliza reached and pressed the paddle against her cheek, just lightly. The effect was immediate, Isabella trying to move away but without anyway to go.

‘Please, don’t...’ Her voice broke as she whimpered. Eliza reached out and stroked her head, feeling her fevered flesh, plucking out an earplug, before blowing into the exposed ear. Isabella reacted as though she’d been struck, trying to flinch away.

‘What should we do with you?’

Isabella whimpered again, bringing her hands up, weakly pushing at Eliza.

‘None of that, unless you wish to make me angry. And you wouldn’t like that, would you?’

‘I... I don’t want to be here! I don’t deserve this! Let me go!’

Eliza traced her hand down their face, cupping their chin, before gripping their throat. 'Do you want to obey, or do you want me to hurt you?'

'No! Just free me, please!'

Eliza squeezed their throat, feeling their blood pulsing as she gripped them. They weren't able to speak again, trying to suck in breath. Eliza let them have a single inhalation, before squeezing again. 'So you want to be hurt?'

'Nppphh!' Dribble flecked her lips as she spluttered and fought for breath, Eliza leaning in close, flicking the paddle against Isabella's upper thigh. Not hard, but it still made her tense up again.

'If you get any of your disgusting dribble on me, then you will be disciplined for it. Show some control, you miserable wretch!' She twisted her wrist, bringing the paddle against a breast, hard enough to deform the flesh. Hopefully that wouldn't leave a bruise. Isabella's weren't as large as Victoria's, although she had larger nipples. Eliza pinched one through the rough and thin fabric, twisting the skin between her fingers. Isabelle desperately tried to suck in her slobber, tilted her head back, letting Eliza get a better grip of her throat. 'So, you want to obey?'

'Please! Please don't hurt me.'

Eliza squeezed her throat, just for a second, relenting as Isabella stopped resisting. 'Good girl. You see? So much easier if you just obey. Now, *down*.' She pulled them from their seat, so they fell to their hands and knees on the floor of the carriage, then pushed down on them with a booted foot. 'A much better place for you, I feel.' She could feel soft flesh yielding beneath her boot, lifting her foot up and pressing down against a buttock. 'Tongue out.'

She looked over at Peter, who was looking at them with rapt attention. Was he erect in his belt? Did that hurt? They didn't normally look very large, at least compared to the size of a fully engorged one. It must be a little uncomfortable, surely? But the thought of that contained power, sealed away, was stimulating, making her feel warm and happy inside.

'Tongue out. You may use your dirty, worthless tongue to serve me.'

Isabella wriggled forward, tongue probing out until it encountered Eliza's other boot, sliding across the shiny leather. She leaned into it, kissing up and down Eliza's boot, licking at the toes, leaving wet marks across the leather. Eliza purred down at her, leaning back and enjoying the view. 'Good girl. See how much easier it is to obey.'

Peter's eyes were wide now, his thighs twitching. He must be aroused now! 'Stay there, boy.'

He nodded his head. 'Yes, Mistress!' He even kept his hands up, deliberately away from his crotch, although he didn't look away. She reached down and grabbed at Isabella's hair, pulling her up, parting her legs. 'You may use your tongue for something better.'

It took some awkward shifting to get her skirts raised far enough, dragging Isabella by the hair, feeling her face brush stockings. Isabella stiffened, before Eliza pinched along her back and shoulders.

'You know what to do, don't you?'

The lips and tongue, out of sight beneath the skirts, slowly advanced up Eliza's leg, up her inner thigh, before moving past the top of her stockings, tongue slipping against bare flesh. It was hard to direct the girl through the layers of material, but Isabella seemed to know what to do, moving her head between Eliza's legs, her tongue delicately probing forward, slippery against Eliza's folds, easily sliding in. She spread her legs wider to allow better access, Isabella moving forward, kissing her there, sliding her tongue in.

She wasn't as good as Victoria – rougher and more desperate, her breath coming in fevered pants, her tongue flicking about at random rather than more smoothly sliding around and caressing her most sensitive parts – but her desperation was arousing. Her chains clicked and chinked together as she moved, Eliza letting herself go with the sensations.

Eliza looked up to see Peter staring, wide-eyed and biting his lip. She had to resist the urge to push Isabella away and close her legs, despite the increasing heat building up within her. 'Blindfold. Now!' Then she had to tense her own jaw to keep from loudly moaning, imagining it was Peter, bound and shackled, between her legs.

It took him a moment to respond, as he had to tear his eyes away from the scene in front of him. 'Yes, Mistress Eliza.'

Eliza felt Isabella tighten beneath her – had she heard? She tightened her thighs and brought her hand down on top of the cloth lump that was Isabella's head though, and the tongue commenced its work. Her whole body was heating up now, her other hand tensing up and digging into the cushioned seat, Isabella's hair soft on her inner thighs.

Peter obediently blindfolded himself, although she could see a faint tinge to his cheeks, as he tried to relax himself. He must be hard within his chastity! She leaned back, bracing herself on the seat, letting the lapping tongue flick and lick away, curling around inside of her. Eliza's breath hastened, the heat coming to a soothing, pointed climax, embracing her in a delicious full-body shiver as she came, thighs clamping around Isabella's head.

She managed to push the woman's head down, giving herself a moment to recover. Isabella withdrew from beneath her skirts, keeping her head on the floor of the carriage. They suddenly jolted around, Isabella's head slamming against the floor as they went over a pothole. She grunted in pain, Eliza managing to resist the urge to snicker – served the bitch right!

Eliza shifted her legs, resting them on Isabella's back, using her as a cushion against any further jolting, pushing down hard against her. She whimpered, but gave no further sign of resistance. Perhaps this wouldn't be so bad a journey after all?

THE END

About the Author and Artist

Melissa DuVant writes a variety of BDSM-inspired stories, such as Digital Slave and various elements of the St Michael's University BDSM setting. When not writing, she is generally planning RPG campaigns, reading or cooking.

Formant is an artist exploring the darker side of erotic illustration. You can find his works on social networks like deviantart.com, pixiv.net and hentai-foundry.com. He also runs a subsribestar.adult service where he interactively works with the subscribers' ideas. Together with Melissa DuVant and Sarcastadon, he is contributing to SMU..

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